THE

THEATRE:

OR,

SELECT WORKS

OF THE

British Dramatic Poets.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

To which are prefixed,

The LIVES of these celebrated WRITERS,

AND

STRICTURES on Most of the PLAYS.

VOLUME the TWELFTH.

CONTAINING

THE DISTRESS'D MOTHER. A TRAGEDY.
THEODOSIUS. A TRAGEDY.
THE SILENT WOMAN. A COMEDY.
SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. A COMEDY.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

M. DCC. LXVIII.

THE DISTRESS'D MOTHER.

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A

TRAGEDY.

BY

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

To which is prefixed

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:
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M. DCC. LXVIII.

THE LIFE OF Mr AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

THIS gentleman was deſcended from a very ancient and conſiderable family of that name in Leiceſterſhire.——He was born, as I ſhould imagine, not much later than 1680, and received his education at St John's college, Cambridge; during his ſtay at which univerſity he wrote his *Paſtorals*, which acquir'd him at the time ſo high a reputation, and concerning the merits of which the critical world has ſince been ſo much divided; and alſo a *Life of John Williams*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Biſhop of Lincoln, and Archbiſhop of York, in the reigns of King James and Charles I. in which are related ſome remarkable occurrences in thoſe times, both in church and ſtate; with an appendix, giving an account of his benefactions to St John's college.—This work, Cibber ſeems to imagine, Mr Phillips made uſe of the better to make known his own political principles, which, in the courſe of it, he had a free opportunity of doing, as the Archbiſhop, who is the hero of his work, was a ſtrong opponent to the High Church meaſures.

When he quitted the univerſity and came to London, he became a conſtant attendant at, and one of the wits of, Button's coffeehouſe, where he obtained the friendſhip and intimacy of many of the celebrated geniuſes of that age, more particularly of Sir Richard Steele, who, in the firſt volume of his *Tatler*, has inſerted a little poem of Mr Phillips's, which he calls a *Winter Piece*, dated from Copenhagen, and addreſſed to the Earl of Dorſet, on which he beſtows the higheſt encomiums; and, indeed, ſo much juſtice is there in theſe-

his commendations, that even Mr Pope himſelf, who had a fixed averſion for the Author, while he affected to deſpiſe his other works, uſed always to except this from the number.

As a dramatic writer, our Author has certainly conſiderable merit. All his pieces of that kind met with ſucceſs, and one of them, *viz.* the *Diſtreſs'd Mother*, is at this time a ſtandard entertainment at both theatres, being generally repeated ſeveral times in every ſeaſon.

Mr Philips's circumſtances were in general, through his life, not only eaſy, but rather affluent, in conſequence of his being connected, by his political principles, with perſons of great rank and conſequence.—He was concerned with Dr Hugh Boulter, afterwards archbiſhop of Armagh; the Right Hon. Richard Weſt, Eſq; Lord Chancellor of Ireland; the Rev. Mr Gilbert Burnet, and the Rev. Mr Henry Stevens, in writing a ſeries of papers, called the *Free Thinker*, which were all publiſhed together by Mr Phillips, in three vols, 12mo. In the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, he was ſecretary to the Hanover club, who were a ſet of noblemen and gentlemen who had formed an aſſociation in honour of that ſucceſſion, and for the ſupport of its intereſts.

Mr Phillips's ſtation in this club, together with the zeal ſhewn in his writings, recommending him to the notice and favour of the new government, he was, ſoon after the acceſſion of King George I. put into the commiſſion of the peace, and appointed one of the commiſſioners of the lottery. And, on his friend Dr Boulter's being made primate of Ireland, he accompanied that prelate acroſs St George's channel, where he had conſiderable preferments beſtowed on him, and was elected a member of the houſe of commons there, as repreſentative for the county of Armagh.

At length, having purchaſed an annuity for life of four hundred pounds *per annum*, he came over to England ſome time in the year 1748; but, having a very bad ſtate of health, and being moreover of an advanced age, he died ſoon after, at his lodgings near Vauxhall, in Surry.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr STEELE.

Spoken by Mr WILKS.

SINCE Fancy of itself is loose and vain,
The wise by rules that airy pow'r restrain.
They think those writers mad, who, at their ease,
Convey this house and audience where they please;
Who Nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all suits the sun goes round:
'Tis nothing, when a fancy'd scene's in view,
To skip from Covent-Garden *to* Peru.
But Shakespeare's *self transgress'd; and shall each elf,*
Each pigmy genius quote great Shakespeare's *self?*
What critic dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit?
Shakespeare *could travel thro' earth, sea, and air,*
And paint out all the pow'rs and wonders there;
In barren deserts he makes Nature smile,
And gives us feasts in his enchanted isle.
Our Author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dares pretend such merit to transgress;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And therefore makes propriety his care;
Your treat with study'd decency he serves,
Not only rules of time and place preserves,
But strives to keep his characters entire,
With French *correctness and with* British *fire.*
This piece, presented in a foreign tongue,
When France *was glorious, and her monarch young,*
A hundred times a crowded audience drew,
A hundred times repeated still 'twas new.
Pyrrhus *provok'd, to no wild rants betray'd,*
Resents his generous love so ill repaid;
Does like a man resent, a prince upbraid.
His sentiments disclose a royal mind,
Nor is he known a king from guards behind.
Injur'd Hermione *demands relief,*
But not from heavy narratives of grief;
In conscious majesty her pride is shewn,
Born to avenge her wrongs, but not bemoan.
Andromache —— *if in our Author's lines,*
As in the great original, she shines,
Nothing but from barbarity she fears,
Attend with silence, you'll applaud with tears.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PYRRHUS, the ſon of Achilles, and King of Epirus, in love with Andromache, but betrothed to Hermione.

PHOENIX, counſellor to Pyrrhus.

ORESTES, the ſon of Agamemnon, ambaſſador from the Greeks to Pyrrhus, in love with Hermione.

PYLADES, friend to Oreſtes, ſeparated from him in a ſtorm, driven on the coaſt of Epirus, and detained by contrary winds in the court of Pyrrhus.

ANDROMACHE, Hector's widow, captive to Pyrrhus, and mother to Aſtyanax.

CEPHISA, confidante to Andromache.

HERMIONE, daughter to Menelaus, and betrothed to Pyrrhus.

CLEONE, confidante to Hermione.

Attendants to Pyrrhus and Oreſtes, *&c.*

SCENE, *a great Hall in the Court of* Pyrrhus, *at* Eutthrotos, *the capital City of* Epirus.

THE DISTRESS'D MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ORESTES *and* PYLADES.

ORESTES.

O PYLADES! what's life without a friend?
At sight of thee my gloomy soul chears up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort! on this fatal shore?
Ev'n in the court of Pyrrhus? in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes?
Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of Fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself!

Pyl. O Prince! O my Orestes! O my friend!——
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart. [*Embracing.*
Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Bless'd be the Pow'rs who barr'd my way to Greece,
And kept me here, e'er since th' unhappy day,
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud stormy main.

Oreſt. It was indeed a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourn'd
The fatal ills in which your life's involv'd,
And grudg'd you dangers which I could not share.
I fear'd to what extremes the black despair
That prey'd upon your mind might have betray'd you;
And left the gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your pray'rs, and take the life you loath'd.

But now with joy I see you!——The retinue
And numerous followers, that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
To relish life.

Orest. Alas! my friend, who knows
The destiny to which I stand reserv'd?
I come in search of an inhuman fair,
And live or die as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprize me, Prince!—I thought your
cur'd
Of your unpity'd, unsuccessful passion.
Why in Epirus should you hope to find
Hermione less cruel than at Sparta?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant suff'rings,
Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your freedom:
Asham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more.
Prince, you deceiv'd me.

Orest. I deceiv'd myself.
Do not upbraid th' unhappy man that loves thee.
Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee:
Thou saw'st it in its birth, and in its progress:
And when, at last, the hoary King, her father,
Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to this happy Pyrrhus,
Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair, and how I dragg'd,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.
O Pylades! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, press'd with sorrows not thy own,
Still wand'ring with me, like a banish'd man,
Watchful and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?
Why will you envy me the pleasing tasks
Of generous love and sympathising friendship?

Orest. Thou miracle of truth!——But hear me on,
When, in the midst of my disastrous fate,

I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardleſs of my plaints,
Gave up herſelf, in all her charms, to Pyrrhus,
Thou mayſt remember I abhorr'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her ſcorn.
I made my friends, and even myſelf, believe
My ſoul was freed. Alas! I did not ſee
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive ſtill,
In Greece I landed, and in Greece I found
Th' aſſembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common ſafety ſeem'd concern'd.
I join'd them; for I hop'd that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts,
And that my ſhatter'd ſoul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reaſſume its wonted vigour,
And ev'ry idle paſſion quit my breaſt.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's ſon.

Oreſt. But ſee the ſtrange perverſeneſs of my ſtars,
Which throws me on the rock I ſtrove to ſhun!
The jealous chiefs, and all the ſtates of Greece,
With one united voice, complain of Pyrrhus,
That now, forgetful of the promiſe giv'n,
And mindleſs of his godlike father's fate,
Aſtyanax he nurſes in his court;
Aſtyanax, the young ſurviving hope
Of ruin'd Troy; Aſtyanax, deſcended
From a long race of kings, great Hector's ſon.

Pyl. A name ſtill dreadful in the ears of Greece!
But, Prince, you'll ceaſe to wonder why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you ſhall hear the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpoſe;
The mother's beauty guards the helpleſs ſon.

Oreſt. Your tale confirms what I have heard, and hence
Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival wooes
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may ſtill be mine. Her father,
The injur'd Menelaus, thinks already

His daughter ſlighted, and th' intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With ſecret pleaſure, and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs aveng'd in her diſgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your juſt reſentments warm!

Oreſt. Reſentments! Oh, my friend, too ſoon I found
They grew not out of hatred! I'm betray'd:
I practiſe on myſelf, and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvaſs'd all the ſuffrages of Greece;
And here I come their ſworn ambaſſador,
To ſpeak their jealouſies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embaſſy with ſcorn;
Full of Achilles, his redoubted fire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headſtrong, fierce,
Made up of paſſions; will he then be ſway'd,
And give to death the ſon of her he loves?

Oreſt. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Aſtyanax, I ſhould be bleſs'd!
He muſt, he ſhall; Hermione is my life,
My ſoul, my rapture!——I'll no longer curb
The ſtrong deſire that hurries me to madneſs:
I'll give a looſe to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll——O ye gods,
Give me Hermione, or let me die!——
But tell me, Pylades, how ſtand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus ſtill enamour'd with her charms?
Or doſt thou think he'll yield me up the prize?
The dear, dear prize, which he has raviſh'd from me!

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes ſo far;
The King indeed, cold to the Spartan princeſs,
Turns all his paſſion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow; but in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he ſues
The charming captive, obſtinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child confin'd
Apart, and when her tears begin to flow,
As ſoon he ſtops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thouſand times has ſeen

His ill-requited vows return to her,
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gather'd from a man ſo various?
He may, in the diſorder of his ſoul,
Wed her he hates, and puniſh her he loves.

Oreſt. But tell me how the wrong'd Hermione
Brooks her ſlow nuptials, and diſhonour'd charms?

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to ſcorn
Her wav'ring lover, and diſdain his falſehood;
But, ſpight of all her pride and conſcious beauty,
She mourns in ſecret her neglected charms,
And oft has made me privy to her tears:
Still threatens to be gone, yet ſtill ſhe ſtays,
And ſometimes ſighs, and wiſhes for Oreſtes.

Oreſt. Ah, were theſe wiſhes from her heart, my friend,
I'd fly in tranſport—— [*Flouriſh within.*

Pyl. Hear!——The King approaches,
To give you audience. Speak your embaſſy
Without reſerve: urge the demands of Greece,
And, in the name of all her kings, require,
That Hector's ſon be given into your hands.
Pyrrhus, inſtead of granting what they aſk,
To ſpeed his love, and win the Trojan dame,
Will make it merit to preſerve her ſon.
But, ſee, he comes!

Oreſt. Mean while, my Pylades,
Go, and diſpoſe Hermione to ſee
Her lover, who is come thus far to throw
Himſelf, in all his ſorrows, at her feet.

SCENE II.

ORESTES, PYRRHUS, *and* PHOENIX.

Oreſt. Before I ſpeak the meſſage of the Greeks,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambaſſador, ſince I behold
Troy's vanquiſher, and great Achilles' ſon;
Nor does the ſon riſe ſhort of ſuch a father;
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done
You do. You cheriſh the remains of Troy,

And, by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high-brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans,
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports, and fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may yourself live to repent your mercy.
Comply then with the Grecians just demands,
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important council. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate
To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her sceptred warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, Prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache and this her son were mine;
Were mine by lot: and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, Sir, we fear, for you and for yourselves;
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise
But tell them Pyrrhus knows not how to fear
Far-fancy'd ills and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind th' unrival'd strength of Troy,
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass,
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind, and see them all
Confus'd in duſt, all mix'd in one wide ruin,
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from ſuch a Troy?
If they have ſworn to extinguiſh Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months defer'd?
Why was he not in Priam's boſom ſlain?
He ſhould have fallen among the ſlaughter'd heaps
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been juſt,
When age and infancy, alike in vain,
Pleaded their weakneſs; when the heat of conqueſt
And horrors of the night, rouz'd all our rage,
And blindly hurried us through ſcenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds; but now,
My wrath appeas'd, muſt I be cruel ſtill?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of Pity,
Like a cool murd'rer, bathe my hands in blood?
An infant's blood?—No, Prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out ſome other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has eſcap'd from Troy
Shall not be ſav'd to periſh in Epirus.

Oreſt. I need not tell you, Sir, Aſtyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy, nor mention how
The crafty mother ſav'd her darling ſon;
The Greeks do now but urge their former ſentence;
Nor is't the boy, but Hector, they purſue;
The father draws their vengeance on the ſon:
The father, who ſo oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his ſword: the father, whom the Greeks
May ſeek even here.——Prevent them, Sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come, ſince I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in Epirus ſeek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompenc'd my god-like ſire:
Thus was Achilles thank'd; but, Prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then coſt them dear.

Oreſt. Shall Greece then find a rebel ſon in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Oreſt. Hermione will ſway your ſoul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourſelf:
Her beauty will enforce my embaſſy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms, and I
May love her ſtill, tho' not her father's ſlave.
I may in time give proofs that I'm a lover;
But never muſt forget that I'm a king.
Mean-while, Sir, you may ſee fair Helen's daughter;
I know how near in blood you ſtand ally'd.
That done, you have my anſwer, Prince. The Greeks
No doubt expect your quick return.

SCENE III.

PYRRHUS *and* PHOENIX.

Phœn. Sir, do you ſend your rival to the Princeſs?

Pyr. I'm told that he has lov'd her long.

Phœn. If ſo,
Have you not cauſe to fear the ſmother'd flame
May kindle at her ſight, and blaze anew,
And ſhe be wrought to liſten to his paſſion?

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix, let them love their fill;
Let them go hence; let them depart together;
Together let them ſail for Sparta: all my ports
Are open to them both. From what conſtraint,
What irkſome thoughts ſhould I be then reliev'd!

Phœn. But, Sir——

Pyr. I ſhall another time, good Phœnix,
Unboſom to thee all my thoughts;——for ſee,
Andromache appears.

SCENE IV.

PYRRHUS, ANDROMACHE, *and* CEPHISA.

Pyr. May I, Madam,
Flatter my hopes ſo far, as to believe
You come to ſeek me here?

And. This way, Sir, leads
To thoſe apartments where you guard my ſon.
Since you permit me once a-day to viſit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few ſad moments with him.

I have not yet to-day embrac'd my child;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.
Pyr. Ah, Madam! ſhould the threats of Greece prevail
You'll have occaſion for your tears indeed!
And. Alas! what threats? what can alarm the Greeks?
There are no Trojans left!
Pyr. Their hate to Hector
Can never die: the terror of his name
Still ſhakes their ſouls, and makes them dread his ſon.
And. A mighty honour for victorious Greece.
To fear an infant, a poor friendleſs child!
Who ſmiles in bondage, nor yet knows himſelf
The ſon of Hector and the ſlave of Pyrrhus.
Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life,
And ſend no leſs than Agamemnon's ſon
To fetch him hence.
And. And, Sir, do you comply
With ſuch demands!——This blow is aim'd at me:
How ſhould the child avenge his ſlaughter'd Sire?
But cruel men! they will not have him live
To chear my heavy heart and eaſe my bonds.
I promis'd to myſelf in him a ſon,
In him a friend, a huſband, and a father.
But I muſt ſuffer ſorrow heap'd on ſorrow,
And ſtill the fatal ſtroke muſt come from you.
Pyr. Dry up theſe tears: I muſt not ſee you weep
And know I have rejected their demands.
The Greeks already threaten me with war:
But, ſhould they arm, as once they did for Helen,
And hide the Adriatic with their fleets,
Should they prepare a ſecond ten years ſiege,
And lay my tow'rs and palaces in duſt,
I am determin'd to defend your ſon,
And rather die myſelf than give him up.
But, Madam, in the midſt of all thoſe dangers,
Will you refuſe me a propitious ſmile?
Hated of Greece, and preſs'd on every ſide,
Let me not, Madam, while I fight your cauſe,
Let me not combat with your cruelties,
And count Andromache amongſt my foes.

And. Conſider, Sir, how this will ſound in Greece.
How can ſo great a ſoul betray ſuch weakneſs?
Let not men ſay ſo generous a deſign
Was but the tranſport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will juſtify me to the world.

And. How can Andromache, a captive Queen,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burden to herſelf,
Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
Have theſe unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
To weep for ever?——Talk of it no more——.
To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
To ſuccour the diſtreſs'd; to give the ſon
To an afflicted mother; to repel
Confederate nations leagu'd againſt his life;
Unbrib'd by love, unterrify'd by threats,
To pity, to protect him: theſe are cares,
Theſe are exploits worthy Achilles' ſon.

Pyr. Will your reſentments, then, endure for ever?
Muſt Pyrrhus never be forgiven?——'Tis true,
My ſword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,
And carry'd havoc through your royal kindred:
But you, fair Princeſs, amply have aveng'd
Old Priam's vanquiſh'd houſe, and all the woes
I brought on them fall ſhort of what I ſuffer.
We both have ſuffer'd in our turns, and now
Our common foes ſhould teach us to unite.

And. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget that term of hatred, and behold
A friend in Pyrrhus! Give me but to hope,
I'll free your ſon; I'll be a father to him:
Myſelf will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
I'll go in perſon to chaſtiſe the Greeks,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inſpired by you,
What wou'd I not achieve? Again ſhall Troy
Riſe from its aſhes: this right arm ſhall fix
Her ſeat of empire; and your ſon ſhall reign.

And. Such dreams of greatneſs ſuit not my condition:
His hopes of empire periſh'd with his father.
No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
Thou pride of Aſia, founded by the gods,

Never, oh! never muſt we hope to ſee
Thoſe bulwarks riſe which Hector could not guard!—
Sir, all I wiſh for is ſome quiet exile,
Where, far from Greece remov'd, and far from you,
I may conceal my ſon, and mourn my huſband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betroth'd Hermione.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? You know I cannot.
You know my heart is yours: my ſoul hangs on you;
You take up every wiſh; my waking thoughts
And nightly dreams are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true Hermione was ſent to ſhare
My throne and bed, and would with tranſport hear
The vows which you neglect.

And. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: ſhe has not loſt
A huſband by your conqueſts: ſuch a huſband!
(Tormenting thought!) whoſe death alone has made
Your ſire immortal: Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well; 'tis very well! I find
Your will muſt be obey'd: imperious captive,
It ſhall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you.
For know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
Too well to treat you with indifference.
Think well upon it: my diſorder'd ſoul
Wavers between th' extremes of love and rage.
I've been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The ſon ſhall anſwer for the mother's ſcorn.
The Greeks demand him: nor will I endanger
My realms to pleaſe a proud ungrateful woman.

And. Then he muſt die! alas, my ſon muſt die!
He has no friend, no ſuccour left, beſide
His mother's tears and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, Madam, viſit this unhappy ſon.
The ſight of him may bend your ſtubborn heart,
And turn to ſoftneſs your unjuſt diſdain.
I ſhall once more expect your anſwer. Go,

And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think that his life depends on your reſolves.

SCENE V.

ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

And. I'll go, and in the anguiſh of my heart
Weep o'er my child—If he muſt die, my life
Is wrapt in his, I ſhall not long ſurvive.
'Tis for his ſake that I have ſuffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
Yes, my Aſtyanax, we'll go together;
Together to the realms of night we'll go!
There to thy raviſh'd eyes thy ſire I'll ſhow,
And point him out among the ſhades below.

ACT II. SCENE I.

HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

HERMIONE.

WELL, I'll be rul'd, Cleone; I will ſee him:
I have told Pylades that he may bring him;
But truſt me, were I left to my own thoughts
I ſhould forbid him yet.

Cle. And why forbid him?
Is he not, Madam, ſtill the ſame Oreſtes?
Oreſtes, whoſe return you oft have wiſh'd!
The man whoſe ſuff'rings you ſo oft lamented,
And often prais'd his conſtancy and love?

Her. That love, that conſtancy, ſo ill requited,
Upbraids me ſo myſelf. I bluſh to think
How I have us'd him; and would ſhun his preſence.
What will be my confuſion when he ſees me
Neglected and forſaken like himſelf?
Will he not ſay, Is this the ſcornful maid,
The proud Hermione, that tyranniz'd
In Sparta's court, and triumph'd in her charms?
Her inſolence at laſt is well repaid,
I cannot bear the thought!

Cle. You wrong yourself,
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not
To offer inſults, but repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent paſſion at your feet.
But, Madam, what's your royal father's will?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?

Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus ſtill delay
The nuptials, and refuſe to ſacrifice
This Trojan boy, I ſhould with ſpeed embark,
And with their embaſſy return to Greece.

Cle. What would you more? Oreſtes comes in time
To ſave your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace:
Prevent his falſehood, and forſake him firſt.
I know you hate him: you have told me ſo.

Her. Hate him! My injur'd honour bids me hate him;
Th' ungrateful man to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart! the man I lov'd ſo dearly!
The man I doated on! Oh, my Cleone,
How is it poſſible I ſhould not hate him?

Cle. Then give him over, Madam. Quit his court,
And with Oreſtes——

Her. No; I muſt have time
To work up all my rage! to meditate
A parting full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cle. Do you then wait new inſults? new affronts?
To draw you from your father! Then to leave you,
In his own court to leave you——for a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why doſt thou heighten my diſtreſs? I fear
To ſearch out my own thoughts, and ſound my heart.
Be blind to what thou ſeeſt; believe me cured;
Flatter my weakneſs; tell me I have conquer'd;
Think that my injur'd ſoul is ſet againſt him,
And do thy beſt to make me think ſo too.

Cle. Why would you loiter here then?

Her. Let us fly!
Let us be gone! I leave him to his captive;
Let him go kneel and ſupplicate his ſlave.

Let us be gone!——But what if he repent?
What if the perjur'd Prince again ſubmit
And ſue for pardon? What if he renew
His former vows?——But, oh the faithleſs man!
He ſlights me! drives me to extremes!——However,
I'll ſtay, Cleone, to perplex their loves:
I'll ſtay, till, by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the ſon;
Their ſecond embaſſy ſhall claim the mother:
I will redouble all my griefs upon her!

Cle. Ah, Madam, whither does your rage tranſport you?
Andromache, alas, is innocent!
A woman plung'd in ſorrow, dead to love,
And when ſhe thinks of Pyrrhus 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done ſo too!—He had not then
Betray'd my eaſy faith.——But I, alas!
Diſcover'd all the fondneſs of my ſoul;
I made no ſecret of my paſſion to him;
Nor thought it dangerous to be ſincere.
My eyes, my tongue, my actions ſpoke my heart.

Cle. Well might you ſpeak, without reſerve, to one
Engag'd to you by ſolemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour too was an excuſe to mine:
With other eyes he ſaw me then!——Cleone,
Thou may'ſt remember every thing conſpir'd
To favour him: my father's wrongs aveng'd;
The Greeks triumphant; fleets of Trojan ſpoils;
His mighty ſire's, his own immortal fame;
His eager love;——all, all conſpir'd againſt me!
——But I have done:—I'll think no more of Pyrrhus.
Oreſtes wants not merit, and he loves me;
My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him;
And, if I've pow'r o'er my own heart, 'tis his.

Cle. Madam, he comes——

Her. Alas! I did not think
He was ſo near!——I wiſh I might not ſee him!

SCENE II.

HERMIONE, CLEONE, *and* ORESTES.

Her. How am I to interpret, Sir, this visit?
Is it a compliment of form, or love?

Oreſt. Madam, you know my weakneſs. 'Tis my fate
To love unpity'd; to deſire to ſee you,
And ſtill to ſwear each time ſhall be the laſt.
My paſſion breaks thro' my repeated oaths,
And every time I viſit you I'm perjur'd.
Ev'n now I find my wounds all bleed afreſh:
I bluſh to own it, but I know no cure.
I call the gods to witneſs I have try'd
Whatever man could do (but try'd in vain)
To wear you from my mind. Thro' ſtormy ſeas
And ſavage climes, in a whole year of abſence,
I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you, Prince, indulge this mournful tale?
It ill becomes th' ambaſſador of Greece
To talk of dying, and of love. Remember
The kings you repreſent. Shall their revenge
Be diſappointed by your ill-timed paſſion?
Diſcharge your embaſſy: 'tis not Oreſtes
The Greeks deſire ſhould die.

Oreſt. My embaſſy
Is at an end; for Pyrrhus has refus'd
To give up Hector's ſon. Some hidden pow'r
Protects the boy.

Her. Faithleſs, ungrateful man! [*Aſide.*

Oreſt. I now prepare for Greece. But, ere I go,
Wou'd hear my final doom pronounc'd by you.
What do I ſay?—I do already hear it!
My doom is fix'd: I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then ſtill deſpair? be ſtill ſuſpicious?
What have I done? Wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true you find me in the court of Pyrrhus,
But 'twas my royal father ſent me hither.
And who can tell but I have ſhar'd your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in ſecret? Never wiſh'd
To ſee Oreſtes?——

Oreſt. Wiſh'd to ſee Oreſtes!
Oh joy! Oh ecſtaſy! My ſoul's entranc'd!
Oh charming Princeſs! Oh tranſcendent maid!
My utmoſt wiſh!—Thus, thus let me expreſs
My boundleſs thanks!—I never was unhappy——
Am I Oreſtes?——

Her. You are Oreſtes:
The ſame unalter'd, gen'rous, faithful lover;
The Prince whom I eſteem, whom I lament,
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love!

Oreſt. Ay, there it is!—I have but your eſteem;
While Pyrrhus has your heart!

Her. Believe me, Prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus I ſhould hate you!

Oreſt. No!——
I ſhould be bleſs'd! I ſhould be lov'd as he is——
Yet all this while I die by your diſdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, Prince, that I'm neglected?
Has Pyrrhus ſaid—(Oh, I ſhall grow diſtracted!)
Has Pyrrhus told you ſo?—Or is it you
Who think thus meanly of me?—Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you——

Oreſt. Madam, go on!
Inſult me ſtill: I am us'd to bear your ſcorn.

Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates?
——Go, Prince, and arm the Greeks againſt the rebel;
Let them lay waſte his country, raze his towns,
Deſtroy his fleets, his palaces—himſelf!——
Go, Prince, and tell me then how much I love him.

Oreſt. To haſten his deſtruction come yourſelf,
And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Meanwhile he weds Andromache!

Oreſt. Ah, Princeſs!
What is't I hear?

Her. What infamy for Greece
If he ſhould wed a Phrygian and a captive!

Oreſt. Is this your hatred, Madam?—'Tis in vain
To hide your paſſion; ev'ry thing betrays it:
Your looks, your ſpeech, your anger, nay, your ſilence;

Your love appears in all; your ſecret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you wou'd conceal it.
Her. Your jealouſy perverts my meaning ſtill,
And wreſts each circumſtance to your diſquiet;
My very hate is conſtru'd into fondneſs.
Oreſt. Impute my fears, if groundleſs, to my love.
Her. Then hear me, Prince. Obedience to a father
Firſt brought me hither; and the ſame obedience
Detains me here 'till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father ſhall recall me.
Tell this proud king, that Menelaus ſcorns
To match his daughter with a foe of Greece:
Bid him reſign Aſtyanax, or me.
If he perſiſt to guard the hoſtile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.

SCENE III.

ORESTES *alone.*

Oreſt. Then is Oreſtes bleſs'd! My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream!—Methinks I tread in air!
Pyrrhus, enamour'd of his captive queen,
Will thank me if I take her rival hence.
He looks not on the Princeſs with my eyes!
Surpriſing happineſs!—unlook'd-for joy!
Never let love deſpair!—The prize is mine!
Be ſmooth, ye ſeas; and, ye propitious winds,
Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coaſts!
I long to ſee the ſails unfurl'd.——But, ſee!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

SCENE IV.

ORESTES, PYRRHUS *and* PHOENIX.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, Prince. My warm
Ungovern'd temper would not let me weigh
Th' importance of your embaſſy, and hear
You argue for my good.—— I was to blame——
I ſince have pois'd your reaſons, and I thank
My good allies: their care deſerves my thanks.
You have convinc'd me that the weal of Greece,
My father's honour, and my own repoſe,

Demand that Hector's race ſhould be deſtroy'd.
I ſhall deliver up Aſtyanax,
And you yourſelf ſhall bear the victim hence.

Oreſt. If you approve it, Sir, and are content
To ſpill the blood of a defenceleſs child,
Th' offended Greeks, no doubt, will be appeas'd.

Pyr. Cloſer to ſtrain the knot of our alliance,
I have determin'd to eſpouſe Hermione;
You came in time to grace our nuptial rites;
In you the kings of Greece will all be preſent,
And you have right to perſonate her father,
As his ambaſſador and brother's ſon.
Go, Prince, renew your viſit; tell Hermione
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Oreſt. aſide.] O change of fortune! Oh undone Oreſtes!

SCENE V.

PYRRHUS *and* PHOENIX.

Pyr. Well, Phœnix! Am I ſtill a ſlave to love!
What think'ſt thou now? Am I myſelf again?

Phœn. 'Tis as it ſhould be; this diſcovers Pyrrhus;
Shews all the hero: now you are yourſelf!
The ſon! the rival of the great Achilles!
Greece will applaud you, and the world confeſs
Pyrrhus has conquer'd Troy a ſecond time!

Pyr. Nay, Phœnix, now I but begin to triumph:
I never was a conqueror till now!
Believe me, a whole hoſt, a war of foes,
May ſooner be ſubdu'd than love. O Phœnix!
What ruin have I ſhunn'd? The Greeks, enrag'd,
Hung o'er me like a gath'ring ſtorm, and ſoon
Had burſt in thunder on my head, while I
Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all
To pleaſe a thankleſs woman!—One kind look
Had quite undone me!

Phœn. O, my royal Maſter!
The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou ſaw'ſt with how much ſcorn ſhe treated me!
When I permitted her to ſee her ſon,
I hop'd it might have work'd her to my wiſhes.

I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bath'd in tears, and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
On Hector's name: and when I spake in comfort,
And promis'd my protection to her son,
She kiss'd the boy, and call'd again on Hector:
Then strain'd him in her arms, and cry'd, 'Tis he!
'Tis he himself! his eyes, his ev'ry feature!
His very frown and his stern look already!
'Tis he! 'Tis my lov'd lord whom I embrace!——
Does she then think that I preserve the boy
To soothe and keep alive her flame for Hector?

Phœn. No doubt she does, and thinks you favour'd in it:
But let her go for an ungrateful woman!

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud stubborn heart:
Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
She mocks my rage, and, when it threatens loudest,
Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.
But we will change our parts, and she shall find
I can be deaf like her, and steel my heart;
She is Hector's widow, I, Achilles' son,
Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.

Phœn. My royal Master, talk of her no more:
I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see her,
'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites,
And not rely upon a rival's care:
It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, Phœnix,
Dost thou not think the proud Andromache
Will be enrag'd when I shall wed the Princess?

Phœn. Why does Andromache still haunt your thoughts?
What is't to you be she enrag'd or pleas'd?
Let her name perish: think of her no more!

Pyr. No, Phœnix!—I have been too gentle with her.
I've check'd my wrath and stifl'd my resentments:
She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return;—I'll brave her to her face:
I'll give my anger its free course against her.
Thou shalt see, Phœnix, how I'll break her pride!

Phœn. Oh, go not, Sir!—There's ruin in her eyes!
You do not know your ſtrength: you'll fall before her,
Adore her beauty and revive her ſcorn.

Pyr. That were indeed a moſt unmanly weakneſs!
Thou doſt not know me, Phœnix!

Phœn. Ah! my Prince,
You ſtill are ſtruggling in the toils of love.

Pyr. Canſt thou then think I love this woman ſtill!
One who repays my paſſion with diſdain!
A ſtranger, captive, friendleſs and forlorn;
She and her darling ſon within my pow'r;
His life a forfeit to the Greeks: yet I
Preſerve her ſon; would take her to my throne;
Would fight her battles and avenge her wrongs;
And all this while ſhe treats me as her foe.

Phœn. You have it in your pow'r to be reveng'd.

Pyr. Yes;—and I'll ſhew my pow'r!—I'll give her cauſe
To hate me! her Aſtyanax ſhall die——
What tears will then be ſhed! How will ſhe then,
In bitterneſs of heart, reproach my name!
Then, to complete her woes, will I eſpouſe
Hermione—'Twill ſtab her to the heart!

Phœn. Alas, you threaten like a lover ſtill!

Pyr. Phœnix, excuſe this ſtruggle of my ſoul:
'Tis the laſt effort of expiring love.

Phœn. Then haſten, Sir, to ſee the Spartan princeſs,
And turn the bent of your deſires on her.

Pyr. Oh, 'tis a heavy taſk to conquer love!
And wean the ſoul from her accuſtom'd fondneſs.
But, come:—a long farewell to Hector's widow.
'Tis with a ſecret pleaſure I look back,
And ſee the many dangers I have paſs'd.

The merchant thus, in dreadful tempeſts toſt,
Thrown by the waves on ſome unlook'd-for coaſt;
Oft turns and ſees, with a delighted eye,
Midſt rocks and ſhelves the broken billows fly:
And, while th' outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult and enjoys the ſtorm.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PYLADES *and* ORESTES.

PYLADES.

FOR Heaven's ſake, Sir, compoſe your ruffled mind;
And moderate your rage!

Oreſt. No, Pylades!
This is no time for counſel;——I am deaf.
Talk not of reaſon! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My ſoul grows deſperate,
I'll bear her off, or periſh in the attempt.
I'll force her from his arms:——By Heaven I will!

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend:——We'll force her hence!
But ſtill conſider we are in Epirus:
The court, the guards, Hermione herſelf,
The very air we breathe belongs to Pyrrhus.
Good Gods! what tempted you to ſeek her here?

Oreſt. Loſt to myſelf I knew not what I did!
My purpoſes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace Pyrrhus and upbraid this woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Oreſt. I muſt be more than man to bear theſe ſhocks,
Theſe outrages of Fate, with temper!
He tells me that he weds Hermione,
And will to-morrow take her from my hand!——
My hand ſhall ſooner tear the tyrant's heart——

Pyl. Your paſſion blinds you, Sir; he's not to blame.
Could you but look into the ſoul of Pyrrhus,
Perhaps you'd find it tortur'd like your own.

Oreſt. No, Pylades! 'tis all deſign——His pride,
To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.
The fair, the bright Hermione, before I came,
In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.
Ah, cruel Gods! I thought her all my own!
She was conſenting to return to Sparta:
Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,

Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.
She heard my ſighs, ſhe pitied my complaints,
She prais'd my conſtancy:——The leaſt indifference
From this proud King had made Oreſtes happy!
Pyl. So your fond heart believes!——
Oreſt. Did I not ſee
Her hate, her rage, her indignation riſe
Againſt th' ungrateful man?
Pyl. Believe me, Prince,
'Twas then ſhe lov'd him moſt! Had Pyrrhus left her
She would have form'd ſome new pretext to ſtay.
Take my advice——Think not to force her hence;
But fly yourſelf from her deſtructive charms.
Her ſoul is link'd to Pyrrhus. Were ſhe your's
She would reproach you ſtill, and ſtill regret
Her diſappointed nuptials.——
Oreſt. Talk no more!
I cannot bear the thought! She muſt be mine!
Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand
I'd ſtand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
Ere I reſign'd Hermione——By force
I'll ſnatch her hence and bear her to my ſhips!
Have we forgot her mother Helen's rape?
Pyl. Will then Oreſtes turn a raviſher,
And blot his embaſſy?
Oreſt. O Pylades!
My grief weighs heavy on me:——'twill diſtract me!
O leave me to myſelf!——Let not thy friendſhip
Involve thee in my woes. Too long already,
Too long haſt thou been puniſh'd for my crimes.
It is enough, my friend!——It is enough!
Let not thy generous love betray thee farther.
The gods have ſet me as their mark to empty
Their quivers on me.——Leave me to myſelf.
Mine be the danger, mine the enterprize.
All I requeſt of thee is to return,
And in my place convey Aſtyanax
(As Pyrrhus has conſented) into Greece.
Go, Pylades——
Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!

Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,
No danger can deter a friend:——Lead on!
Draw up the Greeks; ſummon your numerous train:
The ſhips are ready and the wind ſits fair:
There eaſtward lyes the ſea; the rolling waves
Break on thoſe palace-ſtairs. I know each paſs,
Each avenue and outlet of the court.
This very night we'll carry her on board.

Oreſt. Thou art too good!——I treſpaſs on thy friendſhip:
But, oh! excuſe a wretch whom no man pities
Except thyſelf; one, juſt about to loſe
The treaſure of his ſoul, whom all mankind
Conſpire to hate, and one who hates himſelf.
When will my friendſhip be of uſe to thee?

Pyl. The queſtion is unkind.——But now remember
To keep your counſels cloſe, and hide your thoughts:
Let not Hermione ſuſpect——no more——
I ſee her coming, Sir——

Oreſt. Away, my friend;
I am adviſ'd; my all depends upon it.

SCENE II.

ORESTES, HERMIONE, *and* CLEONE.

Oreſt. Madam, your orders are obey'd; I have ſeen
Pyrrhus, my rival, and have gain'd him for you.
The King reſolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told;
And farther, I am inform'd that you, Oreſtes,
Are to diſpoſe me for th' intended marriage.

Oreſt. And are you, Madam, willing to comply?

Her. Could I imagine Pyrrhus lov'd me ſtill?
After ſo long delays, who would have thought
His hidden flames would ſhew themſelves at laſt,
And kindle in his breaſt when mine expir'd?
I can ſuppoſe, with you, he fears the Greeks,
That it is intereſt, and not love, directs him,
And that my eyes had greater pow'r o'er you.

Oreſt. No, Princeſs, no! it is too plain he loves you.
Your eyes do what they will, and cannot fail

To gain a conqueſt where you wiſh they ſhould.

Her. What can I do? Alas, my faith is promiſed:
Can I refuſe what is not mine to give?
A princeſs is not at her choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind obedience:
And yet, you ſee, how far I had complied,
And made my duty yield to your intreaties.

Oreſt. Ah, cruel maid! you knew—but I have done.
All have a right to pleaſe themſelves in love.
I blame you not. 'Tis true I hop'd——but you
Are miſtreſs of your heart, and I'm content.
'Tis Fortune is mine enemy, not you.
But, Madam, I ſhall ſpare your farther pain
On this uneaſy theme, and take my leave.

SCENE III.

HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Her. Cleone, couldſt thou think he'd be ſo calm?

Cle. Madam, his ſilent grief ſits heavy on him.
He's to be pitied: his too eager love
Has made him buſy to his own deſtruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind on Pyrrhus.

Her. Doſt thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear?
Whom ſhould the intrepid Pyrrhus fear? the Greeks!
Did he not lead their haraſs'd troops to conqueſt
When they deſpair'd, when they retir'd from Troy,
And ſought for ſhelter in their burning fleets?
Did he not then ſupply his father's place?
No, my Cleone, he's above conſtraint:
He acts unforc'd; and where he weds he loves.

Cle. Oh that Oreſtes had remain'd in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou diſcourſe of nothing but Oreſtes?
Pyrrhus is mine again!——Is mine for ever!
Oh, my Cleone, I am wild with joy!——
Pyrrhus, the bold, the brave, the godlike Pyrrhus!
Oh, I could tell thee numberleſs exploits,
And tire thee with his battles!——Oh, Cleone——

Cle. Madam, conceal your joy; I ſee Andromache:

She weeps, and comes to ſpeak her ſorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladneſs of my heart!
Let us retire: her grief is out of ſeaſon.

SCENE IV.

ANDROMACHE, HERMIONE, CLEONE, *and* CEPHISA.

And. Ah, Madam! whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a ſight more pleaſing
Than Hector's widow ſuppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won:
The only man I fought to pleaſe is gone,
Kill'd in my ſight by an inhuman hand.
Hector firſt taught me love, which my fond heart
Shall ever cheriſh till we meet in death.
But, oh, I have a ſon!——And you, one day,
Will be no ſtranger to a mother's fondneſs:
But Heav'n forbid that you ſhould ever know
A mother's ſorrow for an only ſon,
Her joy, her bliſs, her laſt ſurviving comfort!
When ev'ry hour ſhe trembles for his life.
Your pow'r o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas! what danger is there in a child
Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire?
Let me go hide me in ſome deſert iſle:
You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition:
All he can learn of me will be to weep!

Her. Madam, 'tis eaſy to conceive your grief;
But it would ill become me to ſollicit
In contradiction to my father's will;
'Tis he who urges to deſtroy your ſon.
Madam, if Pyrrhus muſt be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourſelf:
If you gain him I ſhall comply of courſe.

SCENE V.

ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

And. Didſt thou not mind with what diſdain ſhe ſpoke?
Youth and proſperity have made her vain;

She has not ſeen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you I'd take her counſel;
I'd ſpeak my own diſtreſs: one look from you
Will vanquiſh Pyrrhus and confound the Greeks.——
See, where he comes!——Lay hold on this occaſion.

SCENE VI.

PYRRHUS, ANDROMACHE, PHOENIX, *and* CEPHISA.

Pyr. Where is the Princeſs?—Did you not inform me
Hermione was here? [*To* Phœnix.

Phœn. I thought ſo, Sir.

And. Thou ſeeſt what mighty pow'r my eyes have on him! [*To* Cephiſa.

Pyr. What ſays he, Phœnix?

And. I have no hope left!

Phœn. Let us be gone:——Hermione expects you.

Ceph. For Heav'n's ſake, Madam, break this ſullen ſilence.

And. My child's already promiſed!

Ceph. But not given.

And. No, no!——my tears are vain, his doom is fix'd!

Pyr. See, if ſhe deigns to caſt one look upon us?
Proud woman!

And. I provoke him by my preſence.
Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us ſatisfy
The Greeks, and give them up this Phrygian boy.

And. Ah, Sir, recall thoſe words!—What have you ſaid?
If you give up my ſon, oh! give up me——
You who ſo many times have ſworn me friendſhip,
Oh Heav'ns!—will you not look with pity on me?
Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. Phœnix will anſwer you:—My word is paſt.

And. You who would brave ſo many dangers for me,

Pyr. I was your lover then;—I now am free.
To favour you I might have ſpar'd his life;
But you would ne'er vouchſafe to aſk it of me.
Now 'tis too late.

And. Ah, Sir, you underſtood

My tears, my wiſhes, which I durſt not utter,
Afraid of a repulſe. Oh, Sir, excuſe
The pride of royal blood, that checks my ſoul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To ſue for pity, and to own a maſter.

Pyr. No! in your heart you curſe me! you diſdain
My generous flame, and ſcorn to be oblig'd!
This very ſon, this darling of your ſoul,
Would be leſs dear, did I preſerve him for you.
Your anger, your averſion, falls on me,
You hate me more than the whole league of Greece;
But I ſhall leave you to your great reſentments.
Let us go, Phœnix, and appeaſe the Greeks.

And. Then let me die! and let me go to Hector!

Ceph. But, Madam ——

And. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my diſtraction, and inſults my tears!— [*To* Ceph.
Behold how low you have reduc'd a Queen!
Theſe eyes have ſeen my country laid in aſhes,
My kindred fall in war, my father ſlain,
My huſband dragg'd in his own blood, my ſon
Condemn'd to bondage, and myſelf a ſlave;
Yet, in the midſt of theſe unequall'd woes,
'Twas ſome relief to find myſelf your captive,
And that my ſon, deriv'd from ancient kings,
Since he muſt ſerve, had Pyrrhus for his maſter.
When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept:
I hop'd I ſhould not find his ſon leſs noble:
I thought the brave were ſtill the moſt compaſſionate.
Oh, do not, Sir, divide me from my child!——
If he muſt die ——

Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw a while.

SCENE VII.

PYRRHUS *and* ANDROMACHE.

Pyr. Riſe, Madam.—Yet you may preſerve your ſon.
I find, whenever I provoke your tears,
I furniſh you with arms againſt myſelf.
I thought my hatred fix'd before I ſaw you.

Oh! turn your eyes upon me while I ſpeak,
And ſee if you diſcover in my looks
An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
Why will you force me to deſert your cauſe?
In your ſon's name I beg we may be friends:
Let me entreat you to ſecure his life!
Muſt I turn ſuppliant for him? Think, oh! think
('Tis the laſt time) you both may yet be happy!
I know the ties I break, the foes I arm;
I wrong Hermione, I ſend her hence,
And with her diadem I bind your brows.
Conſider well, for 'tis of moment to you;
Chuſe to be wretched, Madam, or a queen.
My ſoul, conſum'd with a whole year's deſpair,
Can bear no longer theſe perplexing doubts.
Enough of ſighs, and tears, and threats I've try'd:
I know, if I'm depriv'd of you I die:
But, oh! I die if I wait longer for you!
I leave you to your thoughts. When I return
We'll to the temple: there you'll find your ſon,
And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

SCENE VIII.

ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Ceph. I told you, Madam, that, in ſpite of Greece,
You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.

And. Alas! Cephiſa, what have I obtain'd?
Only a poor ſhort reſpite for my ſon.

Ceph. You have enough approv'd your faith to Hector:
To be reluctant ſtill would be a crime;
He would himſelf perſuade you to comply.

And. How!——would'ſt thou give me Pyrrhus for a huſband?

Ceph. Think you 'twill pleaſe the ghoſt of your dead huſband,
That you ſhould ſacrifice your ſon? Conſider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne,
Turns all his power againſt the foes of Troy,
Remembers not Achilles was his father,
Retracts his conqueſts, and forgets his hatred.

And. But how can I forget it! How can I
Forget my Hector, treated with diſhonour,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, and vilely dragg'd,
A bloody corſe, about the walls of Troy?
Can I forget the good old King, his father,
Slain in my preſence! at the altar ſlain!
Which vainly for protection he embrac'd?
Haſt thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephiſa,
When a whole people fell? Methinks I ſee
Pyrrhus, enrag'd and breathing vengeance, enter
Amidſt the glare of burning palaces:
I ſee him hew his paſſage through my brothers,
And, bath'd in blood, lay all my kindred waſte.
Think, in this ſcene of horror, what I ſuffer'd!
This is the courtſhip I receiv'd from Pyrrhus,
And this the huſband thou would'ſt give me! No,
We both will periſh firſt! I'll ne'er conſent.

Ceph. Since you reſolve Aſtyanax ſhall die,
Haſte to the temple; bid your ſon farewell.
Why do you tremble, Madam?

And. Oh! Cephiſa,
Thou haſt awaken'd all the mother in me.
How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
The pledge, the image of my much-lov'd lord!
Alas! I call to mind the fatal day,
When his too-forward courage led him forth
To ſeek Achilles.

Ceph. Oh, th' unhappy hour!
'Twas then Troy fell, and all her gods forſook her.

And. That morn, Cephiſa, that ill-fated morn,
My huſband bid thee bring Aſtyanax;
He took him in his arms, and, as I wept,
My wife, my dear Andromache, ſaid he,
(Heaving with ſtifled ſighs to ſee me weep),
What fortune may attend my arms the gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the boy,
Preſerve him as a token of our loves;
If I ſhould fall, let him not miſs his fire
While thou ſurviv'ſt, but, by thy tender care,
Let the ſon ſee that thou didſt love his father.

Ceph. And will you throw away a life ſo precious?
At once extirpate all the Trojan line?
And. Inhuman King! What has he done to ſuffer?
If I neglect your vows is he to blame?
Has he reproach'd you with his ſlaughter'd kindred?
Can he reſent thoſe ills he does not know?———
But, oh! while I deliberate he dies.
No, no, thou muſt not die, while I can ſave thee!
Oh, let me find out Pyrrhus———Oh, Cephiſa!
Do thou go find him.
Ceph. What muſt I ſay to him?
And. Tell him I love my ſon to ſuch exceſs——
But doſt thou think he means the child ſhall die?
Can love rejected turn to ſo much rage?
Ceph. Madam, he'll ſoon be here—reſolve on ſomething.
And. Well, then, aſſure him———
Ceph. Madam, of your love?
And. Alas! thou know'ſt that is not in my pow'r.
Oh, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal houſe!
Oh, my Aſtyanax! at what a price
Thy mother buys thee!———Let us go.
Ceph. But whither?
And what does your unſettled heart reſolve?
And. Come, my Cephiſa, let us go together
To the ſad monument which I have rais'd
To Hector's ſhade, where, in their ſacred urn,
The aſhes of my hero ly inclos'd,
The dear remains which I have ſav'd from Troy;
There let me weep, there ſummon to my aid,
With pious rites, my Hector's awful ſhade;
Let him be witneſs to my doubts, my fears,
My agonizing heart, my flowing tears:
Oh! may he riſe, in pity, from his tomb,
And fix his wretched ſon's uncertain doom.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

CEPHISA.

BLEST be the tomb of Hector, that inſpires
Thoſe pious thoughts! Or is it Hector's ſelf,
That prompts you to preſerve your ſon! 'Tis he,
Who ſtill preſides o'er ruin'd Troy; 'tis he,
Who urges Pyrrhus to reſtore Aſtyanax.

And. Pyrrhus has ſaid he will: and thou haſt heard him
Juſt now renew the oft-repeated promiſe.

Ceph. Already, in the tranſports of his heart,
He gives you up his kingdom, his allies,
And thinks himſelf o'erpaid for all in you.

And. I think I may rely upon his promiſe;
And yet my heart is overcharg'd with grief.

Ceph. Why ſhould you grieve? You ſee he bids defiance
To all the Greeks, and, to protect your ſon
Againſt their rage, has plac'd his guards about him,
Leaving himſelf defenceleſs for his ſake:
But, Madam, think the coronation-pomps
Will ſoon demand your preſence in the temple:
'Tis time you lay aſide theſe mourning weeds.

And. I will be there, but firſt would ſee my ſon.

Ceph. Madam, you need not now be anxious for him;
He will be always with you, all your own,
To laviſh the whole mother's fondneſs on him.
What a delight to train beneath your eye
A ſon who grows no longer up in bondage!
A ſon in whom a race of kings revives!
But, Madam, you are ſad, and wrapt in thought,
As if you reliſh'd not your happineſs.

And. Oh, I muſt ſee my ſon once more, Cephiſa!

Ceph. Madam, he now will be no more a captive;
Your viſits may be frequent as you pleaſe.
To-morrow you may paſs the live-long day——

And. To-morrow! O Cephiſa!——But, no more!
Cephiſa, I have always found thee faithful:
A load of care weighs down my drooping heart.

Ceph. Oh that 'twere poſſible for me to eaſe you!

And. I ſoon ſhall exerciſe thy long-try'd faith.——
Mean-while I do conjure thee, my Cephiſa,
Thou take no notice of my preſent trouble:
And, when I ſhall diſcloſe my ſecret purpoſe,
That thou be punctual to perform my will.

Ceph. Madam, I have no will but yours. My life
Is nothing balanc'd with my love to you.

And. I thank thee, good Cephiſa; my Aſtyanax
Will recompenſe thy friendſhip to his mother.
But, come, my heart's at eaſe; aſſiſt me now
To change this ſable habit.——Yonder comes
Hermione; I would not meet her rage.

SCENE II.

HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Cle. This unexpected ſilence, this reſerve,
This outward calm, this ſettled frame of mind,
After ſuch wrongs and inſults, much ſurpriſe me!
You who before could not command your rage
When Pyrrhus look'd but kindly on his captive,
How can you bear unmov'd that he ſhould wed her,
And ſeat her on a throne which you ſhould fill?
I fear this dreadful ſtillneſs in your ſoul!
'Twere better, Madam,——

Her. Have you call'd Oreſtes?

Cle. Madam, I have. His love is too impatient
Not to obey with ſpeed the welcome ſummons:
His love-ſick heart o'erlooks his unkind uſage:
His ardour's ſtill the ſame.——Madam, he's here.

SCENE III.

ORESTES, HERMIONE, CLEONE.

Oreſt. Ah, Madam, is it true? does then Oreſtes
At length attend you by your own commands?
What can I do——

Her. Oreſtes, do you love me?

Oreſt. What means that queſtion, Princeſs? Do I love you?
My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
My farewell, my return, all ſpeak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I believe them all.

Oreſt. It ſhall be done—my ſoul has catch'd th' alarm:
We'll ſpirit up the Greeks—— I'll lead them on;
Your cauſe ſhall animate our fleets and armies.
Let us return; let us not loſe a moment,
But urge the fate of this devoted land:
Let us depart.

Her. No, Prince, let us ſtay here!
I will have vengeance here——I will not carry
This load of infamy to Greece, nor truſt
The chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.
Ere I depart I'll make Epirus mourn.
If you avenge me, let it be this inſtant;
My rage brooks no delay——Haſte to the temple,
Haſte, Prince, and ſacrifice him.

Oreſt. Whom?

Her. Why, Pyrrhus.

Oreſt. Pyrrhus! Did you ſay Pyrrhus?

Her. You demur!
Oh fly, be gone! give me not time to think!
Talk not of laws—he tramples on all laws——
Let me not hear him juſtify'd——Away.

Oreſt. You cannot think I'll juſtify my rival.
Madam, your love has made him criminal.
You ſhall have vengeance; I'll have vengeance too;
But let our hatred be profeſs'd and open;
Let us alarm all Greece, denounce a war;
Let us attack him in his ſtrength, and hunt him down
By conqueſt: ſhould I turn a baſe aſſaſſin,
'Twould ſully all the kings I repreſent.

Her. Have not I been diſhonour'd? ſet at nought?
Expos'd to public ſcorn?——And will you ſuffer
The tyrant who dares uſe me thus to live!
Know, Prince, I hate him more than once I lov'd him.
The gods alone can tell how once I lov'd him;
Yes, the falſe, perjur'd man, I once did love him;

And, ſpight of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he ſhould live, I may relapſe——Who knows
But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs?

Oreſt. Firſt let me tear him piece-meal—He ſhall die.
But, Madam, give me leiſure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death.
Yet I'm a ſtranger in the court of Pyrrhus;
Scarce have I ſet my foot within Epirus
When you enjoin me to deſtroy the Prince.
It ſhall be done this very night.

Her. But now,
This very hour he weds Andromache!
The temple ſhines with pomp; the golden throne
Is now prepar'd; the joyful rites begin;
My ſhame is public——Oh, be ſpeedy, Prince!
My wrath's impatient——Pyrrhus lives too long!
Intent on love, and heedleſs of his perſon,
He covers with his guards the Trojan boy;
Now is the time; aſſemble all your Greeks;
Mine ſhall aſſiſt them; let their fury looſe:
Already they regard him as a foe.
Be gone, Oreſtes——kill the faithleſs tyrant!
My love ſhall recompenſe thy glorious deed.

Oreſt. Conſider, Madam——

Her. You mock my rage!
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle ſighs,
And not atteſt your love by one brave action?
Go, with your boaſted conſtancy, and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge!
I bluſh to think how my too eaſy faith
Has twice been baffled in one ſhameful hour!

Oreſt. Hear me but ſpeak——You know I'll die to ſerve you!

Her. I'll go myſelf: I'll ſtab him at the altar;
Then drive the poniard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart! In death we ſhall unite:
Better to die with him, than live with you!

Oreſt. That were to make him bleſs'd, and me more wretched:

Madam, he dies by me!——Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live? my rival too!
Ere yon meridian sun declines he dies:
And you shall say that I deserve your love.

Her. Go, Prince, strike home, and leave the rest to me!
Let all your ships stand ready for our flight.

SCENE IV.

HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Cle. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to perish—
I was to blame to trust it to another:
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him:
I should have thrust the dagger home; have seen
The tyrant curse me with his parting breath,
And roll about his dying eyes in vain,
To find Andromache, whom I would hide.
Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim!——Haste, Cleone,
Charge him to say, Hermione's resentments,
Not those of Greece, have sentenc'd him to death.
Haste, my Cleone! my revenge is lost
If Pyrrhus knows not that he dies by me!

Cleo. I shall obey your order—But I see
The King approach——Who could expect him here?

Her. Oh, fly; Cleone, fly! and bid Orestes
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

SCENE V.

HERMIONE *and* PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injur'd princess:
Your distant looks reproach me; and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice,
Nor form excuses when his heart condemns him.
I might perhaps alledge our warlike fires,
Unknown to us, engag'd us to each other,
And join'd our hearts by contract, not by love;
But I detest such cobweb-arts: I own

My father's treaty, and allow its force.
I ſent ambaſſadors to call you hither;
Receiv'd you as my Queen, and hop'd my oaths,
So oft renew'd, might ripen into love.
The gods can witneſs, Madam, how I fought
Againſt Andromache's too fatal charms!
And ſtill I wiſh I had the pow'r to leave
This Trojan beauty, and be juſt to you.
Diſcharge your anger on this perjur'd man;
For I abhor my crime, and ſhould be pleas'd
To hear you ſpeak your wrongs aloud: no terms,
No bitterneſs of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half th' upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, Sir, you can be ſincere: you ſcorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.
A hero ſhould be bold, above all laws,
Be bravely falſe, and laugh at ſolemn ties.
To be perfidious ſhews a daring mind:
And you have nobly triumph'd o'er a maid.
To court me, to reject me, to return,
Then to forſake me for a Phrygian ſlave,
To lay proud Troy in aſhes, then to raiſe
The ſon of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,
Are actions worthy the great ſoul of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Madam, go on; give your reſentments birth,
And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould pleaſe your Queen ſhould I upbraid
your falſehood,
Call you perfidious traitor, all the names
That injur'd virgins laviſh on your ſex;
I ſhould o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,
And furniſh out a tale to ſooth her pride:
But, Sir, I would not overcharge her joys;
If you would charm Andromache, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your ſlaughters,
Your great atchievements in her father's palace.
She needs muſt love the man who fought ſo bravely,
And in her ſight ſlew half her royal kindred.

Pyr. With horror I look back on my paſt deeds!
I puniſh'd Helen's wrongs too far; I ſhed

Too much of blood: but, Madam, Helen's daughter
Should not object thoſe ills the mother caus'd.
However, I am pleas'd to find you hate me:
I was too forward to accuſe myſelf;
The man who ne'er was lov'd can ne'er be falſe.
Obedience to a father brought you hither,
And I ſtood bound by promiſe to receive you;
But our deſires were different ways inclin'd,
And you, I own, were not oblig'd to love me.

Her. Have I not lov'd you then, perfidious man!
For you I ſlighted all the Grecian princes,
Forſook my father's houſe, conceal'd my wrongs
When moſt provok'd, would not return to Sparta,
In hopes that time might fix your wav'ring heart.
I lov'd you when inconſtant; and ev'n now,
Inhuman King, while you pronounce my death,
My heart ſtill doubts if I ſhould love or hate you.
But, oh! ſince you reſolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel purpoſe till to-morrow,
That I may not be here to grace her triumph:
This is the laſt requeſt I e'er ſhall make you.——
See if the barbarous Prince vouchſafes an anſwer!
Go, then, to the lov'd Phrygian! Hence! be gone!
And bear to her thoſe vows that once were mine:
Go in defiance to th' avenging gods.
Be gone! The Prieſt expects you at the altar——
But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither.

SCENE VI.

PYRRHUS *and* PHOENIX.

Phœn. Sir, did you mind her threats? Your life's in danger:
There is no trifling with a woman's rage:
The Greeks, who ſwarm about the court, all hate you,
Will treat you as their country's enemy,
And join in her revenge; beſides, Oreſtes
Still loves her to diſtraction. Sir, I beg——

Pyr. How, Phœnix!——Should I fear a woman's threats?
A nobler paſſion takes up all my thought;

I muſt prepare to meet Andromache.
Do thou place all my guards about her ſon:
If ſhe be ſafe, Pyrrhus is free from fear.

SCENE VII.

PHOENIX *alone.*

Phœn. Oh, Pyrrhus! oh, what pity 'tis the gods,
Who fill'd thy ſoul with ev'ry kingly virtue,
Form'd thee for empire and conſummate greatneſs,
Should leave thee ſo expos'd to wild deſires,
That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reaſon!
Such was Achilles; gen'rous, fierce, and brave,
Open, and undeſigning, but impatient,
Undiſciplin'd, and not to be controll'd.
I fear this whirl of paſſion, this career
That overbears reflection and cool thought!
I tremble for the event!—But ſee, the Queen,
Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
I muſt obey, and guard her ſon from danger.

SCENE VIII.

ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen!
Your ſorrows are diſpers'd, your charms revive,
And ev'ry faded beauty blooms anew.

And. Yet all is not as I could wiſh, Cephiſa.

Ceph. You ſee the King is watchful o'er your ſon,
Decks him with princely robes, with guards ſurrounds him.
Aſtyanax begins to reign already.

And. Pyrrhus is nobly minded, and I fain
Would live to thank him for Aſtyanax:
'Tis a vain thought——However, ſince my child
Has ſuch a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. Theſe dark unfoldings of your ſoul perplex me;
What meant thoſe floods of tears, thoſe warm embraces,
As if you bid your ſon adieu for ever?
For heaven's ſake, Madam, let me know your griefs!
If you diſtruſt my faith——

And. That were to wrong thee.

Oh, my Cephiſa! this gay borrowed air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dreſs,
Are but mock-trappings to conceal my woe:
My heart ſtill mourns; I ſtill am Hector's widow.
Ceph. Will you then break the promiſe giv'n to Pyrrhus;
Blow up his rage afreſh, and blaſt your hopes?
And. I thought, Cephiſa, thou hadſt known thy miſtreſs.
Could'ſt thou believe I would be falſe to Hector?
Fall off from ſuch a huſband, break his reſt,
And call him to this hated light again,
To ſee Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms?
Would Hector, were he living, and I dead,
Forget Andromache, and wed her foe?
Ceph. I cannot gueſs what drift your thoughts purſue;
But, oh! I fear there's ſomething dreadful in it.
Muſt then Aſtyanax be doom'd to die,
And you to linger out a life in bondage?
And. Nor this, nor that, Cephiſa, will I bear;
My word is paſt to Pyrrhus, his to me,
And I rely upon his promis'd faith.
Unequal as he is I know him well:
Pyrrhus is violent, but he is ſincere,
And will perform beyond what he has ſworn.
The Greeks will but incenſe him more; their rage
Will make him cheriſh Hector's ſon.
Ceph. Ah! Madam,
Explain theſe riddles to my boding heart.
And. Thou may'ſt remember, for thou oft haſt heard me
Relate the dreadful viſion which I ſaw
When firſt I landed captive in Epirus.
That very night, as in a dream I lay,
A ghoſtly figure, full of gaping wounds,
His eyes a-glare, his hair all ſtiff with blood,
Full in my ſight thrice ſhook his head and groan'd.
I ſoon diſcern'd my ſlaughter'd Hector's ſhade;
But, oh! how chang'd, ye gods! how much unlike
The living Hector!——Loud he bid me fly!
Fly from Achilles' ſon! then ſternly frown'd,
And diſappear'd. Struck with the dreadful ſound
I ſtarted and awaked.

Ceph. But did he bid you
Deſtroy Aſtyanax?
And. Cephiſa, I'll preſerve him;
With my own life, Cephiſa, I'll preſerve him.
Ceph. What may theſe words ſo full of horror mean?
And. Know then the ſecret purpoſe of my ſoul.
Andromache will not be falſe to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her ſacred love to Hector.
This hour I'll meet the King; the holy prieſt
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows;
This will ſecure a father to my child;
That done I have no farther uſe for life;
This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,
Shall ſave my virtue and conclude my woes.
Ceph. Ah! Madam! recollect your ſcatter'd reaſon!
This fell deſpair ill-ſuits your preſent fortunes.
And. No other ſtratagem can ſerve my purpoſe:
This is the ſole expedient to be juſt
To Hector, to Aſtyanax, to Pyrrhus.
I ſoon ſhall viſit Hector, and the ſhades
Of my great anceſtors——Cephiſa, thou
Wilt lend a hand to cloſe thy miſtreſs' eyes.
Ceph. Oh! never think that I will ſtay behind you!
And. No, my Cephiſa, I muſt have thee live,
Remember thou didſt promiſe to obey,
And to be ſecret: wilt thou now betray me?
After thy long, thy faithful ſervice, wilt thou
Refuſe my laſt commands, my dying wiſh?
Once more, I do conjure thee, live for me!
Ceph. Life is not worth my care when you are gone.
And. I muſt commit into thy faithful hands
All that is dear and precious to my ſoul:
Live and ſupply my abſence to my child.
All that remains of Troy, a future progeny
Of heroes, and a diſtant line of kings,
In him, is all entruſted to thy care.
Ceph. But, Madam, what will be the rage of Pyrrhus,
Defrauded of his promis'd happineſs?
And. That will require thy utmoſt ſkill: obſerve
The firſt impetuous onſets of his grief;

Uſe ev'ry artifice to keep him ſtedfaſt;
Sometimes with tears thou may'ſt diſcourſe of me;
Speak of our marriage; let him think I lov'd him:
Tell him my ſoul repos'd itſelf on him
When I reſign'd my ſon to his protection.

Ceph. Oh for a ſpirit to ſupport my grief!
Is there ought more before you go for ever?

And. Oh, my Cephiſa! my ſwoll'n heart is full.
I have a thouſand farewells to my ſon——
But tears break in—Grief interrupts my ſpeech——
My ſoul o'erflows in fondneſs—Let him know
I died to ſave him:—and would die again.
Seaſon his mind with early hints of glory;
Make him acquainted with his anceſtors;
Trace out their ſhining ſtory in his thoughts;
Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father;
And ſometimes let him hear his mother's name;
Let him reflect upon his royal birth
With modeſt pride. Pyrrhus will prove a friend;
But let him know he has a conqueror's right.
He muſt be taught to ſtifle his reſentments,
And ſacrifice his vengeance to his ſafety;
Should he prove headſtrong, raſh, or unadviſed,
He then will fruſtrate all his mother's virtue,
Provoke his fate, and I ſhall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas, I fear I never ſhall outlive you!

And. No more:—thy tears, Cephiſa, will betray me:
Aſſume a chearful look: but ſtill remember——

[*Flouriſh within.*

Hark how the trumpet, with its ſprightly notes,
Proclaims th' appointed hour, and calls us hence:
Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee!

Thus the gay victim, with freſh garlands crown'd,
Pleas'd with the ſacred fife's enlivening ſound,
Thro' gazing crowds in ſolemn ſtate proceeds,
And, dreſs'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

ACT V. SCENE I.

HERMIONE *alone.*

WHAT have I done? Where am I? Where is Pyrrhus?
Ye gods! what mean theſe horrors?—I'm undone!
My ſoul is on the rack—I cannot bear it——
Why do I wander like ſome guilty ghoſt?
What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?
The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me?
Do I ſtill doubt if I ſhould love or hate him?
Hard-hearted man! how unconcern'd he left me!
Did he once ſigh? beſtow one pitying look?
Once ſhed a tear? or ſpeak one ſoft kind word?
Did he ſo much as feign one moment's ſorrow
To calm my griefs and mitigate his falſehood?
——Why am I ſtill thus anxious for his life?
Why do I ſtart at his impending fate?
Shall he then live? ſhall the baſe traitor live
To laugh at my diſtreſs? No, let him periſh!
Be quick, Oreſtes!—Execute my orders!
Alas! my orders! Oh prepoſterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?
Was it for this my ſoul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my father's court?
Have I then croſs'd ſo many realms and ſeas
To murder Pyrrhus?

SCENE II.

HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Her. Oh, Cleone, help me!
What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?
What ſay'ſt thou?—Anſwer me! Where is the King?
Cle. Madam, I ſaw the cruel prince ſet forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
Still, as he walk'd, his raviſh'd eyes were fix'd
On the fair captive, while thro' ſhouting crowds,
She paſs'd along with a dejected air,
And ſeem'd to mourn her Hector to the laſt.

Her. Inſulting tyrant! I ſhall burſt with rage! —
But ſay, Cleone, didſt thou mark him well?
Was his brow ſmooth? Say, did there not appear
Some ſhade of grief? ſome little cloud of ſorrow?
Did he not ſtop? Did he not once look back?
Didſt thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not—— Oh, be quick, and tell me all.

Cle. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love; unguarded he march'd on
'Midſt a promiſcuous throng of friends and foes;
His cares all turn upon Aſtyanax,
Whom he has lodg'd within the citadel,
Defended by the ſtrength of all his guards.

Her. Enough!—he dies!—the traitor!——Where's Oreſtes?

Cle. He is in the temple with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he ſtill reſolute? Is he determin'd?

Cle. Madam, I fear——

Her. How!——Is Oreſtes falſe?
Does he betray me too?

Cle. A thouſand doubts
Perplex his ſoul, and wound him with remorſe:
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus ſhould not fall ignobly;
Pyrrhus, the warlike ſon of great Achilles;
He dreads the cenſure of the Grecian ſtates,
Of all mankind, and fears to ſtain his honour.

Her. Poor timorous wretch! 'Tis falſe! He baſely fears
To cope with dangers and encounter death:
'Tis that he fears!—Am I bright Helen's daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conſpir'd;
For her confederate nations fought, and kings were ſlain;
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.
My eyes want force to raiſe a lover's arm
Againſt a tyrant that has dar'd to wrong me!

Cle. Madam, like Helen, truſt your cauſe to Greece.

Her. No, I'll avenge myſelf; I'll to the temple,
I'll overturn the altar, ſtab the prieſt:
I'll hurl deſtruction like a whirlwind round me!
They muſt not wed! they muſt not live! they ſhall not!

Let me be gone! I have no time to loſe!
Stand off! hold me not! I'm all diſtraction!
Oh, Pyrrhus! tyrant, traitor, thou ſhalt bleed.

SCENE III.

HERMIONE, CLEONE, ORESTES.

Oreſt. Madam, 'tis done; your orders are obey'd:
The tyrant lyes expiring at the altar.

Her. Is Pyrrhus ſlain? ——

Oreſt. Ev'n now he gaſps in death.
Our Greeks, all undiſtinguiſh'd in the crowd,
Flock'd to the temple, and diſpers'd themſelves
On ev'ry ſide the altar: I was there:
Pyrrhus obſerv'd me with a haughty eye,
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive.
Receive, ſaid he, my crown, receive my faith,
Mine and my people's ſov'reign reign for ever;
From this bleſs'd hour, a father to your ſon,
I'll ſcourge his foes: hencefoward be he ſtiled
The Trojan King. I ſwear it at the altar,
And call the gods to ratify my vows.
His ſubjects with loud acclamations ſhook
The ſpacious dome. Our Greeks, enrag'd, cry'd out,
Revenge, revenge! broke thro' the thronging preſs,
And ruſh'd tumultuous on th' unguarded king.
Their eager fury left no work for me.
Pyrrhus a while oppos'd their claſhing ſwords,
And dealt his fatal blows, on ev'ry ſide,
With manly fierceneſs, till oppreſs'd by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gaſh'd with wounds,
He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.
Haſte, Madam; let us fly! haſte to our ſhips,
They ly unmoor'd; our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done?

Oreſt. Madam, forgive their rage.
I own your vengeance had been more compleat,
Had Pyrrhus fallen by me, and had he known
Hermione chaſtis'd him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monſter, peace!—Go tell thy horrid tale
To ſavages, and houl it out in deſerts.
Would'ſt thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me would'ſt thou make th' accomplice of thy crimes?
Hence to thy Greeks, and boaſt thy foul exploits!
My ſoul abhors them! I diſclaim the deed!
Be gone; I know thee not! thou fell barbarian!
What had he done? what could provoke thy madneſs
To aſſaſſinate ſo great, ſo brave a man?
Who ſet thee on?

Oreſt. O, grant me patience, Heav'n!
With your own lips did you not curſe the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to deſtroy him?

Her. What if, tranſported by my boundleſs paſſion,
I could not bear to ſee him wed another?
Were you to obey a jealous woman's frenzy?
You ſhould have div'd into my inmoſt thoughts;
My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice,
And all my anger was exceſs of love.
Why did you take me at my word? you ſaw
The ſtruggles of my ſoul; you heard me rave;
You ſhould have queſtion'd me a thouſand times:
Yet ſtill have doubted, and ſtill queſtion'd on,
Before you ventur'd on a life ſo precious.

Oreſt. Hear me but ſpeak:——Heav'n knows againſt my will——

Her. Why did you not return? why not conſult me
A ſecond time, and undetermin'd ſtill,
Again return, and ſtill find new delays?
What had your raſh officious Greeks, dire blood-hounds,
To do with my revenge? what drew you hither
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
Are theſe the fruits of your deteſted love?
Your fatal embaſſy, your hateful preſence
Drove Pyrrhus to my rival, and deſtroys
Both him and me.——He might have lov'd me ſtill
Had you ne'er interpos'd——Avant! be gone,
And leave me in Epirus——I renounce
My friends, my country, Greece and all mankind,
But chiefly I renounce thee, Monſter! thee!

SCENE IV.

Oreſt. Am I awake! where am I! ſoft, my ſoul,
Be not too raſh.——Was that Hermione?
Why ſhould her anger thunder againſt me?
Was not this blood ſhed all by her command?——
I am indeed a moſt outrageous monſter!
A ruffian, murderer, a baſe aſſaſſin!
And all to pleaſe a falſe ungrateful woman.
Henceforward let all the laws of nations ceaſe,
And let the pale that ſevers right and wrong,
Things ſacred and profane, be broken down:
Gods in their temples, Kings upon their thrones,
Are not in ſafety while Oreſtes lives.
Oh, never more ſhall my torn mind be heal'd,
Nor taſte the gentle comforts of repoſe!
A dreadful band of gloomy cares ſurround me,
And lay ſtrong ſiege to my diſtracted ſoul.

SCENE V.

ORESTES *and* PYLADES, *attended by* Greeks.

Pyl. Haſte, Prince, let us be gone: 'tis death to ſtay.
Andromache reigns Queen, ſhe gives th' alarm,
And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.
The people arm and muſter in the ſtreets:
Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
The palace gates, and to ſecure our flight.
We muſt be ſpeedy, Sir.

Oreſt. You may depart,
My friends——Hermione and I remain.——
Her cruelty has quite undone me!——Go,
And leave me to myſelf——I'll find her out.

Pyl. Alas, unhappy Princeſs! ſhe's no more:
Forget her, Sir, and ſave yourſelf with us.

Oreſt. Hermione no more!——O all ye pow'rs!

Pyl. Full of diſorder, wildneſs in her looks,
With hands expanded and diſhevell'd hair,
Breathleſs and pale, with ſhrieks ſhe ſought the temple:
In the mid way ſhe met the corpſe of Pyrrhus;
She ſtartled at the ſight, then, ſtiff with horror,

Gaz'd frightful, waken'd from the dire amaze;
She rais'd her eyes to Heaven with such a look
As spoke her sorrows and reproach'd the gods.
Then plung'd a poniard deep within her breast,
And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.
Orest. I thank you, Gods——I never could expect
To be so wretched!——You have been industrious
To finish your decrees, to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your pow'r to punish.
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.
Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.
Orest. True, my friend;
And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods.
My fate's accomplish'd——I shall die content.
Oh bear me hence!——Blow, winds!——
Pyl. Let us be gone.
Orest. The murder'd lovers wait me——Hark, they call!
Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine;
One tomb will hold us all.
Pyl. Alas, I fear
His ravings will return with his misfortunes.
Orest. I'm dizzy!——Clouds!——Quite lost in utter darkness!
Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.
I shiver! Oh, I freeze!——So——Light returns;
'Tis the gray dawn——See, Pylades, behold!——
I am encompass'd with a sea of blood!——
The crimson billows——Oh, my brain's on fire!
Pyl. How is it, Sir?——Repose yourself on me.
Orest. Pyrrhus, stand off! What wou'dst thou?——How he glares!
What envious hand hath clos'd thy wounds?——Have at thee!
It is Hermione that strikes.——Confusion!
She catches Pyrrhus in her arms——Oh, save me!
How terrible she looks!——She knits her brow!

She frowns me dead! She frights me into madneſs!
Where am I?——Who are you?

Pyl. Alas, poor Prince!
Help to ſupport him——How he pants for breath!

Oreſt. This is moſt kind, my Pylades.——Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endleſs trouble?

Pyl. All will go well; he ſettles into reaſon.

Oreſt. Who talks of reaſon? Better to have none,
Than not enough.——Run, ſome one, tell my Greeks,
I will not have them touch the King.—Now!—Now!
I blaze again!—See there!—Look where they come!
A ſhoal of furies!——How they ſwarm about me!
My terror!——Hide me!——Oh, their ſnaky locks!
Hark, how they hiſs!—See, ſee their flaming brands!
Now they let drive full at me! How they grin
And ſhake their iron whips!—My ears! What yellings!
And ſee Hermione——She ſets them on!——
Thruſt not your ſcorpions thus into my boſom!
Oh, I am ſtung to death!——Diſpatch me ſoon!
There——take my heart, Hermione——tear it out!
Diſjoint me!——Kill me!——Oh, my tortur'd ſoul!

Pyl. Kind Heaven reſtore him to his wonted calm!
Oft have I ſeen him rave, but never thus:
Quite ſpent!——Aſſiſt me, friends, to bear him off.
Our time is ſhort; ſhould his ſtrong rage return,
'Twould be beyond our pow'r to force him hence.
Away, my friend!——I hear the portal open.

SCENE VI.

PHOENIX *attended by Guards.*

Phœn. All, all are fled!——Oreſtes is not here!
Triumphant villains!——The baſe giddy rabble,
Whoſe hands ſhould all have been employed with fire
To waſte the fleet, flock'd round the dying Princeſs,
And, while they ſtand agaze, the Greeks embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain; this ſacrilegious murder
Was authoriz'd.——Th' ambaſſador's eſcape
Declares his guilt.——Moſt bloody embaſſy!

Moſt unexampled deed! Where, where, ye Gods,
Is majeſty ſecure, if in your temples
You give it no protection?——See, the Queen.

SCENE VII.

PHOENIX, ANDROMACHE, CEPHISA, *with Attendants*

And. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will come
When you ſhall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How ſhould the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyrrhus?
Pyrrhus, the braveſt man in all your league,
The man whoſe ſingle valour made you triumph.
Is my child there?——

Ceph. It is the corpſe of Pyrrhus;
The weeping ſoldiers bear him on their ſhields.

And. Ill-fated Prince! Too negligent of life,
And too unwary of the faithleſs Greeks!
Cut off in the freſh ripening prime of manhood,
Even in the pride of life, thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full bloſſom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then will your ſorrows never end!

And. Oh, never, never! While I live my tears
Will never ceaſe, for I was born to grieve.——
Give preſent orders for the funeral pomps: [*To* Phœn.
Let him be rob'd in all his regal ſtate,
Place round him every ſhining mark of honour,
And let the pile that conſecrates his aſhes,
Riſe like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

SCENE VIII.

ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA, *with Attendants.*

Ceph. That ſound proclaims the arrival of the Prince;
The guards conduct him from the citadel.

And. With open arms I'll meet him!—Oh, Cephiſa!
A ſpringing joy, mix'd with a ſoft concern,
A pleaſure which no language can expreſs,

An ecſtacy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my ſorrow
Like gleams of ſunſhine in a lowring ſky.

Though plung'd in ills and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair.
When preſs'd by dangers, and beſet with foes,
The Gods their timely ſuccour interpoſe;
And when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeſeen expedients bring relief.

[*Exeunt omnes* †.

† This play is little more than a tranſlation from the *Andromaque* of Racine.—It is, however, very well tranſlated, the poetry pleaſing, and the incidents of the ſtory ſo affecting, that although it is, like all the French tragedies, rather too heavy and declamatory, yet it never fails bringing tears into the eyes of a ſenſible audience; and will, perhaps, ever continue to be a ſtock play, on the liſts of the theatres.—The original author, however, has deviated from hiſtory, and Philips likewiſe followed his example, in making Hermione kill herſelf upon the body of Pyrrhus, who had been ſlain by her inſtigation; whereas, on the contrary, ſhe not only ſurvived, but became wife to Oreſtes.

END OF THE DISTRESS'D MOTHER.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr BUDGELL of the Inner-Temple.

Spoken by Mrs OLDFIELD.

I HOPE you'll own that, with becoming art,
I've play'd my game, and topp'd the widow's part.
My ſpouſe, poor man! could not live out the play,
But died commodiouſly on the wedding-day,
While I, his relict, made, at one bold ſling,
Myſelf a princeſs and young Sty *a king.*
Ye ladies who protract a lover's pain,
And bear your ſervants ſigh whole years in vain,
Which of you all would not on marriage venture
Might ſhe ſo ſoon upon her jointure enter?
——'Twas a ſtrange ſcape! had Pyrrhus *liv'd 'till now,*
I had been finely hamper'd in my vow.
To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms?
'Twere an hard fate——ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one night——to think upon it.
But why, you'll ſay, was all this grief expreſs'd
For a firſt husband laid long ſince at reſt?
Why ſo much coldneſs to my kind protector?
——Ah, Ladies! had you known the good man Hector!
Homer *will tell you, (or I'm miſinform'd)*
That when, enrag'd, the Grecian *camp he ſtorm'd,*
To break the tenfold barriers of the gate,
He threw a ſtone of ſuch prodigious weight,
As no two men could lift, not even of thoſe
Who in that age of thund'ring mortals roſe:
——It would have ſprain'd a dozen modern beaux.
At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aſide,
And ſunk the widow in the well-dreſs'd bride.
In you it ſtill remains to grace the play,
And bleſs with joy my coronation-day.
Take then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherleſs and widow to your care.

END OF THE DISTRESS'D MOTHER.

THEODOSIUS:

OR THE

FORCE OF LOVE.

A

TRAGEDY.

THEODOSIUS:

OR, THE

FORCE OF LOVE.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

NATHANIEL LEE.

To which is prefixed

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.

TACIT.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

M. DCC. LXVIII.

THE LIFE OF Mr NATHANIEL LEE.

THIS eminent dramatic poet was the ſon of a clergyman of the church of England, and was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool under Dr Buſby. After he left this ſchool, he was ſometime at Trinity College, Cambridge; whence returning to London, he went upon the ſtage as an actor.

Very few particulars are preſerved concerning Mr Lee. He died before he was thirty-four years of age, and wrote eleven tragedies, all of which contain the divine enthuſiaſm of a poet, a noble fire and elevation, and the tender breathings of love, beyond many of his cotemporaries. He ſeems to have been born to write for the ladies; none ever felt the paſſion of love more intimately, none ever knew to deſcribe it more gracefully, and no poet ever moved the breaſts of his audience with ſtronger palpitations, than Lee.

It is certain that our author for ſometime was deprived of his ſenſes, and was confined in Bedlam; and as Langbaine obſerves, it is to be regretted that his madneſs exceeded that divine fury which Ovid mentions, and which uſually accompanies the beſt poets.

Eſt Deus in nobus, agitante caleſcimus illo.

Mad people have often been obſerved to do very ingenious things. I have ſeen a ſhip of ſtraw, finely fabricated by a mad ſhip-builder; and the moſt lovely attitudes have been repreſented by a mad ſtatuary in his cell.

Lee, for aught we know, might have ſome noble flights of fancy, even in Bedlam; and it is reported of him, that while he was writing one of his ſcenes by moon-light, a cloud intervening, he cried out in exſtaſy, "Jove ſnuff the Moon." But as this is only related upon common report, we deſire no more credit may be given to it, than its own nature demands.

His Tragedy of Theodoſius, or the Force of Love, is the only play of Lee's that at preſent keeps poſſeſſion of the ſtage; an argument, in my opinion, not much in favour of our taſte, that ſo great a genius ſhould be ſo much neglected.

It is ſaid, that Lee died in the night, in the ſtreets, upon a frolic, and that his father never aſſiſted him in his frequent and preſſing neceſſity, which he was able to do. It appears that tho' Lee was a player, yet, for want of execution, he did not much ſucceed, though Mr Cibber ſays, that he read excellently, and that the players uſed to tell him, unleſs they could act the part as he read it, they could not hope ſucceſs, which, it ſeems, was not the caſe with Dryden, who could hardly read to be underſtood. Lee was certainly a man of great genius; when it is conſider'd how young he died, he performed miracles; and had he liv'd till his fervour cooled, and his judgment ſtrengthened, which might have been the conſequence of years, he would have made a greater figure in poetry than ſome of his contemporaries, who are now placed in a ſuperior rank.

TO HER

GRACE

The DUCHESS of RICHMOND.

MADAM,

THE reputation that this Play received on the ſtage, ſome few errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from ſo cenſorious an age, from whom I aſk but ſo much neceſſary praiſe, as will ſerve once or twice a year at moſt, to gain their good company, and juſt keep me alive.

There is not now that mankind that was then,
When as the ſun and man did ſeem to ſtrive
(Joint-tenants of the world) who ſhould ſurvive:
When, if a ſlow-pac'd ſtar had ſtol'n away
From the obſerver's marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred years to ſee't again,
And then make up his obſervation plain.

Dr DONN.

For 'tis impoſſible in our limited time (and I bring his opinion to back my own, who is, without compariſon, the beſt writer of the age) to preſent our judges a poem half ſo perfect as we

could make it. I muſt acknowledge, Madam, with all humility, I ought to have taken more time, and more pains, in this Tragedy, becauſe it is dedicated to your Grace, who, being the beſt judge, (and therefore can, when you pleaſe, make us tremble) yet with exceeding mercy have pardon'd the defects of Theodoſius, and given it your entire approbation. My genius, Madam, was your favourite, when the poet was unknown; and openly receiv'd your ſmiles, before I had the honour to pay your Grace the moſt ſubmiſſive gratitude for ſo illuſtrious and advantageous a protection. To let the world, too, know, that you do not think it beneath you to be officiouſly good; even from the extremeſt heights to diſcern the loweſt creatures, and give them all the nobleſt influence you can; you brought her Royal Highneſs juſt at the exigent time, whoſe ſingle preſence, on the poet's day, is a ſubſiſtence for him all the year after. Ah, Madam, if all the ſhort-liv'd happineſs that miſerable poets can enjoy, conſiſts in commendation only; nay, if the moſt part are content with popular breath, and even for that are thankful; how ſhall I expreſs myſelf to your Grace, who, by a particular goodneſs, and innate ſweetneſs, merely for the ſake of doing well, have thus rais'd me above myſelf! To have your Grace's favour, is, in a word, to have the applauſe of the whole court, who are its nobleſt ornament; magnificent and eternal praiſe. Something there is in your mien, ſo much above that we vulgarly call charming, that, to me, it ſeems adorable, and your preſence almoſt divine, whoſe dazzling and majeſtic form is a proper manſion for the moſt elevated ſoul. And let me tell the world, nay, ſighing, ſpeak it to

a barbarous age, (I cannot help calling it ſo, when I think of Rome and Greece), your extraordinary love for heroic poetry is not the leaſt argument to ſhew the greatneſs of your mind, and fulneſs of perfection. To hear you ſpeak with that infinite ſweetneſs and chearfulneſs of ſpirit, that is natural to your Grace, is, methinks, to hear our tutelar angels: 'tis to bemoan the preſent malicious times, and remember the golden age. But, to behold you too, is to make prophets quite forget their heaven, and bind the poets with eternal rapture.

——Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay, her body thought.
You, for whoſe body God made better clay,
Or took ſouls ſtuff, ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as need ſmall change at the laſt day.

Dr DONN.

Ziphares and Semandra were firſt your Grace's favourites: and tho' I ought not, Madam, to praiſe your wit by your judgment of my painting, yet I muſt ſay, ſuch characters every dauber cannot draw. It has been obſerved againſt me, that I abound in ungovern'd fancy; but, I hope, the world will pardon the ſallies of youth: age, deſpondence, and dulneſs, come too faſt of themſelves. I diſcommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am ſure the noble hunters, that follow the game, muſt leap hedges and ditches ſometimes, and run at all, or never come in to the fall of the quarry. My comfort is, I cannot be ſo ridiculous a creature to any man, as I am to myſelf: for who ſhould know the houſe ſo well as the good man at home? who, when his neighbours come to ſee him, ſtill ſets

the beſt rooms to view; and, if he be not a wilful aſs, keeps the rubbiſh and lumber in ſome dark hole, whither nobody comes but himſelf, to mortify at melancholy hours. But how then, Madam, in this unſuitable condition, how ſhall I anſwer the infinite honours and obligations your Grace has laid upon me? Your Grace, who is the moſt beautiful idea of Love and Glory; who, to that divine compoſition, have the nobleſt and beſt natur'd wit in the world. All I can promiſe, Madam, and be able to perform, is, that your Grace ſhall never ſee a play of mine, that ſhall give offence to modeſty and virtue; and what I humbly offer to the world, ſhall be of uſe at leaſt, and, I hope, deſerve imitation; which is, or ought to be, I am ſure, the deſign of all Tragedies and Comedies both ancient and modern. I ſhould preſume to promiſe myſelf, too, ſome ſucceſs in things of this nature if your Grace, (in whom the charms of beauty, wit, and goodneſs, ſeem reconcil'd) at a leiſure hour, would condeſcend to correct, with your excellent judgment, the errors of,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's *moſt humble,*

Moſt obedient,

And devoted ſervant,

NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE.

WIT, long oppreſs'd, and fill'd at laſt with rage,
Thus, in a ſullen mood, rebukes the age:
What loads of fame do modern heroes bear,
For an inglorious, long, and lazy war!
Who for ſome ſkirmiſh, or a ſafe retreat,
(Not to be dragged to battle) are call'd great.
But, oh! what do ambitious ſtateſmen gain,
Who into private cheſts whole nations drain?
What ſums of gold they hoard, is daily known,
To all mens coſt, and ſometimes to their own.
Your lawyer too, that like an Oïes *bawls,*
That drowns the market higler in the ſtalls,
That ſeems begot, conceiv'd, and born in brawls,
Yet thrives: he and his crowd get what they pleaſe,
Swarming all term-time thro' the Strand *like bees,*
They buz at Weſtminſter, *and lie for fees.*
The Godly too their ways of getting have;
But none ſo much as your fanatic knave:
Wiſely the wealthieſt livings they refuſe,
Who by the fatteſt biſhopricks would loſe;
Who with ſhort hair, large ears, and ſmall blue band,
True rogues! their own, not God's elect, command.
Let pigs then be prophane; but broth's allow'd;
Poſſets, and chriſtian caudles, may be good;
Meet helps, to reinforce a brother's blood:
Therefore each female ſaint he doth adviſe,
With groans, and hums, and ha's, and goggling eyes,
To rub him down, and make the ſpirit riſe;
While with his zeal tranſported from the ground,
He mounts, and ſanctifies the ſiſters round.
On poets only no kind ſtar e'er ſmil'd:
Curſt fate has damn'd 'em, ev'ry mother's child:
Therefore he warns his brothers of the ſtage,
To write no more for an ungrateful age.
Think what penurious maſters you have ſerv'd;
Taſſo *run mad, and noble* Spenſer *ſtarv'd.*
Turn then, whoe'er thou art, that canſt write well,
Thy ink to gall, and in lampoons excel:
Forſwear all honeſty, traduce the great,
Grow impudent, and rail againſt the ſtate;
Burſting with ſpleen, abroad thy paſquils ſend,
And chuſe ſome libel-ſpreader for thy friend:
The wit and want of Timon *point thy mind,*
And for thy ſatire's ſubject chuſe mankind.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THEODOSIUS,

VARANES,

MARCIAN,

LUCIUS,

ATTICUS, Chief Prieſt.

LEONTINE,

ARANTHES.

Chorus.

PULCHERIA,

ATHENAIS,

MARINA,

FLAVILLA,

JULIA,

DELIA.

Attendants, Singers.

SCENE, *CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THEODOSIUS:

OR,

The FORCE of LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A ſtately Temple, which repreſents the Chriſtian religion, as in its firſt magnificence, being but lately eſtabliſhed at Rome *and* Conſtantinople. *The ſide ſcenes ſhew the horrid tortures with which the* Roman *tyrants perſecuted the Church; and the flat ſcene, which is the limit of the proſpect, diſcovers an altar richly adorned; before it* Conſtantine, *ſuppos'd, kneels, with commanders about him, gazing at a bloody croſs in the air, which being encompaſſed with many angels, offers itſelf to view, with thoſe words diſtinctly written,* In hoc ſigno vinces. *Inſtruments are heard, and many attendants; the miniſters at divine ſervice walk buſily up and down, till* Atticus, *the chief of all the prieſts, and ſucceſſor of St* Chryſoſtom, *in rich robes, comes forward with the philoſopher* Leontine, *the waiters in ranks bowing all the way before him.*

A Chorus heard at a diſtance.

Prepare, prepare! the rites begin;
Let none unhallow'd enter in!
The temple with new glory ſhines:
Adorn the altars, waſh the ſhrines,
And purge the place from ſin.

Atticus.

OH, Leontine! was ever morn like this,
Since the celeſtial incarnation dawn'd?
I think no day ſince that ſuch glory gave
To Chriſtian altars, as this morning brings.

Leon. Great ſucceſſor of holy Chryſoſtom,
Who now triumphs above, a ſaint of honour,
Next, in degree, to thoſe bright ſons of heaven,
Who never fell, nor ſtain'd their orient beams,
What ſhall I anſwer? How ſhall I approach you,
Since my converſion, which your breath inſpir'd?

Atti. To ſee this day, the Emp'ror of the Eaſt
Leaves all the pleaſures that the earth can yield,
That Nature can beſtow, or Art invent,
In his life's ſpring, and bloom of gaudy years.
To undergo the pennance of a cloiſter,
Confin'd to narrow rooms, and gloomy walks,
Faſtings, and exerciſes of devotion,
Which from his bed at midnight muſt awake him;
Methinks, O Leontine! is ſomething more
Than yet philoſophy could ever reach.

Leon. True, Atticus; you have amaz'd my reaſon.

Atti. Yet more: To our religion's laſting honour,
Marina and Flavilla, two young virgins,
Imperial born, caſt in the faireſt mould
That e'er the hands of Beauty form'd for woman;
The mirrors of our court, where Chaſtity
And Innocence might copy ſpotleſs luſtre,
To-day, with Theodoſius, leave the world.

Leon. Methinks, at ſuch a glorious reſignation,
Th' angelic orders ſhould at once deſcend,
In all the paint and drapery of heaven,
With charming voices, and with lulling ſtrings,
To give full grace to ſuch triumphant zeal.

Atti. No, Leontine: I fear there is a fault;
For, when I laſt confeſs'd the Emperor,
Whether diſguſt, and melancholy blood,
From reſtleſs paſſions urg'd not this divorce,
He only anſwer'd me with ſighs and bluſhes.
'Tis ſure his ſoul is of the tendereſt make,
Therefore I'll tax him ſtrictly: but, my friend,
Why ſhould I give his character to you,
Who, when his father ſent him into Perſia,
Were by that mighty monarch then appointed
To breed him with his ſon the Prince Varanes?

Leon. And what will raiſe your admiration is,
That two ſuch different tempers ſhould agree.
You know that Theodoſius is compos'd
Of all the ſoftneſs that ſhould make a woman:
Judgment, almoſt like fear, foreruns his actions,
And he will poiſe an injury ſo long,
As if he had rather pardon than revenge it:
But the young Perſian prince, quite oppoſite,
So fiery fierce, that thoſe who view him nearly,
May ſee his haughty ſoul ſtill mounting in his face:
Yet did I ſtudy theſe ſo diff'rent tempers,
Till I at laſt had form'd a perfect union,
As if two ſouls did but inform one body;
A friendſhip that may challenge all the world,
And, at the proof, be matchleſs!

Atti. I long to read
This gallant Prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
Comes from his father's court to ſee our Emp'ror.

Leon. So he intended, till he came to Athens,
And at my homely board beheld my daughter;
Where, as Fate order'd, ſhe who never ſaw
The glories of a court, bred up to books
In cloſets, like a ſybil; ſhe, I ſay,
Long ſince from Perſia brought by me to Athens,
Unſkill'd in charms but thoſe which Nature gave her,
Wounded this ſcornful prince: in ſhort, he forc'd me
To wait him thither, with deep proteſtations,
That moment that bereft him of the ſight
Of Athenais, gave him certain death.
But ſee, my daughter, honour'd with his preſence.

Enter VARANES *and* ATHENAIS.

Var. 'Tis ſtrange, O Athenais! wondrous all!
Wondrous the ſhrines, and wonderful the altars!
The martyrs, though but drawn in painted flames,
Amaze me with the image of their ſuff'rings:
Saints canoniz'd, that dar'd with Roman tyrants;
Hermits that liv'd in caves, and fed with angels;
By Oroſmades, it is wondrous all!
That bloody croſs, in yonder azure ſky,

Above the head of kneeling Conſtantine,
Inſcrib'd about with golden characters,
THOU SHALT O'ERCOME IN THIS: If it be true,
I ſay again, by Heav'n, 'tis wondrous ſtrange.

Athe. O Prince, if thus imagination ſtirs you,
A fancy rais'd from figures in dead walls,
How would the ſacred breath of Atticus,
Inſpire your breaſt, purge all your droſs away,
And drive this Athenais from your ſoul,
To make a virgin room, whom yet the mould
Of your rude fancy cannot comprehend!

Var. What ſays my fair? Drive Athenais from me!
Start me not into frenzy, leſt I rail
At all religion, and fall out with Heaven:
And what is ſhe, alas! that ſhould ſupplant thee:
Were ſhe the miſtreſs of the world, as fair
As winter-ſtars, or ſummer ſetting ſuns,
And thou ſet by in Nature's plainneſt dreſs,
With that chaſte, modeſt look, when firſt I ſaw thee
The heireſs of a poor philoſopher;

[*Recorders ready to flouriſh.*

I ſwear by all I wiſh, by all I love,
Glory and thee, I would not loſe a thought,
Nor caſt an eye that way, but ruſh to thee,
To theſe lov'd arms, and loſe myſelf for ever.

Athe. Forbear, my Lord.

Var. O cruel Athenais!
Why doſt thou put me off, who pine to death?
And thruſt me from thee when I would approach thee?
Can there be aught in this? Curſe then thy birthright,
Thy glorious titles, and ill-ſuited greatneſs,
Since Athenais ſcorns thee: take again
Your ill-tim'd honours: take 'em, take 'em, gods!
And change me to ſome humble villager;
If ſo at laſt, for toils at ſcorching noon,
In moving meadows, or in reaping fields,
At night ſhe will but crown me with a ſmile,
Or reach the bounty of her hand to bleſs me.

Athe. When princes ſpeak, their ſubjects ſhould be
ſilent;

Yet, with humility, I would demand
Wherein appears my ſcorn, or my averſion?
Have I not for your ſake abandon'd home,
Where I had vow'd to ſpend my calmer days?
But you, perhaps, imagine it but little
For a poor maid to follow you abroad,
Eſpecially the daughter of old Leontine!
Yet I muſt tell you, Prince ——
Var. I cannot bear
Thoſe frowns: I have offended, but forgive me.
For who, O Athenais, that is toſs'd
With ſuch tempeſtuous tides of love as I,
Can ſteer a ſteddy courſe? Retire, my fair:
[*Recorders flouriſh.*
Hark! the ſolemnities are now beginning,
And Theodoſius comes: Hide, hide thy charms.
If to his clouded eyes ſuch day ſhould break,
The royal youth, who doats to death for love,
I fear would forfeit all his vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon the world, thy world of beauty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter THEODOSIUS *leading* MARINA *and* FLAVILLA, (*all three dreſs'd in white*), *followed by* PULCHERIA.

Theo. Farewell, Pulcheria! and, I pray, no more:
For all thy kind complaints are loſt upon me.
Have I not ſworn the world and I muſt part?
Fate has proclaim'd it: therefore weep no more;
Wound not the tendereſt part of Theodoſius,
My yielding ſoul, that would expire in calms!
Wound me not with thy tears, and I will tell thee,
Yet, ere I take my laſt farewell for ever,
The cauſe of all my ſuff'rings: Oh! my ſiſter,
A bleeding heart, the ſtings of pointed love,
What conſtitution, ſoft as mine, can bear.
Pul. My Lord, my Emperor, my deareſt brother,
Why all this while did you conceal it from me?
Theo. Becauſe I was aſham'd to own my weakneſs:
I knew thy ſharper wit, and ſtricter wiſdom
Would dart reproofs, which I could not endure.

Draw near, O Atticus, and mark me well;
For never yet did my complaining ſpirit
Unlade this weighty ſecret upon him,
Nor groan a ſyllable of her oppreſſion.

Atti. Concealment was a fault; but ſpeak at large:
Make bare the wound, and I will pour in balm.

Theo. 'Tis folly all, and fondneſs—Oh, remembrance!
Why doſt thou open thus my wound again,
And from my heart call down thoſe warmer drops
That make me die with ſhame? Hear then, Pulcheria!
Some few preceding days before I left
The Perſian court, hunting one morning early,
I loſt myſelf and all the company;
Still wand'ring on, as Fortune would direct me,
I paſs'd a rivulet, and lighted in
The ſweeteſt ſolitude I ever ſaw!
When ſtrait, as if Inchantment had been there,
Two charming voices drew me, till I came,
Where divers arbours overlook'd the river.
Upon the oſier bank two women ſat,
Who, when their ſong was ended, talk'd to one,
Who bathing ſtood far in the cryſtal ſtream:
But, oh! what thought can paint that fair perfection,
Or give a glimpſe of ſuch a naked glory!
Not ſea-born Venus, in the courts beneath,
When the green nymphs firſt kiſs'd her coral lips,
All poliſh'd fair, and waſh'd with orient beauty,
Could in my dazzling fancy match her brightneſs.

Atti. Think where you are.

Theo. Oh, Sir, you muſt forgive me:
The chaſte enthuſiaſtic form appears,
As when I ſaw her; yet I ſwear, Pulcheria,
Had cold Diana been a looker on,
She muſt have prais'd the virtues of the virgin;
The ſatyrs could not grin; for ſhe was veil'd:
Nothing immodeſt; from her naked boſom
Down to her knees, the nymph was wrapt in lawn:
But, oh for me, for me, that was too much!
Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breaſts,
So nicely ſhap'd, ſo matchleſs in their luſtre;

Such all-perfection, that I took whole draughts
Of killing love, and ever ſince have languiſh'd
With ling'ring ſurfeits of her fatal beauty!
Alas, too fatal, ſure! Oh, Atticus!
Forgive me; for my ſtory now is done:
The nymph was dreſs'd, and with her two companions,
Having deſcry'd me, ſhriek'd, and fled away,
Leaving me motionleſs, till Leontine,
Th' inſtructor of my youth, by chance came in,
And wak'd me from the wonder that entranc'd me.

Atti. Behold, my Lord, the man whom you have nam'd,
The harbinger of Prince Varanes here.

Enter LEONTINE.

Theo. Oh Leontine, ten thouſand welcomes meet thee!
Thou foſter-father of my tender youth,
Who rear'd the plant, and prun'd it with ſuch care,
How ſhall I look upon thee, who am fallen
From all the principles of manlier reaſon,
By thee infus'd, to more than woman's weakneſs?
Now, by the Majeſty Divine, that awes
This ſacred place, I ſwear you muſt not kneel;
And tell me, for I have a thouſand things
To aſk thee, where, where is my godlike friend?
Is he arriv'd, and ſhall I ſee his face,
Before I'm cloiſter'd from the world for ever?

Leon. He comes, my Lord, with all th' expecting joys
Of a young promis'd lover: from his eyes
Big hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms
Nothing but Theodoſius ſtill before him;
His thought, his ev'ry word is Theodoſius.

Theo. Yet, Leontine, yet anſwer me once more;
With tremblings I demand thee.
Say—haſt thou ſeen? Oh, has that heav'nly form
Appear'd to thee again? Behold, he's dumb:
Proceed then to the ſolemn laſt farewell;
Never was man ſo willing and prepar'd.

Enter VARANES, ARANTHES, *Attendants.*

Var. Where is my friend? oh, where is my belov'd?
My Theodoſius! Point him out, ye gods,
That I may preſs him dead betwixt my arms,
Devour him thus with over-haſty joys,
That languiſh at his breaſt, quite out of breath,
And cannot utter more.

Theo. Thou mightieſt pleaſure,
And greateſt bleſſing that kind Heav'n could ſend
To glad my parting ſoul, a thouſand welcomes!
Oh, when I look on thee, new ſtarts of glory
Spring in my breaſt, and with a backward bound
I run the race of luſty youth again.

Var. By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember
Our thouſand paſtimes, when we borrow'd names;
Alcides I, and thou my deareſt Theſeus;
When thro' the woods we chas'd the foaming boar,
With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls,
Like tigers flu'd, and ſanded as the ſhore,
With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew;
Driv'n with the ſport, as ſhips are toſs'd in ſtorms,
We ran like winds, and matchleſs was our courſe:
Now ſweeping o'er the limit of a hill;
Now with a full career come thund'ring down
The precipice, and ſweat along the vale.

Theo. Oh glorious time! and when the gath'ring clouds
Have call'd us home, ſay, did we reſt, my brother?
When on the ſtage, to the admiring court,
We ſtrove to repreſent Alcides' fury,
In all that raging heat and pomp of madneſs,
With which the ſtately Seneca adorn'd him;
So lively drawn, and painted with ſuch horror,
That we were forc'd to give it o'er; ſo loud
The virgins ſhriek'd, ſo faſt they dy'd away.

Var. My Theodoſius ſtill; 'tis my lov'd brother;
And, by the gods, we'll ſee thoſe times again!
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that reported

Chriſtian enthuſiaſm had charm'd thee from us;
That drawn by prieſts, and work'd by melancholy,
Thou hadſt laid the golden reins of empire down,
And ſworn thyſelf a votary for ever.

Theo. 'Tis almoſt true; and had not you arriv'd,
The ſolemn buſineſs had by this been ended.
This I have made the Empreſs of the Eaſt,
My eldeſt ſiſter: theſe with me retire,
Devoted to the Pow'r whom we adore.

Var. What Pow'r is this that merits ſuch oblations?
I thought the Sun more great and glorious
Than any that e'er mingled with the gods;
Yet ev'n to him, my father never offer'd
More than a hecatomb of bulls and horſes.
Now, by thoſe golden beams that glad the world,
I ſwear it is too much: for one of theſe,
But half ſo bright, our god would drive no more;
He'd leave the darken'd globe, and in ſome cave
Enjoy ſuch charms for ever.

Atti. My Lord, forbear!
Such language does not ſuit with our devotion:
Nothing profane muſt dare to murmur here,
Nor ſtain the hallow'd beauties of the place.
Yet thus far we muſt yield; the Emperor
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the world.

Var. Thus low, moſt rev'rend of this ſacred place,
I kneel for pardon, and am half converted,
By your permiſſion, that my Theodoſius
Return to my embraces: O, my brother!
Why doſt thou droop? There will be time enough
For pray'r and faſting, and religious vows:
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,
All the magnificence of eaſtern courts.
I hate to walk a lazy life away:
Let's run the race which Fate has ſet before us,
And poſt to the dark goal.

Theo. O cruel deſtiny!
Why am not I thus too? Oh, my Varanes!
Why are theſe coſtly diſhes ſet before me?

Why do theſe ſounds of pleaſure ſtrike my ears?
Why are theſe joys brought to my ſick remembrance,
Who have no appetite, but am to ſenſe,
From head to foot, all a dead palſy o'er?

Var. Fear not, my friend; all ſhall be well again:
For I have thouſand ways, and thouſand ſtories,
To raiſe thee up to pleaſure: we'll unlock
Our faſteſt ſecrets, ſhed upon each other
Our tend'reſt cares; and quite unbar thoſe doors
Which ſhall be ſhut to all mankind beſide.

Atti. Silence and rev'rence are the temple's dues:
Therefore, while we purſue the ſacred rites,
Be theſe obſerv'd, or quit the awful place.
Imperial Siſters, now twin-ſtars of Heaven,
Anſwer the ſucceſſor of Chryſoſtom;
Without leaſt reſervation anſwer me,
By thoſe harmonious rules I charg'd ye learn.

ATTICUS *ſings.*

Canſt thou, Marina, *leave the world,*
The world, that is devotion's bane:
Where crowns are toſs'd, and ſceptres hurl'd,
Where Luſt and proud Ambition reign?

2 PRIEST.

Can you your coſtly robes forbear,
To live with us in poor attire?
Can you from courts to cells repair,
To ſing at midnight in our choir?

3 PRIEST.

Can you forget your golden beds,
Where you might ſleep beyond the morn,
On mats to lay your royal heads,
And have your beauteous treſſes ſhorn?

ATTICUS.

Can you reſolve to faſt all day,
And weep and groan to be forgiv'n?
Can you in broken ſlumbers pray,
And by affliction merit Heav'n?

CHORUS.

Say, votaries, can this be done?
While we the Grace Divine implore,
The world has loſt, the battle's won,
And ſin ſhall never charm ye more.

MARINA *ſings.*

The gate to bliſs does open ſtand,
And all my pennance is in view!
The world, upon the other hand,
Cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu!

Yet, ſacred Sirs, in theſe extremes,
Where pomp and pride their glories tell;
Where youth and beauty are the themes,
And plead their moving cauſe ſo well;

If aught's that's vain my thoughts poſſeſs,
Or any paſſions govern here,
But what divinity may bleſs;
Oh, may I never enter there!

FLAVILLA *ſings.*

What, what can pomp or glory do?
Or what can human charms perſuade?
That mind that has a heav'n in view,
How can it be by earth betray'd?

No monarch, full of youth and fame,
The joy of eyes, and Nature's pride,
Should once my thoughts from heav'n reclaim,
Though now he woo'd me for his bride.

Haſte then, oh haſte, and take us in,
For ever lock Religion's door,
Secure us from the charms of ſin,
And let us ſee the world no more.

ATTICUS *ſings.*

Hark, hark! behold the heav'nly choir:
They cleave the air in bright attire:
And ſee, his lute each angel brings;
And hark, divinely thus he ſings:
" *To the Powers Divine all glory be given,*
" *By men upon earth, and angels in heaven.*"

[SCENE *ſhuts: and all the Prieſts, with* Marina *and* Flavilla, *diſappear.*

Pul. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
Oh, Theodoſius, till this cruel moment
I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
But on this everlaſting ſeparation,
Methinks my ſoul has left me, and my time
Of diſſolution points me to the grave.
Theo. Oh, my Varanes, does not now thy temper
Bate ſomething of its fire? doſt thou not melt
In mere compaſſion of my ſiſter's fate,
And cool thyſelf with one relenting thought?
Var. Yes, my dar'd ſoul rolls inward; melancholy,
Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me;
And I begin to loath all human greatneſs:
Oh, ſigh not then, nor thy hard fate deplore!
For 'tis reſolv'd we will be kings no more:
We'll fly all courts, and Love ſhall be our guide;
Love that's more worth than all the world beſide.
Princes are barr'd the liberty to roam;
The fetter'd mind ſtill languiſhes at home;
In golden bands ſhe treads the thoughtful round;
Bus'neſs and cares eternally abound.
" And when for air the goddeſs would unbind,
" She's clogg'd with ſceptres, and to crowns confin'd."
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PULCHERIA, JULIA, *Attendants.*

PULCHERIA.

THESE packets for the Emperor Honorius:
Be swift, let th' agent haste to Rome——
I hear, my Julia, that our general
Is from the Goths return'd with conquest home.

Jul. He is: to-day I saw him in the presence,
Sharp to the courtiers, as he ever was,
Because they went not with him to the wars:
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your hand.

Pul. He shall, my dearest Julia: oft I've told thee
The secret of my soul; if e'er I marry,
Marcian's my husband: he's a man, my Julia,
Whom I have study'd long, and found him perfect:
Old Rome at ev'ry glance looks through his eyes,
And kindles the beholders! Some sharp atoms
Run through his frame, which I could wish were out;
He sickens at the softness of the Emp'ror,
And speaks too freely of our female court;
Then sighs, comparing it with what Rome was.

Enter MARCIAN *and* LUCIUS.

Pul. Ha! who are these that dare profane this place
With more than barb'rous insolence?

Mar. At your feet,
Behold, I cast the scourge of these offenders,
And kneel to kiss your hand.

Pul. Put up your sword,
And, ere I bid you welcome from the wars,
Be sure you clear your honour of this rudeness;
Or, Marcian, leave the court.

Mar. Thus then, Madam:
The Emperor receiv'd me with affection,
Embrac'd me for my conquests, and retir'd;

When on a ſudden all the gilded flies
That buz about the court, came flutt'ring round me:
This, with affected cringes, and minc'd words,
Begs me to tell my tale of victories;
Which done, he thanks me, ſlips behind his fellow,
Whiſpers him in the ear, then ſmiles and liſtens,
While I relate my ſtory once again:
A third comes in, and aſks me the ſame favour;
Whereon they laugh, while I ſtill ignorant
Go on; but one behind more impudent,
Strikes on my ſhoulder; then they laugh'd out-right;
But then I, gueſſing the abuſe too late,
Return'd my knight behind a box o' th' ear;
Then drew, and briefly told them they were raſcals:
They laughing ſtill, cry'd out, The Gen'ral's muſty;
Whereon I drove them, Madam, as you ſaw:
This is in ſhort the truth: I leave the judgment
To your own juſtice; if I have done ill,
Sentence me, and I'll leave the court for ever.

Pul. Firſt you are welcome, Marcian, from the wars;
And ſtill, whene'er occaſion calls for arms,
Heav'n ſend the Emperor a general,
Renown'd as Marcian! As to what is paſt,
I think the world will rather praiſe than cenſure
Pulcheria, when ſhe pardons you the action.

Mar. Gods, gods! and thou great founder of old Rome!
What is become of all that mighty ſpirit,
That rais'd our empire to a pitch ſo high?
Where is it pent? What, but almighty power,
Could thus confine it, that but ſome few atoms
Now run through all the Eaſt and Occident?

Pul. Speak calmly, Marcian——

Mar. Who can be temp'rate,
That thinks as I do, Madam? Why, here's a fellow;
I have ſeen him fight againſt a troop of Vandals,
In your defence, as if he lov'd to bleed:
Come to my arms, my dear! thou canſt not talk,
But haſt a ſoul above the proudeſt of 'em.

Oh, Madam, when he has been all over blood,
And hack'd with wounds that ſeem'd to mouth his praiſes;
I've ſeen him ſmile ſtill as he puſh'd death from him,
And with his actions rally diſtant fate.

Pul. He has a noble form.

Mar. Yet ev'n this man,
That fought ſo bravely in his country's cauſe,
This excellent man, this morning, in the preſence,
Did I ſee wrong'd, before the Emperor,
Scorn'd and deſpis'd, becauſe he could not cringe,
Nor plant his feet as ſome of them could do.
One ſaid his clothes were not well made, and damn'd
His taylor——Another ſaid he look'd
As if he had not loſt his maidenhead.
If things are ſuffer'd to be thus, down all
Authority, pre-eminence, degree, and virtue;
Let Rome be never mention'd; no, i' th' name
Of all the gods, be ſhe forgotten ever!
Effeminate Perſians, and the Lydian ſoftneſs,
Make all your fights: Marcian ſhall out no more;
For, by my arms, it makes a woman of me,
And my ſwell'n eyes run o'er, to think this worth,
This fuller honour than the whole court holds,
Should be ridiculous to knaves and fools;
Should ſtarve for want of what is neceſſary
To life's convenience: when luxurious bawds
Are ſo o'ergrown with fat, and cramm'd with riot,
That they can hardly walk without an engine.

Pul. Why did you not inform the Emperor?

Mar. Becauſe he will not hear me! Alas, good man,
He flies from this bad world; and ſtill when wars
And dangers come, he runs to his devotions,
To your new thing, I know not what you call it,
Which Conſtantine began.

Pul. How, Marcian! are not you
Of that religion which the Emp'ror owns?

Mar. No, Madam; if you'll ſee my naked thought,
I am not of their principle that take
A wrong; ſo far from bearing with a foe,

I would ſtrike firſt, like old Rome; I wou'd forth,
Elbow the neighbouring nations round about,
Invade, inlarge my empire to the bounds
Of the too narrow univerſe. Yes, I own
That I deſpiſe your holy innovations.
I'm for the Roman gods, for fun'ral piles,
For mounting eagles, and the fancy'd greatneſs
Of our forefathers. Methinks my heated ſpirit
Cou'd utter things worth loſing of my head.

Pul. Speak freely, Marcian; for I know thee honeſt.

Mar. Oh, Madam! long, long may the Emp'ror live!
But, I muſt ſay, his gentle diſpoſition
Suits not, alas! the oriental ſway:
Bid him but look on Pharamond: oh, gods!
Awake him with the image of that ſpirit,
Which, like a pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a point to the moſt dreadful greatneſs?
His very name already ſhakes the world;
And ſtill in perſon heading his firſt ſquadrons,
Like the firſt Cæſar o'er the hardy Gauls,
He ſeems another thunderbolt of war.

Pul. I oft have blam'd my brother moſt for this,
That to my hand he leaves the ſtate-affairs:
And how that ſounds, you know——

Mar. Forgive me, Madam;
I think that all the greatneſs of your ſex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd Semiramis,
With all the Amazonian valour too,
Meet in Pulcheria: yet, I ſay, forgive me,
If with reluctance I behold a woman
Sit at the empire's helm, and ſteer the world.

Pul. I ſtand rebuk'd——

Mar. Mark but the growing French.
The moſt auſpicious omen of their greatneſs,
That I can gueſs, is their late Salique law,
Bleſs'd by their prieſts, their Salii, and pronounc'd
To ſtand for ever; which excludes all women
From the imperial crown: but, oh! I ſpeak
The leaſt of all thoſe infinite grievances,

Which makes the ſubjects murmur in the army,
Though I proceeded ſtill like Hannibal,
And puniſh'd ev'ry mutineer with death;
Yet, oh! it ſtabb'd me thro' and thro' the ſoul,
To paſs the wretches doom, becauſe I knew
With juſtice they complain'd; for hard they fought,
And with their blood earn'd that forbidden bread,
Which ſome at court, and great ones, tho' unnam'd,
Caſt to their hounds, while the poor ſoldiers ſtarv'd.

Pul. Your pity too, in mournful fellowſhip,
No doubt might ſoothe their murmurs.

Mar. Yes, it did.
That I might put 'em once again in heart,
I ſaid, 'twas true the Emp'ror was to blame,
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful ſervants,
And paid their great arrears by ſecond hands:
I promis'd too, when we return'd to court,
Things ſhould be mended——
But, how! Oh gods! forgive my blood this tranſport!
To the eternal ſhame of female counſels!
And to the blaſt of Theodoſius' name,
Whom never warlike chronicle ſhall mention!
Oh, let me ſpeak it with a Roman ſpirit,
We were receiv'd like undone prodigals,
By curs'd ungrateful ſtewards, with cold looks,
Who yet got all by thoſe poor wretches ruin;
Like malefactors at the hands of juſtice.
I bluſh, I almoſt weep with burſting rage!
If thus receiv'd, how paid our long arrears?
Why, as entruſted miſers pay the rights
Of helpleſs widows, or the orphans tears.
Oh, Soldier! for to thee, to thee I ſpeak it,
Bawds for the drudgery of citizens' wives,
Would better pay debilitated ſtallions.
Madam, I've ſaid perhaps too much: if ſo,
It matters not; for he who lyes, like me,
On the hard ground, is ſure to fall no further.

Pul. I've given you patient hearing, honeſt Marcian;
And, as far as I can ſee into your temper,

I ſpeak my ſerious judgment in cold blood,
With ſtrideſt conſultation on the matter;
I think, this ſeeming plain and honeſt Marcian
An exquiſite and moſt notorious traitor.

Mar. Ha! traitor!

Pul. Yes, a moſt notorious traitor.

Mar. Your grandfather, whoſe frown could awe the world,
Would not have call'd me ſo—or if he had——

Pul. You would have taken it—but to the buſ'neſs;
Was't not enough, oh Heav'n! thou know'ſt too much!
At firſt to own yourſelf an infidel,
A bold contemner, ev'n to blaſphemy,
Of that religion which we all profeſs;
For which your heart's beſt blood can ne'er ſuffice;
But you muſt dare, with a ſeditious army,
Thus to conſpire againſt the Emperor!
I mention not your impudence to me,
Taxing the folly of my government
Ev'n to my face; ſuch an irreverence,
As ſure no barb'rous Vandal would have urg'd;
Beſide your libelling all the court, as if
You had engroſſed the whole world's honeſty:
And flatt'rers, fools, and ſycophants, and knaves,
Such was your language, did inhabit here.

Mar. You wreſt my honeſt meaning, by the gods!
You do; and if you thus go on, I feel
My ſtruggling ſpirit will no longer bear it.

Pul. I thought the meaning of all rational men
Should ſtill be gather'd out of their diſcourſe:
Nor are you ſo imprudent, without thinking,
To vent ſuch words, tho' now you fain would hide it.
You find the guilt, and balk the accuſation;
But think not you ſhall 'ſcape ſo eaſily.
Once more I do confront you, as a traitor;
And, as I am entruſted with full pow'r,
Diveſt you, in the name of Theodoſius,
Of all your offices, commiſſions, honours;
Command you leave the court within three days,

Loyal, plain-dealing, honeſt Marcian.

Mar. Gods! Gods!

Pul. What now, ha! does the traitor murmur?
If in three days; mark me, 'tis I that doom thee,
Raſh inconſiderable man, a wretch beneath
The torments I could execute upon thee:
If after three days ſpace thou'rt found in court,
Thou dy'ſt; thy head, thy head ſhall pay the forfeit.
Farewell; now rage, now rail, and curſe the court;
Saucily dare t' abuſe the beſt of Princes,
And let thy lawleſs tongue laſh all it can;
Do like a madman rage, deplore thy fortune,
While pages laugh at thee. Then haſte to th' army,
Grow popular, and lead the multitude:
Preach up thy wrongs, and drive the giddy beaſt
To kick at Cæſar. Nay, if thou weep'ſt, I'm gone.
On, Julia; if I ſtay, I ſhall weep too,
Yet 'tis but juſt, that I the heart ſhould ſee
Of him who once muſt lord it over me.
[*Exit* Pulcheria, *&c.*

Luc. Why do you droop, Sir—come, no more o' this;
You are, and ſhall be, ſtill our general;
Say but the word, I'll fill the Hippodrome
With ſquadrons that ſhall make the Emp'ror tremble:
We'll fire the court about his ears.
Methinks, like Junius Brutus, I have watch'd
An opportunity, and now it comes:
Few words and I are friends; but, noble Marcian,
If yet thou art not more than General,
Ere dead of night, ſay Lucius is a coward.

Mar. I charge thee in the name of all the gods,
Come back: I charge thee by the name of friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no general.
But huſh! within three days we muſt be gone:
And then, my friend, farewell to ceremony.
We'll fly to ſome far diſtant lonely village,
Forget our former ſtate, and breed with ſlaves:
Sweat in the heat of day, and when night comes,
With bodies coarſely fill'd, and vacant ſouls,

Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think;
For if I think again, I ſhall go mad.

Enter LEONTINE *and* ATHENAIS, *&c.*

Therefore no thought. But ſee, we're interrupted.
Oh court! Oh Emperor! yet let death threaten,
I'll find a time. Till then be ſtill, my ſoul——
No gen'ral now! a member of thy country,
But moſt corrupt; therefore to be cut off,
Loyal, plain dealing, honeſt Marcian!
A ſlave, a traitor! Oh y' eternal gods! [*Exeunt.*

Leon. So, Athenais! now our compliment
To the young Perſian Prince is at an end:
What then remains, but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlaſtingly farewell?

Athe. My Lord!

Leon. I ſay that decency requires
We ſhould be gone; nor can you ſtay with honour.

Athe. Moſt true, my Lord.

Leon. The court is now at peace,
The Emp'ror's ſiſters are retir'd for ever,
And he himſelf compos'd: what hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to Prince Varanes?

Athe. Ah, Sir, why will you break my heart?

Leon. I would not.
Thou art the only comfort of my age:
Like an old tree I ſtand amongſt the ſtorms;
Thou art the only limb that I have left me; [*She kneels.*
My dear green branch! and how I prize thee, child,
Heav'n only knows! why doſt thou kneel and weep?

Athe. Becauſe you are ſo good, and will, I hope,
Forgive my fault, who firſt occaſion'd it.

Leon. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the Prince.

Athe. You did, and, O my Lord! I heard too much;
Too much, I fear, for my eternal quiet.

Leon. Riſe, Athenais, credit him who bears
More years than thou: Varanes has deceiv'd thee.

Athe. How do we differ then! you judge the Prince
Impious and baſe; while I take Heav'n to witneſs,

I think him the moſt virtuous of men:
Therefore take heed, my Lord, how you accuſe him
Before you make the trial. Alas! Varanes,
If thou art falſe, there's no ſuch thing on earth
As ſolid goodneſs or ſubſtantial honour.
A thouſand times, my Lord, he has ſworn to give me
(And I believe his oaths) his crown and empire,
That day I make him maſter of my heart.

Leon. That day he'll make thee miſtreſs of his pow'r,
Which carries a foul name among the vulgar.
No, Athenais, let me ſee thee dead,
Borne a pale corpſe, and gently laid in earth;
So I may ſay, ſhe's chaſte, and dy'd a virgin,
Rather than view thee with theſe wounded eyes
Seated upon the throne of Iſdigerdes,
The blaſt of common tongues, the nobles' ſcorn,
Thy father's curſe; that is, the Prince's whore.

Athe. Oh horrid ſuppoſition! how I deteſt it!
Be witneſs Heav'n, that ſees my ſecret thoughts!
Have I for this, my Lord, been taught by you
The niceſt juſtice, and ſevereſt virtue;
To fear no death, to know the end of life,
And with long ſearch diſcern the higheſt good?
No, Athenais, when the day beholds thee
So ſcandalouſly rais'd, pride caſt thee down,
The ſcorn of honour and the people's prey!
No, cruel Leontine, not to redeem
That aged head from the deſcending axe,
Not tho' I ſaw thy trembling body rack'd,
Thy wrinkles all about thee fill'd with blood,
Would I for empire, to the man I love,
Be made the object of unlawful pleaſure.

Leon. Oh greatly ſaid! and, by the blood which warms me,
Which runs as rich as any Athens holds!
It would improve the virtue of the world,
If ev'ry day a thouſand votaries,
And thouſand virgins, came from far to hear thee!

Athe. Look down, ye pow'rs, take notice, we obey.

The rigid principles ye have infus'd;
Yet, oh my noble father, to convince you,
Since you will have it ſo, propoſe a marriage:
Tho' with the thought I'm cover'd o'er with bluſhes;
Not that I doubt the Prince; that were to doubt
The heav'ns themſelves. I know he is all truth:
But modeſty——
The virgin's troubleſome and conſtant gueſt,
That, that alone forbids——

Leon. I wiſh to Heav'n
There prove no greater bar to my belief.
Behold the Prince. I will retire a while,
And, when occaſion calls, come to thy aid. [*Ex.* Leon.

Enter VARANES *and* ARANTHES.

Var. To fix her on the throne, to me, ſeems little.
Were I a god, yet would I raiſe her higher;
This is the nature of thy Prince. But oh!
As to the world, thy judgment ſoars above me,
And I am dar'd with this gigantic honour;
Glory forbids her proſpect to a crown;
Nor muſt ſhe gaze that way: my haughty ſoul,
That day when ſhe aſcends the throne of Cyrus,
Will leave my body pale, and to the ſtars
Retire in bluſhes, and quite loſt for ever.

Aran. What do you purpoſe then?

Var. I know not what;
But, ſee, ſhe comes, the glory of my arms,
The only buſ'neſs of my inſtant thought,
My ſoul's beſt joy, and all my true repoſe.
I ſwear I cannot bear theſe ſtrange deſires,
Theſe ſtrong impulſes, which will ſhortly leave me
Dead at thy feet——

Athe. What have you found, my Lord,
In me ſo harſh or cruel, that you fear
To ſpeak your griefs?

Var. Firſt let me kneel and ſwear,
And on thy hand ſeal my religious vow;
Strait let the breath of gods blow me from earth,

Swept from the book of fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O Athenais,
To all the Perſian greatneſs!

Athe. I believe you:
For I have heard you ſwear as much before.

Var. Haſt thou? Oh, why did I ſwear again?
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way expreſs my paſſion.

Athe. O riſe, my Lord ——

Var. I will do ev'ry thing
Which Athenais bids: if there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love,
Whiſper it, oh ſome god, into my ear;
And on her breaſts thus to her liſt'ning ſoul
I'll breathe the inſpiration. Wilt thou not ſpeak?
What! but one ſigh, no more! can that ſuffice
For all my vaſt expence of prodigal love?
Oh Athenais, what ſhall I ſay or do,
To gain the thing I wiſh?

Athe. What's that, my Lord?

Var. Thus to approach thee ſtill; thus to behold thee ——
Yet there is more ——

Athe. My Lord, I dare not hear you.

Var. Why doſt thou frown at what thou doſt not know?
'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet as 'tis raviſhing, 'tis full of honour.

Athe. I muſt not doubt you, Sir: but, oh, I tremble,
To think, if Iſdigerdes ſhould behold you,
Should hear you thus proteſting to a maid
Of no degree, but virtue, in the world ——

Var. No more of this, no more; for I diſdain
All pomp, when thou art by: far be the noiſe
Of kings and courts from us, whoſe gentle ſouls
Our kinder ſtars have ſteer'd another way!
Free as the foreſt-birds, we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were;
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,

And in ſoft murmurs interchange our ſouls;
Together drink the chryſtal of the ſtream,
Or taſte the yellow fruit which Autumn yields;
And, when the golden ev'ning calls us home,
Wing to our downy neſt, and ſleep till morn.

Athe. Ah Prince! no more! Forbear, forbear, to charm me,
Since I am doom'd to leave you, Sir, for ever.

Var. Hold, Athenais———

Athe. I know your royal temper,
And that high honour reigns within your breaſt,
Which would diſdain to waſte ſo many hours
With one of humble blood compar'd to you;
Unleſs ſtrong paſſion ſway'd your thoughts to love her.
Therefore receive, O Prince! and take it kindly,
For none on earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the gift of my eternal love;
'Tis all I can beſtow, nor is it little;
For ſure a heart ſo coldly chaſte as mine,
No charms but yours, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd?

Var. Well have you made amends by this laſt comfort,
For the cold dart you ſhot at me before.
For this laſt goodneſs, oh, my Athenais!
(For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine)
I empty all my ſoul in thanks before you:
Yet, oh, one fear remains; like death it chills me;
Why my relenting love did talk of parting?

Athe. Look there, and ceaſe your wonder: I have ſworn
T' obey my father; and he calls me hence——

Enter LEONTINE.

Var. Ha, Leontine! by which of all my actions
Have I ſo deeply injur'd thee, to merit
The ſmarteſt wound revenge could form to end me?

Leon. Anſwer me now, O Prince! for Virtue prompts me,
And honeſty will dally now no longer,

What can the end of all this paſſion be?
Glory requires this ſtrict account, and aſks
What you intend at laſt with Athenais?
Var. How, Leontine!
Leon. You ſaw her, Sir, at Athens; ſaid you lov'd her.
I charg'd her humbly to receive the honour,
And hear your paſſion. Has ſhe not, Sir, obey'd me?
Var. She has, I thank the gods; but whither would'ſt thou?
Leon. Having reſolv'd to viſit Theodoſius,
You ſwore you would not go without my daughter;
Whereon I gave command, that ſhe ſhould follow.
Var. Yes, Leontine, my old remembrancer,
Moſt learn'd of all philoſophers, you did.
Leon. Thus long ſhe has attended; you have ſeen her,
Sounded her virtues, and her imperfections;
Therefore, dread Sir, forgive this bolder charge
Which honour ſounds; and now let me demand you—
Var. Now help, Aranthes, or I'm daſh'd for ever.
Aran. Whatever happens, Sir, diſdain the marriage.
Leon. Can your high thoughts ſo far forget themſelves,
T' admit this humble virgin for your bride?
Var. Ha!
Athe. He bluſhes, Gods! and ſtammers at the queſtion.
Leon. Why do you walk and chafe yourſelf, my Lord?
The buſineſs is not much.
Var. How, Leontine?
Not much! I know that ſhe deſerves a crown;
Yet 'tis to reaſon much, though not to love.
And ſure the world would bluſh to ſee the daughter
Of a philoſopher on the throne of Cyrus.
Athe. Undone for ever!
Leon. Is this your anſwer, Sir?
Var. Why doſt thou urge me thus, and puſh me to
The very brink of glory? where, alas!
I look, and tremble at the vaſt deſcent:
Yet even there, to the vaſt bottom, down

My raſh adventurer Love would have me leap,
And graſp my Athenais with my ruin.

Leon. 'Tis well, my Lord———

Var. Why doſt thou then provoke me?
I thought that Perſia's court had ſtore of honour
To ſatisfy the heighth of thy ambition.
Beſides, old man, my love is too well grown,
To want a tutor for his good behaviour:
What he will do, he will do of himſelf,
And not be taught by you———

Leon. I know he will not!
Fond tears, away! I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy with his old man's preferment,
My daughter for your whore.

Var. Away, I ſay! my ſoul diſdains the motion!

Leon. The motion of a marriage; yes, I ſee it:
Your angry looks, and haughty words, betray it:
I found it at the firſt. I thank you, Sir,
You have at laſt rewarded your old tutor
For all his cares, his watchings, ſervices.
Yet let me tell you, Sir, this humble maid,
This daughter of a poor philoſopher,
Shall, if ſhe pleaſe, be ſeated on a throne
As high as that of the immortal Cyrus.

Var. I think that age, and deep philoſophy,
Have crack'd thy brain: farewell, old Leontine;
Retire to reſt; and when this brawling humour
Is rock'd aſleep, I'll meet my Athenais,
And clear th' accounts of love, which thou haſt blotted.
[*Exit.*

Leon. Old Leontine! perhaps I'm mad indeed.
But hold my heart, and let that ſolid virtue,
Which I ſo long ador'd, ſtill keep the reins.
O Athenais! But I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our actions; and methinks,
At leaſt a father judges ſo, it has
Rebuk'd thee ſmartly for thy eaſineſs:
There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which ſhames all clam'rous ſorrow.

Athe. Alas, my breaſt is full of death! methinks
I fear even you——
Leon. Why ſhouldſt thou fear thy father?
Athe. Becauſe you have the figure of a man!
Is there, O ſpeak, a poſſibility
To be forgiven?
Leon. Thy father does forgive thee,
And honour will; but on this hard condition,
Never to ſee him more.——
Athe. See him! Oh, Heavens!
Leon. Unleſs it be, my daughter, to upbraid him:
Not though he ſhould repent and ſtrait return,
Nay, proffer thee his crown——No more of that.
Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy wrongs,
Revenge thyſelf, revenge thy injur'd father.
For 'tis revenge ſo wiſe, ſo glorious too,
As all the world ſhall praiſe——
Athe. Oh, give me leave;
For yet I am all tenderneſs: the woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my breaſt,
And viſits all the warmer manſions there,
Where ſhe ſo oft has harbour'd falſe Varanes,
Cruel Varanes! falſe forſworn Varanes!
Leon. Is this forgetting him? Is this the courſe
Which honour bids thee take?
Athe. Ah, Sir, allow
A little time for love to make his way:
Hardly he won the place, and many ſighs,
And many tears, and thouſand oaths it coſt him.
And oh, I find he will not be diſlodg'd
Without a groan at parting hence for ever!
No, no, he vows he will not yet be rais'd
Without whole floods of grief at his farewell,
Which thus I ſacrifice: and oh, I ſwear,
Had he prov'd true, I would as eaſily
Have empty'd all my blood, and died to ſerve him,
As now I ſhed theſe drops, or vent theſe ſighs,
To ſhew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leon. No woman ſure, but thou, ſo low in fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,
Would thus have griev'd, becauſe a prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in after-times,
That there was ever ſuch a maid in being:
Yet do I ſtill adviſe, preſerve thy virtue;
And ſince he does diſdain thee for his bride,
Scorn thou to be——

Athe. Hold, Sir, oh! hold, forbear:
For my nice ſoul abhors the very ſound;
Yet, with the ſhame of that, and the deſire
Of an immortal name, I am inſpir'd!
All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me;
All tenderneſs, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my boſom colder than the grave.

Leon. Oh, Athenais! on; 'tis bright before thee.
Purſue the track, and thou ſhalt be a ſtar.

Athe. Oh, Leontine, I ſwear, my noble father,
That I will ſtarve, ere once forego my virtue:
And thus let's join to contradict the world:
That empire could not tempt a poor old man
To ſell his prince the honour of his daughter:
And ſhe too match'd the ſpirit of her father;

Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
She for her fame refus'd a royal bed;
Who, tho' ſhe lov'd, yet did put off the hour,
Nor could her virtue be betray'd by pow'r.
" Patterns like theſe will guilty courts improve,
" And teach the fair to bluſh at conſcious love:
" Then let all maids for honour come in view,
" If any maid can more for glory do." [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter VARANES *and* ARANTHES.

VARANES.

COME to my arms, my faithful, dear Aranthes,
Soft counſellor, companion of my youth.
If I had longer been alone, moſt ſure,
With the diſtraction that ſurrounds my heart,
My hand would have rebell'd againſt his maſter,
And done a murder here.

Aran. The gods forbid.

Var. I ſwear, I preſs thee with an hearty joy,
As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man,
When from a dream of death ſhe wak'd, and found
Her lover ſafe, and ſleeping by her ſide.

Aran. The cauſe, my Lord?

Var. Early thou know'ſt laſt night I went to reſt:
But long, my friend, e'er ſlumber clos'd my eyes,
Long was the combat fought, 'twixt love and glory;
The fever of my paſſion burnt me up;
My pangs grew ſtronger, and my rack was doubled;
My bed was all afloat with the cold drops,
That mortal pain wrang from my lab'ring limbs;
My groans more deep than other's dying gaſps;
Therefore, I charge thee, haſte to her apartment;
I do conjure thee, tell her, tell her all
My fears can urge, or fondneſs can invent.
Tell her how I repent, ſay any thing;
For any thing I'll do to quench my fires;
Say, I will marry her now on the inſtant:
Say all that I would ſay; yet in the end
My love ſhall make it more than gods can utter.

Aran. My Lord, both Leontine and ſhe are gone
From their apartment——

Var. Ha! gone, ſay'ſt thou! whither?

Aran. That was my whole employment all this day;
But, Sir, I grieve to ſpeak it, they have left
No track behind for care to find 'em out:
Nor is it poſſible——

Var. It is, it ſhall;
I'll ſtruggle with impoſſibilities,
To find my Athenais: not the walls
Of Athens, nor of Thebes ſhall hide her from me.
I'll bring the force of all my father's arms,
And lay 'em waſte, but I'll redeem my love.
Oh, Leontine! moroſe old Leontine!
Thou mere philoſopher! Oh, cruel ſage,
Who for one haſty word, one chol'ric doubt,
Haſt turn'd the ſcale: tho' in the ſacred balance
My life, my glory, and my empire hung!

Aran. Moſt ſure, my Lord, they are retir'd to Athens.
I will ſend poſt to-night.

Var. No, no, Aranthes:
Prepare my chariots; for I'll go in perſon.
I ſwear, till now, till I began to fear
Some other might enjoy my Athenais,
I ſwear I did not know how much I lov'd her.
But let's away: I'll to the Emperor;
Thou to the haſty management of my buſineſs:
Prepare; to-day I'll go, to-day I'll find her;
No more; I'll take my leave of Theodoſius,
And meet thee on the Hippodrome. Away:
Let the wild hurry of thy maſter's love
Make quick thy apprehenſion: haſte, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PULCHERIA, ATTICUS, LEONTINE, *Votaries leading* ATHENAIS *in proceſſion after her baptiſm, to be confirm'd.*

ATTICUS *ſings.*

Oh Chryſoſtom! *look down and ſee*
An off'ring worthy Heav'n and thee!
So rich the victim, bright and fair,
That ſhe on earth appears a ſtar.

Chor. Eudoſia *is the virgin's name,*
And after-times ſhall ſing her fame.

ATTICUS *ſings.*

Lead her, Votaries, lead her in;
Her holy birth does now begin.

1 Vot. *In humble weeds, but clean array,*
Your hours ſhall ſweetly paſs away;
And when the rites divine are paſs'd,
To pleaſant gardens you ſhall haſte,

2 Vot. *Where many a flow'ry bed we have,*
That emblem ſtill to each a grave;
And, when within the ſtream we look,
With tears we uſe to ſwell the brook;
But, oh! when in the liquid glaſs
Our heav'n appears, we ſigh to paſs!

Chor. *For heav'n alone we are deſign'd;*
And all things bring our heav'n to mind.

Athe. O Princeſs! O moſt worthy of the world,
That is ſubmitted by its Emperor
To your moſt wiſe and providential ſway!
What Greek or Roman eloquence can paint
The rapture and devotion of my ſoul!
I am adopted yours; you are my goddeſs,
That have new-form'd, new-moulded my conceptions,
And, by the platform of a work divine,
New-fram'd, new-built me to your own deſires:
Thrown all the lumber of my paſſions out,
And made my heart a manſion of perfection;

Clean as an anchorite's grot, or vot'ry's cell,
And ſpotleſs as the glories of his ſteps,
Whom we far off adore!

Pul. Riſe, Eudoſia,
And let me fold my Chriſtian in my arms:
With this dear pledge of an eternal love,
I ſeal thee, O Eudoſia! mine for ever.
Accept, bleſs'd charge, the vows of my affection;
For, by the ſacred friendſhip that I give thee,
I think that Heav'n by miracle did ſend thee,
To eaſe my cares, to help me in my counſels,
To be my ſiſter, partner in my bed;
And equally, thro' my whole courſe of life,
To be the better part of thy Pulcheria,
And ſhare my griefs and joys.

Athe. No, Madam, no;
Excuſe the cares that this ſad wretch muſt bring you;
Oh! rather let me leave this world for ever;
Or if I muſt partake your royal ſecrets,
If you reſolve to load me with ſuch honour,
Let it be far from cities, far from courts,
Where I may fly all human converſation;
Where I may never ſee, nor hear, nor name,
Nor think, nor dream, O Heav'n! if poſſible,
Of mankind more.

Pul. What now, in tears, Eudoſia?

Athe. Far from the guilt of palaces, oh ſend me!
Drive me, oh drive me from the traitor man!
So I might 'ſcape that monſter, let me dwell
In lions haunts, or in ſome tyger's den;
Place me on ſome ſteep, craggy, ruin'd rock,
That bellies out, juſt dropping in the ocean;
Bury me in the hollow of its womb,
Where, ſtarving on my cold and flinty bed,
I may from far, with giddy apprehenſion,
See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep:
Yet not ev'n there, in that vaſt whirl of death,
Can there be found ſo terrible a ruin,
As man, falſe man, ſmiling deſtructive man.

Pul. Then thou haſt lov'd, Eudoſia, oh, my ſiſter!
Still nearer to my heart, ſo much the dearer;
Becauſe our fates are like, and hand in hand
Our fortunes lead us through the maze of life:
I'm glad that thou haſt lov'd; nay, lov'd with danger,
Since thou haſt 'ſcap'd the ruin——Methinks it lightens
The weight of my calamities, that thou
(In all things elſe ſo perfect and divine)
Art yet akin to my infirmity,
And bear'ſt thy part in love's melodious ill:
Love, that, like bane perfum'd, infects the mind,
That ſad delight that charms all womankind.

Athe. Yes, Madam, I confeſs that love has charm'd me;
But never ſhall again. No, I renounce him;
Inſpire me all the wrongs of abus'd women,
All you that have been cozen'd by falſe men;
See what a ſtrict example I will make:
But for the perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's paſt, that's preſent, and to come.

Pul. Oh, thou far more than the moſt maſculine virtue!
Where, our Aſtrea! where, oh, drowning brightneſs,
Where haſt thou been ſo long? Let me again
Proteſt my admiration and my love;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While ſuch clear virtue ſhines within our circle,
Vice ſhall no more appear within the palace,
But hide her dazzled eyes, and this be call'd
The holy Court.——But, lo! the Emp'ror comes.

Enter THEODOSIUS *and Attendants.*

Beauty, like thine, may drive that form away,
That has ſo long entranc'd his ſoul——My Lord——

Theo. If yet, alas! I might but hope to ſee her:
But, oh, forgive me, Heav'n! this wilder ſtart,
That thus would reach impoſſibility:
No, no, I never muſt behold her more;
As well my Atticus might raiſe the dead,
As Leontine ſhould charm that form in view.

Pul. My Lord, I came to give your grief a cure,
With purer flames to draw that cruel fire
That tortur'd you so long——Behold this virgin——
The daughter of your tutor Leontine.

Theo. Ha!

Pul. She is your sister's charge, and made a Christian,
And Athenais is Eudosia now.
Be sure a fairer never grac'd religion;
And for her virtue, she transcends example.

Theo. O all ye bless'd above, how can this be?
Am I awake? or is this possible? [Athen. *kneels.*

Pul. She kneels, my Lord: will you not go and raise her?

Theo. Nay, do thou raise her; for I'm rooted here:
Yet if laborious love and melancholy
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
It must be she, that naked dazzling sweetness!
The very figure of that morning star,
That, dropping pearls, and shedding dewy beams,
Fled from the greedy waves when I approach'd.
Answer me, Leontine! Am I distracted?
Or is this true? By thee in all encounters
I will be rul'd; in temperance and wildness,
When reason clashes with extravagance:
But speak——

Leon. 'Tis true, my Lord; this is my daughter,
Whom I conceal'd in Persia from all eyes
But yours; when Chance directed you that way.

Theo. He says 'tis true; why then this heartless carriage?
Oh, were I proof against the darts of love,
And cold to beauty, as the marble lover
That lyes, without a thought, upon his tomb;
Would not this glorious dawn of life run through me,
And waken Death itself?——Why am I slow then?
What hinders now, but that, in spight of rules,
I burst through all the bands of death that holds me,
[*He kneels.*
And fly with such a haste to that appearance,
As bury'd saints shall make at the last summons?

Athe. The Emp'ror at my feet! O Sir, forgive me:
Drown me not thus with everlaſting ſhame.
Both heaven and earth muſt bluſh at ſuch a view;
Nor can I bear it longer——

Leon. My Lord, ſhe is unworthy——

Theo. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, Leontine?
Unworthy! O thou atheiſt to perfection!
All that the blooming earth could ſend forth fair;
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious!
Unworthy ſay'ſt thou! Wert thou not her father,
I ſwear I would revenge——But haſte, and tell me;
For love like mine will bear no ſecond thought:
Can all the honours of the Orient,
Thus ſacrific'd with the moſt pure affection,
With ſpotleſs thoughts, and languiſhing deſires,
Obtain, O Leontine, (the crown at laſt),
To thee I ſpeak, thy daughter to my bride?

Leon. My Lord, the honour bears ſuch eſtimation,
It calls the blood into my aged cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my daughter with confuſion:
Who, with her body, proſtrate on the earth,
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd glory.

Theo. Let me embrace, and thank thee. O kind Heaven!
O Atticus! Pulcheria! O my father!
Was ever change like mine? Run through the ſtreets;
Who waits there? Run, and, loud as Fame can ſpeak,
With trumpet ſounds proclaim your Emp'ror's joy;
And, as of old, on the great feſtival
Of her they call *the mother of the gods*,
Let all work ceaſe; at leaſt, an oaken garland
Crown each plebeian head: let ſprightly bowls
Be dol'd about, and the toſs'd cymbals ſound;
Tell 'em, their much lamented Theodoſius,
By miracle, is brought from death to life!
His melancholy's gone, and now once more
He ſhall appear at the ſtate's helm again;
Nor fear a wreck, while this bright ſtar directs us:
For while ſhe ſhines, no ſands, no couring rocks

Shall ly unſeen, but I will cut my way,
Secure as Neptune, through the higheſt ſtream,
And to the port in ſafety ſteer the world.

Athe. Alas! my Lord, conſider my extraction,
With all my other wants——

Theo. Peace, Empreſs, peace!
No more the daughter of old Leontine;
A Chriſtian now, and partner of the Eaſt.

Athe. My father has diſpos'd me, you command me;
What can I anſwer then, but my obedience?

Theo. Attend her, dear Pulcheria; and, oh, tell her,
To-morrow, if ſhe pleaſe, I will be happy. [*Exit* Pul.
O why ſhould I my joys ſo long delay?
Time imp thy wings, let not thy minutes ſtay,
But to a moment change the tedious day.
The day! 'twill be an age before to-morrow:
An age, a death, a vaſt eternity,
Where we ſhall cold, and paſt enjoyment, ly.

Enter VARANES *and* ARANTHES.

Var. O Theodoſius!

Theo. Ha! my brother here!
What is there more to wiſh? Fortune can find
No flaw in ſuch a glut of happineſs,
To let one mis'ry in——O my Varanes!
Thou that of late didſt ſeem to walk on clouds,
Now give a looſe, let go the ſlacken'd reins,
Let us drive down the precipice of joy,
As if that all the winds of heaven were for us.

Var. My Lord, I'm glad to find the gale is turn'd;
And give you joy of this auſpicious fortune.
Plough on your way with all your ſtreamers out;
With all your glorious flags and ſtreamers ride
Triumphant on——And leave me to the waves,
The ſands, the winds, the rocks, the ſure deſtruction,
And ready gulfs that gape to ſwallow me.

Theo. It was thy hand that drew me from the grave,
Who had been dead by this time to ambition,
To crowns, to titles, and my ſlighted greatneſs.

But ſtill, as if each work of thine deſerv'd
The ſmile of Heav'n——thy Theodoſius met
With ſomething dearer than his diadem.
With all that's worth a wiſh, that's worth a life;
I met with that which made me leave the world.
Var. And I, O turn of Chance! O curſed Fortune!
Have loſt at once all that could make me happy.
O ye too partial pow'rs!——But now no more:
The gods, my dear, my moſt-lov'd Theodoſius,
Double all thoſe joys that thou haſt met upon thee!
For ſure thou art moſt worthy, worthy more
Than Jove in all his prodigality
Can ere beſtow in bleſſings on mankind!
And, oh, methinks my ſoul is ſtrangely mov'd,
Takes it the more unkindly of her ſtars,
That thou and I cannot be bleſt together:
For I muſt leave thee, friend! this night muſt leave thee,
To go in doubtful ſearch of what perhaps
I ne'er ſhall find, if ſo my cruel fate
Has order'd it: why then farewell for ever;
For I ſhall never, never ſee thee more.
Theo. How ſenſible my tender ſoul is grown
Of what you utter! O my gallant friend!
O brother! O Varanes! do not judge
By what I ſpeak, for ſighs will interrupt me;
Judge by my tears, judge by theſe ſtrict embraces,
And by my laſt reſolve: though I have met
With what in ſilence I ſo long ador'd;
Though, in the rapture of proteſting joys,
I had ſet down to-morrow for my nuptials,
And Atticus to-night prepares the temple,
Yet, my Varanes, I will rob my ſoul
Of all her health, of my imperial bride,
And wander with thee in the ſearch of that
On which thy life depends——
Var. If this I ſuffer,
Conclude me then begotten of a hind,
And bred in wilds: No, Theodoſius, no;

I charge thee by our friendſhip, and conjure thee
By all the gods, to mention this no more:
Perhaps, dear friend, I ſhall be ſooner here
Than you expect, or I myſelf imagine:
What moſt I grieve is, that I cannot wait
To ſee your nuptials; yet my ſoul is with you,
And all my adorations to your bride.

Theo. What, my Varanes! will you be ſo cruel
As not to ſee my bride before you go?
Or are you angry at your rival's charms,
Who has already raviſh'd half my heart,
That once was all your own?

Var. You know I am diſorder'd!
My melancholy will not ſuit her bleſt condition.
[*Exit* Theodoſius.
And the gods know, ſince thou, my Athenais,
Art fled from theſe ſick eyes, all other women
To my pall'd ſoul ſeem like the ghoſt of Beauty,
And haunt my mem'ry with the loſs of thee.

Enter ATHENAIS, THEODOSIUS *leading her.*

Theo. Behold, my Lord, th' occaſion of my joy!

Var. O ye immortal gods! Aranthes! Oh!
Look there, and wonder! Ha! is't poſſible?

Athe. My Lord, the Emp'ror ſays, you are his friend;
He charges me to uſe my intereſt,
And beg of you to ſtay, at leaſt ſo long
As our eſpouſals will be ſolemnizing.
I told him I was honour'd once to know you,
But that ſo ſlightly, as I could not warrant
The grant of any thing that I ſhould aſk you——

Var. O heaven and earth! O Athenais! why,
Why doſt thou uſe me thus? Had I the world,
Thou know'ſt it ſhould be thine——

Athe. I know not that——
But yet, to make ſure work, one half of it
Is mine, already, Sir, without your giving.
My Lord, the Prince is obſtinate; his glory

Scorns to be mov'd by the weak breath of woman:
He is all hero, bent for higher game.
Therefore, 'tis noble, Sir, to let him go:
If not for him, my Lord, yet for myſelf,
I muſt intreat the favour to retire. [*Exit* Athe. *&c.*

Var. Death and deſpair, confuſion, hell and furies!

Theo. Heav'n guard thy health, and ſtill preſerve thy virtue!
What ſhould this mean? I fear the conſequence;
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

Var. Undone! Aranthes! Loſt, undone for ever.
I ſee my doom; I read it with broad eyes,
As plain as if I ſaw the book of Fate:
Yet I will muſter all my ſpirits up,
Digeſt my griefs, ſwallow the riſing paſſions.
Yes, I will ſtand the ſhock of all the gods
Well as I can, and ſtruggle for my life.

Theo. You muſe, my Lord; and, if you'll give me leave
To judge your thoughts, they ſeem employ'd at preſent
About my bride: I gueſs you know her too.

Var. His bride! O gods, give me a moment's patience.
I muſt confeſs the ſight of Athenais,
Where I ſo little did expect to ſee her,
So grac'd and ſo adorn'd, did raiſe my wonder:
But what exceeds all admiration, is,
That you ſhould talk of making her your bride!
'Tis ſuch a blind effect of monſtrous fortune,
That tho' I well remember you affirm'd it,
I cannot yet believe——

Theo. Then now believe me:
By all the Pow'rs Divine, I will eſpouſe her.

Var. Ha! I ſhall leap the bounds. Come, come, my Lord;
By all thoſe Pow'rs you nam'd, I ſay you muſt not!

Theo. I ſay, I will; and who ſhall bar my pleaſure?
Yet more, I ſpeak the judgment of my ſoul.
Weigh but with fortune merit in the balance,
And Athenais loſes by the marriage.

Var. Relentleſs Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!

O, for what crime do you thus rack your creature?
Sir, I muſt tell you, this unkindly meanneſs
Suits the profeſſion of an anchorite well;
But in an oriental emperor
It gives offence; nor can you without ſcandal,
Without the notion of a grov'ling ſpirit,
Eſpouſe the daughter of old Leontine,
Whoſe utmoſt glory is t' have been my tutor.

Theo. He has ſo well acquitted that employment,
Breeding you up to ſuch a gallant height
Of full perfection, and imperial greatneſs,
That ev'n for this reſpect, if for no other,
I will eſteem him worthy while I live.

Var. My Lord, you'll pardon me a little freedom;
For I muſt boldly urge in ſuch a cauſe,
Who overflatters you, tho' ne'er ſo near
Related to your blood, ſhould be ſuſpected.

Theo. If friendſhip would admit a cold ſuſpicion
After what I have heard and ſeen to-day,
Of all mankind I ſhould ſuſpect Varanes.

Var. He has ſtung me to the heart; my groans will choak me
Unleſs my ſtruggling paſſion gets a vent.
Out with it then——I can no more diſſemble——
Yes, yes, my Lord; ſince you reduce me to
The laſt neceſſity, I muſt confeſs it;
I muſt avow my flame for Athenais.
I am all fire, my paſſion eats me up,
It grows incorp'rate with my fleſh and blood:
My pangs redouble; now they cleave my heart!
O Athenais! O Eudoſia!——Oh——
Tho' plain as day I ſee my own deſtruction,
Yet to my death, and oh, let all the gods
Bear witneſs! ſtill I ſwear I will adore thee.

Theo. Alas, Varanes, which of us two the Heav'ns
Have mark'd for death, is yet above the ſtars;
But while we live, let us preſerve our friendſhip
Sacred and juſt, as we have ever done.
This only mean in two ſuch hard extremes
Remains for both: to-morrow you ſhall ſee her,

With all advantage, in her own apartment;
Take your own time, ſay all you can to gain her;
If you can win her, lead her into Perſia;
If not, conſent that I eſpouſe her here.

Var. Still worſe and worſe: O Theodoſius, oh!
I cannot ſpeak for ſighs: my death is ſeal'd
By this laſt ſweetneſs: had you been leſs good,
I might have hop'd; but now my doom's at hand.
Go then, and take her, take her to the temple:
The gods too give you joy. O Athenais!
Why does thy image mock my fooliſh ſorrow?
O Theodoſius, do not ſee my tears:
Away, and leave me; leave me to the grave.

Theo. Farewell: let's leave the iſſue to the Heav'ns.
I will prepare your way with all that honour
Can urge in your behalf, tho' to my ruin. [*Exit* Theo.

Var. O, I could tear my limbs, and eat my fleſh!
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious fool!
Damn'd be all courts, and treble damn'd ambition!
Blaſted be thy remembrance! Curſes on thee!
And plagues on plagues fall on thoſe fools that ſeek thee!

Aran. Have comfort, Sir——

Var. Away, and leave me, villain!
Traitor, who wrought me firſt to my deſtruction!——
Yet ſtay, and help, help me to curſe my pride,
Help me to wiſh that I had ne'er been royal;
That I had never heard the name of Cyrus;
That my firſt brawl in court had been my laſt!
O, that I had been born ſome happy ſwain,
And never known a life ſo great, ſo vain!
Where I extremes might not be forc'd to chooſe,
And, bleſs'd with ſome mean wife, no crown could loſe:
Where the dear partner of my little ſtate,
With all her ſmiling offſpring, at the gate,
Bleſſing my labours, might my coming wait:
Where in our humble beds all ſafe might ly,
And not in curſed courts for glory die.—— [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

II.

Hail to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields!
Kings would not here invade
Those pleasures that Virtue yields.
Chor. *Beauty here opens her arms,*
To soften the languishing mind;
And Phyllis *unlocks her charms,*
Ah Phyllis! *oh why so kind?*

II.

Phyllis, *thou soul of love,*
Thou joy of the neighbouring swains;
Phyllis *that crowns the grove,*
And Phyllis *that gilds the plains;*
Chor. Phyllis, *that ne'er had the skill*
To paint, to patch, and be fine;
Yet Phyllis, *whose eyes can kill,*
Whom Nature hath made divine.

III.

Phyllis, *whose charming song*
Makes labour and pains a delight;
Phyllis, *that makes the day young,*
And shortens the live-long night;
Chor. Phyllis, *whose lips like* May,
Still laugh at the sweets they bring;
Where Love ne'er knows decay,
But sets with eternal spring.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MARCIAN *and* LUCIUS *at a diſtance.*

MARCIAN.

THE gen'ral of the oriental armies,
Was a commiſſion large as Fate could give.
'Tis gone. Why, what care I? O Fortune, Fortune!
Thou laughing empreſs of this buſy world,
Marcian defies thee now ———
Why, what a thing is a diſcarded favourite?
He who but now, tho' longing to retire,
Cou'd not for buſy waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his chamber, haunted to his cloſet,
With a full croud, and an eternal court;
When once the favour of his Prince is turn'd,
Shunn'd as a ghoſt, the clouded man appears,
And all the gaudy worſhippers forſake him.
So fares it now with me: where-e'er I come,
As if I were another Cataline,
The courtiers riſe, and no man will ſit near me:
As if the plague were on me, all men fly me.
O Lucius, Lucius! if thou leav'ſt me too,
I think, I think I could not bear it;
But like a ſlave, my ſpirit, broke with ſuff'ring,
Should on theſe coward knees fall down, and beg,
Once to be great again. ———

Luc. Forbid it, Heav'n!
That e'er the noble Marcian condeſcend
To aſk of any but th' immortal gods!
Nay, I avow, if yet your ſpirit dare,
Spite of the court, you ſhall be great as Cæſar.

Mar. No, Lucius, no; the gods repel that humour:
Yet ſince we are alone, and muſt ere long
Leave this bad court; let us, like veterans,
Speak out—Thou ſayſt, alas, as great as Cæſar!

But where's his greatneſs? where is his ambition?
If any ſparks of virtue yet remain
In this poor figure of the Roman glory;
I ſay, if any be, how dim they ſhine,
Compar'd with what his great forefathers were!
How ſhould he lighten then, or awe the world,
Whoſe ſoul in courts is but a lambent fire;
And ſcarce, O Rome, a glow-worm in the field!
Soft, young, religious! godlike qualities
For one that ſhould recover the loſt empire,
And wade through ſeas of blood, and walk o'er mountains
Of ſlaughter'd bodies, to immortal honour!

Luc. Poor heart! he pin'd a while ago for love.

Mar. And for his miſtreſs vow'd to leave the world;
But ſome new chance, it ſeems, has chang'd his mind.
A marriage! but to whom, or whence ſhe came,
None knows; but yet a marriage is proclaim'd;
Pageants prepar'd; the arches are adorn'd;
The ſtatues crown'd; the Hippodrome does groan
Beneath the burden of the mounted warriors;
The theatre is open'd too, where he
And the hot Perſian mean to act their follies.
Gods, gods! is this the image of our Cæſars?
Is this the image of our Romulus?
O, why ſo poorly have you ſtampt Rome's glory?
Not Rome's but yours! Is this man fit to bear it?
This waxen portraiture of majeſty!
Which ev'ry warmer paſſion does melt down,
And makes him fonder than a woman's longing!

Luc. Thus much I know, to the eternal ſhame
Of the imperial blood; this upſtart Empreſs,
This fine new Queen, is ſprung from abject parents;
Nay, baſely born; but that's all one to him;
He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Mar. Shall I not ſpeak? ſhall I not tell him of it?
I feel this big-ſwoln throbbing Roman ſpirit
Will burſt, unleſs I utter what I ought.

Enter PULCHERIA *with a paper in her hand, and* JULIA.

Mar. Pulcheria here! Why, ſhe's the ſcourge of Marcian:
I tremble too whenever ſhe approaches;
And my heart dances an unuſual meaſure:
Spight of myſelf, I bluſh, and cannot ſtir,
While ſhe is here.—What, Lucius, can this mean?
'Tis ſaid Calphurnia had the heart of Cæſar;
Auguſtus doated on the ſubtle Livia:
Why then ſhould I not worſhip that fair anger?
Oh, didſt thou mark her, when her fury lighten'd?
She ſeem'd all goddeſs; nay, her frowns became her:
There was a beauty in her very wildneſs.
Were I a man born great as our firſt founder,
Sprung from the Blood Divine——but I am caſt,
Beyond all poſſibility of hope——

Pul. Come hither, Marcian; read this paper o'er,
And mark the ſtrange neglect of Theodoſius:
He ſigns whate'er I bring. Perhaps, you've heard
To-morrow he intends to wed a maid of Athens,
New-made a Chriſtian, and new-nam'd Eudoſia;
Whom he more dearly prizes than his empire:
Yet in this paper he hath ſet his hand,
And ſeal'd it too with the imperial ſignet,
That ſhe ſhould loſe her head to-morrow morning.

Mar. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this ſeems ſtrange.

Pul. I know he rather would commit a murder
On his own perſon, than permit a vein
Of her to bleed; yet, Marcian, what might follow,
If I were envious of this virgin's honour,
By his raſh paſſing whatſoe'er I offer——
Without a view? Ha! but I had forgot:
Julia, let's haſte from this infectious perſon——
I had forgot that Marcian was a traitor:
Yet, by the Pow'rs Divine, I ſwear 'tis pity,
That one ſo form'd by Nature for all honour,
All titles, greatneſs, dignities imperial,

The nobleſt perſon, and the braveſt courage,
Should not be honeſt: Julia, is't not pity?
O Marcian, Marcian! I could weep to think
Virtue ſhould loſe itſelf as thine has done.
Repent, raſh man, if yet 'tis not too late,
And mend thy errors; ſo farewell for ever.

[*Exeunt* Pul. Jul.

Mar. Farewell for ever! No, Madam, ere I go,
I am reſolv'd to ſpeak, and you ſhall hear me;
Then, if you pleaſe, take off this traitor's head:
End my commiſſion and my life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I'm going to ſay;
But by my life, my Lord, I think 'tis true:
Pulcheria loves this traitor. Did you mark her?
At firſt ſhe had forgot your baniſhment;
Makes you her counſellor, and tells her ſecrets,
As to a friend; nay, leaves them in your hand,
And ſays, 'tis pity that you are not honeſt!
With ſuch deſcription of your gallantry,
As none but love could make; then, taking leave,
Thro' the dark laſhes of her darting eyes,
Methought ſhe ſhot her ſoul at ev'ry glance;
Still looking back, as if ſhe had a mind
That you ſhould know ſhe left her heart behind her.

Mar. Alas! thou doſt not know her, nor do I:
Nor can the wit of all mankind conceive her.
But let's away. This paper is of uſe.

Luc. I gueſs your purpoſe:
He is a boy, and as a boy you'll uſe him:
There is no other way.

Mar. Yes, if he be not
Quite dead with ſleep, for ever loſt to honour,
Marcian with this ſhall rouſe him. O my Lucius!
Methinks the ghoſts of the great Theodoſius,
And thund'ring Conſtantine, appear before me:
They charge me as a ſoldier to chaſtiſe him;
To laſh him with keen words from lazy love,
And ſhew him how they trod the paths of honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THEODOSIUS *lying on a couch, with two Boys dreſs'd like Cupids, ſinging to him as he ſleeps.*

SONG.

Happy day, oh happy day,
That Cæſar's beams did firſt diſplay!
So peaceful was the happy day.
The gods themſelves did all look down,
The royal infant's birth to crown,
So pleas'd, they ſcarce did on the guilty frown.

Happy day, oh happy day!
And, oh, thrice happy hour,
That made ſuch goodneſs maſter of ſuch pow'r.
For thus the gods declare to men,
No day like this ſhall ever come agen.

Enter MARCIAN *with an order.*

Theo. Ha! what raſh thing art thou, who ſett'ſt ſo ſmall
A value on thy life, thus to preſume
Againſt the fatal orders I have giv'n,
Thus to entrench on Cæſar's ſolitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?

Mar. Mighty Cæſar,
I have tranſgreſs'd, and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commiſſion'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praiſes,
Thou darling of mankind! whoſe conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whoſe deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wiſe Auguſtus envy thee in heav'n!
What mean the Fates by ſuch prodigious virtue?
When ſcarce the manly down yet ſhades thy face,

With conqueſts thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Deſtiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I ſee thee mourn'd above the loſs
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are ſolemniz'd with tears and blood.

Theo. How, Marcian!

Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, ſet no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;
With wild deſpair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' ſorrow in the ſtreets.
Trade is no more, all courts of juſtice ſtopt;
With ſtones they daſh the windows of their temples,
Pull down their altars; break their houſehold gods;
And ſtill the univerſal groan is this,
'Conſtantinople's loſt, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleaſure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory?'

Theo. I know thee well, thy cuſtom and thy manners.
Thou doſt upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy life———

Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourſelf into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardleſs face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in ſpite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to ſtand the teſt
Which Virtue brings; like ſores, your vices ſhake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodoſius,
The grandfather of your illuſtrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Preſuming Marcian!
What canſt thou urge againſt my innocence?
Thro' the whole courſe of all my harmleſs youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to ſhame me.

Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
In aftertimes, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn, or pity!
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation,
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I escape but scorn.

Theo. Pr'ythee, no more.

Mar. Nay, when the legions make comparisons;
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge,
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That so obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——

Theo. O cruelty! Why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?

Mar. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had a spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That savour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O y' immortal gods,
Is this the old Cæsarian Majesty?
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus?

One to take care of your celeſtial voice?
Lie on your back, my Lord; and on your ſtomach
Lay a thin plate of lead; abſtain from fruits;
And when the buſineſs of the ſtage is done,
Retire with your looſe friends to coſtly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.

Theo. Leave me, I ſay, leſt I chaſtiſe thee: hence!
Be gone, I ſay——

Mar. Not till you've heard me out.——
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Eſquiline;
Encloſe a pool too in it, like the ſea;
And at the empire's coſt let navies meet:
Adorn your ſtarry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the platted ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to caſt ambroſian oils upon you:
Conſume, with his prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes, and od'rous diſtillations,
Of ſeſterces at once four hundred millions:
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance, and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor ſoldiers,
So they perform the drudg'ry they are fit for!
Why, let them ſtarve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and ly like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you're a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you're a boy!
Or by the gods——

Theo. If arrogance like this,
And to the Emp'ror's face, ſhould 'ſcape unpuniſh'd,
I'll write myſelf a coward. Die then, villain,
A death too glorious for ſo bad a man,
By Theodoſius' hand.

[Marcian *diſarms him, but is wounded.*

Mar. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman ſpirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours?
Torn my commiſſions, ſham'd me to the earth,

Baniſh'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Does not the ſoldiers hourly aſk it from me?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, beſides, this purple youth my footſtool?
The armies court me: and my country's cauſe,
The injuries of Rome and Greece perſuade me.
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emp'ror whether I will or no:
Did not, for leſs than this, the latter Brutus,
Becauſe he thought Rome wrong'd, in perſon head
Againſt his friend a black conſpiracy,
And ſtab the Majeſty of all the world?

Theo. Act as you pleaſe: I am within your pow'r.

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And ſhall this Prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawleſs pleaſures,
Raviſh from the empire its dear health,
Wellbeing, happineſs, and ancient glory?
Go on in this diſhonourable reſt?
Shall he, I ſay, dream on, while the ſtarv'd troops
Ly cold and waking in the winter camp;
And, like pin'd birds, for want of ſuſtenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods;
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its conſtant loyalty! I would but ſhake him,
Rouſe him a little from this death of honour,
And ſhew him what he ſhould be.

Theo. You accuſe me,
As if I were ſome monſter moſt unheard of!
Firſt, as the ruin of the army; then,
Of taking your commiſſion: but, by Heav'n,
I ſwear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it: nor ſay I this
To alter thy ſtern uſage; for with what
Thou'ſt ſaid, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life,

Mar. My Lord, I take your word; you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid usage of the suff'ring soldier:
But why will not our Theodosius know?
If you entrust the government to others,
That act these crimes, who but yourself's to blame?
Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealing,
Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my banishment: but, alas!
My loss is little to what soon will follow:
Reflect but on yourself, and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd thro' the city, that you lov'd;
That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your orders
That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudosia,
Should lose her head.

Theo. Oh, heav'n and earth! what say'st thou?
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudosia!

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear,
Tho' you have giv'n to female hands your sway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curse all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army——

Theo. What! on a scaffold! Ha! before the army!

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To soft compassion, and relenting tears?
But when the axe
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
Through all the armed host, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
Whole Nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel ambitious sister! this must be

Thy doing. Oh, support me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'ſt ſtrike: behold,
I offer thee my breaſt; with my laſt breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'ſt my blood.
Were I to live, thy counſel ſhall direct me;
But 'tis too late——— [*He ſwoons.*

Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

My Lord the Emperor! Eudoſia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, ſhe calls you to the temple.
Oh, Lucius, help!——I've gone too far; but ſee,
He breathes again.——Eudoſia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudoſia?

Mar. Yes, ſhe lives:
I did but feign the ſtory of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again!
Yet 'tis moſt certain that you ſign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wife Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to ſtartle you:
But by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear Prince, my Lord, my Emperor, royal maſter!
Droop not becauſe I utter'd ſome raſh words,
And was a madman.——By th' immortal gods!
I love you as my ſoul: whate'er I ſaid,
My thoughts were otherwiſe; believe theſe tears,
Which do not uſe to flow: all ſhall be well.
I ſwear that there are ſeeds in that ſweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee firſt for my Eudoſia's life.
What, but my love, could have call'd back that life
Which thou haſt made me hate? But, oh, methought,
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever rev'renc'd as my father,
To hear ſo barſh a meſſage!——But, no more;
We're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not riſe,

And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudoſia, and we'll out;
We will, my General, and make amends
For all that's paſt: Glory and Arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on!——

Mar. Let her not reſt then;
Eſpouſe her ſtraight: I'll ſtrike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth within you;
And be encourag'd by the emboldning gods!
O what a ſight will this be to the ſoldier,
To ſee me bring you dreſs'd in ſhining armour,
To head the ſhouting ſquadrons!——O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The ſounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums.
I ſee each ſtarving ſoldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And, with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and op'ning mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with ſobbing raptures,
Crying, To arms; he's come; our Emp'ror's come
To win the world! Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and ſleeping,
Faſting, or praying? Come, come, you ſhall be merry:
And for Eudoſia, ſhe is yours already:
Marcian has ſaid it, Sir; ſhe ſhall be yours.

Theo. Oh, Marcian! Oh my brother, father, all!
Thou beſt of friends! moſt faithful counſellor!
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I reſt,
To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
I'm ſtrong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I'm nothing.

Enter ATHENAIS, *meeting* THEODOSIUS.

Theo. Alas, Eudoſia, tell me what to ſay;
For my full heart can ſcarce bring forth a word
Of that which I have ſworn to ſee perform'd.

Athe. I'm perfectly obedient to your pleaſure.

Theo. Well, then, I come to tell thee, that Varanes
Of all mankind is neareſt to my heart.
I love him, dear Eudoſia; and to prove
That love on trial, all my blood's too little;
Ev'n thee, if I were ſure to die this moment,
(As Heav'n alone can tell how far my fate
Is off) O thou, my ſoul's moſt tender joy,
With my laſt breath I would bequeath him thee.

Athe. Then you are pleas'd, my Lord, to yield me to him.

Theo. No; my Eudoſia; no, I will not yield thee,
While I have life; for worlds I will not yield thee:
Yet, thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know,
He loves thee, Athenais, more than ever;
He languiſhes, deſpairs, and dies like me:
And I have paſs'd my word, that he ſhall ſee thee.

Athe. Ah, Sir, what have you done againſt yourſelf,
And me? why have you paſs'd your fatal word?
Why will you truſt me, who am now afraid
To truſt myſelf? why do you leave me naked
To an aſſault, who had made proof my virtue,
With this ſure guard, never to ſee him more.
For, oh! with trembling agonies I ſpeak it,
I cannot ſee a prince, whom once I lov'd,
Bath'd in his grief, and gaſping at my feet,
In all the violent trances of deſpair,
Without a ſorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. O ye ſeverer pow'rs! too cruel fate!
Did ever love tread ſuch a maze before?
Yet, Athenais, ſtill I truſt thy virtue;
But if thy bleeding heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thyſelf away; yet ſtill remember,
That moment Theodoſius is no more——

[*Exit* Theo. *with* Atti. Pul. Leon.

Athe. Now, Glory! now, if ever thou did'ſt work
In woman's mind, aſſiſt me——Oh, my heart!
Why doſt thou throb, as if thou wert a breaking?
Down, down, I ſay; think on thy injuries,

Thy wrongs, thy wrongs! 'Tis well: my eyes are dry,
And all within my bosom now is still.

Enter VARANES *leaning on* ARANTHES.

Ha! is this he? or is it Varanes' ghost?
He looks as if he had bespoke his grave,
Trembling and pale; I must not dare to view him.
For, oh! I feel his melancholy here,
And fear I shall too soon partake his sickness.

Var. Thus to the angry gods offending mortals,
Made sensible by some severe affliction,
How all their crimes are register'd in heav'n,
In that nice court how no rash word escapes,
But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down;
Thus the poor penitents with fear approach
The rev'rend shrines, and thus for mercy bow: [*Kneels.*
Thus melting too, they wash the hallow'd earth,
And groan to be forgiven———
Oh Empress! Oh Eudosia! such you're now,
These are your titles, and I must not dare
Ever to call you Athenais more.

Athe. Rise, rise, my Lord! let me intreat you, rise:
I will not hear you in that humble posture:
Rise, or I must withdraw—The world will blush
For you and me, should it behold a prince
Sprung from immortal Cyrus, on his knees
Before the daughter of a poor philosopher.

Var. 'Tis just, ye righteous gods! my doom is just;
Nor will I strive to deprecate her anger.
If possible, I'll aggravate my crimes,
That she may rage till she has broke my heart:
For all I now desire, and let the gods,
Those cruel gods that join to my undoing,
Be witnesses to this unnat'ral wish!
Is to fall dead without a wound before her.

Athe. O ye known sounds! but I must steel my soul.
Methinks these robes, my Delia, are too heavy.

Var. Not worth a word, a look, nor one regard!
Is then the nature of my fault so heinous,
That when I come to take my eternal leave,

You'll not vouchsafe to hear me? this is scorn
Which the fair soul of gentle Athenais
Would ne'er have harbour'd——
Oh! for the sake of him, whom you ere long
Shall hold as fast as now your wishes form him,
Give me a patient hearing; for however
I talk of death, and seem to loath my life,
I would delib'rate with my fate a while,
With snatching glances eye thee to the last:
Pause o'er a loss like that of Athenais,
And parly with my ruin.

Athe. Speak, my Lord:
To hear you is the Emperor's command;
And for that cause I readily obey.

Var. The Emperor, the Emperor's command!
And for that cause she readily obeys!
I thank you, Madam, that on any terms
You condescend to hear me——
Know then, Eudosia: Ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd name of Athenais still;
That name that I so often have invok'd,
And which was once auspicious to my vows:
So oft at midnight sigh'd amongst the groves,
The river's murmur, and the echo's burden;
Which every bird could sing, and wind did bear!
By that dear name, I make this protestation,
By all that's good on earth, or blest in heav'n,
I swear I love thee more, far more, than ever.
With conscious blushes too, here, help me, gods;
Help me to tell her, tho' to my confusion,
And everlasting shame; yet I must tell her,
I lay the Persian crown before her feet.

Athe. My Lord, I thank you, and t'express those thanks
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return
The gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
With the example of the Emperor:
Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,
Thus to descend beneath your Majesty.

And ſwell the daughter of a poor philoſopher
With hopes of being great.

Var. Ah, Madam! ah! you wrong me! by the gods,
I had repented, ere I knew the Emp'ror——

Athe. You find, perhaps too late, that Athenais,
However ſlighted for her birth and fortune,
Has ſomething in her perſon, and her virtue,
Worth the regard of emperors themſelves;
And, to return the compliment you gave
My father, Leontine, that poor philoſopher,
Whoſe utmoſt glory is t'have been your tutor;
I here proteſt, by virtue, and by glory,
I ſwear by heav'n, and all the pow'rs divine,
Th' abandon'd daughter of that poor old man
Shall ne'er be ſeated on the throne of Cyrus.

Var. O death to all my hopes! What haſt thou ſworn?
To turn me wild? Ah, curſed throne of Cyrus!
Would thou hadſt been o'erturn'd, and laid in duſt,
His crown too thunder-ſtruck; my father, all
The Perſian race, like poor Darius, ruin'd,
Blotted, and ſwept for ever from the world,
When firſt ambition blaſted thy remembrance——

Athe. O heav'n! I had forgot the baſe affront
Offer'd by this proud man; a wrong ſo great,
It is remov'd beyond all hope of mercy;
He had deſign'd to bribe my father's virtue,
And by unlawful means——
Fly from my ſight, leſt I become a fury,
And break thoſe rules of temp'rance I propos'd:
Fly, fly, Varanes! fly this ſacred place,
Where virtue and religion are profeſs'd:
This city will not harbour infidels,
Traitors to chaſtity, licentious princes.
Be gone, I ſay, thou canſt not here be ſafe;
Fly to imperial libertines abroad:
In foreign courts thou'lt find a thouſand beauties
That will comply for gold: for gold they'll weep,
For gold be fond, as Athenais was;
And charm thee ſtill, as if they lov'd indeed.

Thou'lt find enough companions too for riot:
Luxuriant all, and royal as thyſelf,
Tho' thy lewd vices ſhould relound to heav'n——
Art thou not gone yet?

Var. No, I'm charm'd to hear you:
O from my ſoul I do confeſs myſelf
The very blot of honour; I'm more black
Than thou, in all thy heat of juſt revenge,
With all thy glorious eloquence, canſt make me.

Athe. Away, Varanes!

Var. Yes, Madam, I am going——
Nay, by the gods, I do not aſk thee pardon,
Nor, while I live, will I implore thy mercy:
But, when I'm dead, if, as thou doſt return
With happy Theodoſius from the Temple,
If, as thou go'ſt in triumph through the ſtreets,
Thou chance to meet the cold Varanes there,
Borne by his friends to his eternal home;
Stop then, O Athenais! and behold me:
Say, as thou hang'ſt about the Emp'ror's neck,
Alas! my Lord, this ſight is worth our pity.
If to thoſe pitying words thou add a tear,
Or if one parting groan——If poſſible,
If the good gods will grant my ſoul the freedom,
I'll leave my ſhroud, and wake from death to thank thee.

Athe. He ſhakes my reſolution from the bottom:
My bleeding heart too ſpeaks in his behalf,
And ſays my virtue has been too ſevere.

Var. Farewell! O Empreſs: no Athenais now:
I will not call thee by that tender name,
Since cold deſpair begins to freeze my boſom,
And all my pow'rs are now reſolved on death.
'Tis ſaid that from my youth I have been raſh,
Chol'ric, and hot; but let the gods now judge
By my laſt wiſh, if ever patient man
Did calmly bear ſo great a loſs as mine:
Since 'tis ſo doom'd by fate, you muſt be wedded;
For your own peace, when I am laid in earth,
Forget that e'er Varanes had a being:

Turn all your ſoul to Theodoſius' boſom,
Continue, gods, their days, and make 'em long!
Lucina wait upon their fruitful Hymen!
And many children, beauteous as the mother,
And pious as the father, make 'em ſmile!

Athe. O Heav'ns!

Var. Farewell——I'll trouble you no more;
The malady, that lodg'd within, grows ſtronger:
I feel the ſhock of my approaching fate;
My heart too trembles at his diſtant march;
Nor can I utter more, if you ſhould aſk me.
Thy arm, Aranthes! O farewell for ever——

Athe. Varanes, ſtay; and, ere you go for ever,
Let me unfold my heart.

Var. O Athenais!
What further cruelty haſt thou in ſtore
To add to what I ſuffer?

Athe. Since 'tis doom'd
That we muſt part, let's part as lovers ſhould,
As thoſe that have lov'd long, and loved well.

Var. Art thou ſo good? O Athenais, oh!

Athe. Firſt, from my ſoul I pity and forgive you;
I pardon you that haſty little error,
Which yet has been the cauſe of both our ruins.
And let this ſorrow witneſs for my heart,
How eagerly I wiſh it had not been;
And, ſince I cannot keep it, take it all:
Take all the love, O Prince, I ever bore you;
Or, if 'tis poſſible, I'll give you more;
Your noble carriage forces this confeſſion:
I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die for love;
I am diſtracted with this world of paſſion.

Var. Gods! cruel gods! take notice I forgive you.

Athe. Alas! My Lord, my weaker tender ſex
Has not your manly patience, cannot curb
This fury in; therefore I let it looſe:
Spite of my rigid duty, I will ſpeak,
With all the dearneſs of a dying lover,
Farewell moſt lovely, and moſt lov'd of men!
Why comes this dying paleneſs o'er thy face?

Why wander thus thy eyes? Why doſt thou bend,
As if the fatal weight of death were on thee?
Var. Speak yet a little more; for, by the gods!
And as I prize theſe bleſſed, happy moments,
I ſwear, O Athenais! all is well;
O never better.
Athe. I doubt thee, dear Varanes;
Yet, if thou dy'ſt, I ſhall not long be from thee.
Once more farewell, and take theſe laſt embraces.
Oh! I could cruſh him to my heart! Farewell;
And, as a dying pledge of my laſt love,
Take this, which all thy pray'rs could never charm.
What have I done? oh lead me, lead me, Delia.
Ah, Prince, farewell! Angels protect and guard thee!
Var. Turn back, O Athenais! and behold me;
Hear my laſt words, and then farewell for ever.
Thou haſt undone me more by this confeſſion:
You ſay, you ſwear, you love me more than ever:
Yet I muſt ſee you marry'd to another:
Can there be any plague, or hell, like this?
O Athenais! Whither ſhall I turn me?
You've brought me back to life; but oh! what life?
T' a life more terrible than thouſand deaths,
Like one that had been buried in a trance,
With racking ſtarts, he wakes, and gazes round,
Forc'd by deſpair his whirling limbs to wound,
And bellow like a ſpirit under-ground;
Still urg'd by fate, to turn, to toſs, and rave,
Tormented, daſh'd, and broken in the grave. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

ATHENAIS *dreſs'd in imperial robes, and crown'd: a table with a bowl of poiſon.*

ATHENAIS.

A MIDNIGHT marriage! Muſt I to the temple!
Thus, at the murd'rer's hour? 'Tis wondrous ſtrange!

But ſo thou ſay'ſt my father has commanded;
And that's a mighty reaſon.

Del. The Emp'ror, in compaſſion to the Prince,
Who would, perhaps, fly to extravagance,
If he in public ſhould reſolve t'eſpouſe you,
Contriv'd by this cloſe marriage to decieve him.

Athe. Go, fetch thy lute, and ſing thoſe lines I gave thee.

Lo, now I am alone: yet my ſoul ſhakes:
For where this dreadful draught may carry me,
The Heav'ns can only tell; yet I'm reſolv'd
To drink it off in ſpite of conſequence.
Whiſper him, O ſome angel! what I'm doing;
By ſympathy of ſoul let him too tremble,
To hear my wond'rous faith, my wond'rous love:
Whoſe ſpirit not content with an ovation
Of ling'ring fate, with triumph thus reſolv'd,
Thus, in the rapid chariot of the ſoul,
To mount, and dare as never woman dar'd. [*Drinks.*
'Tis done: haſte, Delia, haſte! come, bring my lute,
And ſing my waftage to immortal joys.
Methinks I can't but ſmile at my own brav'ry,
Thus from my loweſt fortune rais'd to empire.
Crown'd, and adorn'd! worſhip'd by half the earth,
While a young monarch dies for my embraces!
Yet now to wave the glories of the world!
O my Varanes! tho' my birth's unequal,
My virtue ſure has richly recompens'd,
And quite outgone example!

SONG.

1.

Ah! cruel bloody Fate,
What canſt thou now do more?
Alas! 'tis all too late,
Philander *to reſtore:*
Why ſhould the heav'nly pow'rs perſuade
Poor mortals to believe,
That they guard us here,
And reward us there,
Yet all our joys deceive?

II.

Her poniard then ſhe took,
And held it in her hand;
And, with a dying look,
Cry'd, Thus I Fate command;
Philander! *ah! my Love, I come,*
To meet thy ſhade below;
Ah! I come, ſhe *cry'd,*
With a wound ſo wide,
There needs no ſecond blow.

III.

In purple waves her blood
Ran ſtreaming down the floor;
Unmov'd ſhe ſaw the flood,
And bleſs'd her dying hour:
Philander! *ah,* Philander! *ſtill*
The bleeding Phyllis *cry'd:*
She wept awhile,
And forc'd a ſmile;
Then cloſ'd her eyes, and dy'd.

Enter PULCHERIA.

Pul. How fares my dear Eudoſia? Ha! thou look'ſt
Or elſe the tapers cheat my ſight, like one
That's fitter for thy tomb, than Cæſar's bed:
A fatal ſorrow dims thy ſhaded eyes;
And, in deſpite of all thy ornaments,
Thou ſeem'ſt to me the ghoſt of Athenais.

Athe. And what's the puniſhment, my dear Pulcheria,
What torments are allotted thoſe ſad ſpirits,
Who groaning with the burden of deſpair,
No longer will endure the cares of life;
But boldly ſet themſelves at liberty,
Thro' the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wilder'd travellers without a guide,
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where ſcarce the twilight of an infant moon,
By a faint glimmer chequ'ring through the trees,
Reflects to diſmal view the walking ghoſts;
And never hope to reach the bleſſed fields?

Pul. No more o'that; Atticus ſhall reſolve thee.
But ſee, he waits thee from the Emperor:
Thy father too attends.

Enter LEONTINE, ATTICUS, *&c.*

Leon. Come, Athenais! Ha! what now, in tears!
O fall of honour! But no more; I charge thee,
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'ſt my bleſſing,
Or fear'ſt my curſe, to baniſh from thy ſoul
All thoughts, if poſſible, the memory
Of that ungrateful prince that has undone thee.
Attend me to the temple on this inſtant,
To make the Emp'ror thine, this night to wed him,
And ly within his arms.

Athe. Yes, Sir, I'll go——
Let me but dry my eyes, and I will go:
Eudoſia, this unhappy bride, ſhall go:
Thus, like a victim, crown'd, and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the altar, wed the Emp'ror,
And, if he pleaſes, ly within his arms.

Leon. Thou art my child again.

Athe. But do not, Sir, imagine, any charms
Or threat'nings ſhall compel me
Never to think of poor Varanes more:
No, my Varanes! No——
While I have breath, I will remember thee:
To thee alone I will my thoughts confine,
And all my meditations ſhall be thine:
The image of thy woes my ſoul ſhall fill;
Fate, and my end, and thy remembrance ſtill.
As in ſome poplar ſhade the nightingale,
With piercing moans, does her loſt young bewail,
Which the rough hind, obſerving as they lay
Warm in their downy neſt, had ſtoll'n away;
But ſhe in mournful ſounds does ſtill complain,
Sings all the night, tho' all her ſongs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable ſtrain:
So, my Varanes, till my death comes on,
Shall ſad Eudoſia thy dear loſs bemoan.

[*Exeunt* Athenais, Atticus, *&c.*

SCENE II.

Enter VARANES.

Var. 'Tis night, dead night; and weary nature lyes
So faſt, as if ſhe never were to riſe:
No breath of wind now whiſpers through the trees;
No noiſe at land, nor murmur in the ſeas:
Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon,
No wakeful dogs bark at the ſilent moon,
Nor bay the ghoſts that glide with horror by,
To view the caverns where their bodies ly:
The ravens perch, and no preſages give,
Nor to the windows of the dying cleave:
The owls forget to ſcream; no midnight ſound
Calls drowſy Echo from the hollow ground;
In vaults the walking fires extinguiſh'd ly;
The ſtars, Heav'n's centry, wink, and ſeem to die.
Such univerſal ſilence ſpreads below,
Through the vaſt ſhades where I am doom'd to go;
Nor ſhall I need a violence to wound:
The ſtorm is here, that drives me on the ground:
Sure means to make the ſoul and body part,
A burning fever, and a broken heart.
What, hoa, Aranthes!

Enter ARANTHES.

I ſent thee to the apartment of Athenais:
I ſent thee, did I not? to be admitted.

Aran. You did, my Lord; but oh,
I fear to give you an account.

Var. Alas!
Aranthes, I am got on th' other ſide
Of this bad world; and now am paſt all fear.
O ye avenging Gods! is there a plague
Among your hoarded bolts, and heaps of vengeance,
Beyond the mighty loſs of Athenais?
'Tis contradiction: ſpeak then, ſpeak, Aranthes:
For all misfortunes, if compar'd with that,
Will make Varanes ſmile.

Aran. My Lord, the Empreſs,
Crown'd, and adorn'd with the imperial robes,

At this dead time of night, with ſilent pomp,
As they deſign'd from all to keep it ſecret,
But chiefly ſure from you; I ſay, the Empreſs
Is now conducted by the General,
Atticus, and her father, to the temple;
There to eſpouſe the Emp'ror Theodoſius.

Var. Say'ſt thou? Is't certain? Hah!

Aran. Moſt certain, Sir, I ſaw 'em in proceſſion.

Var. Give me thy ſword. Malicious Fate! O Fortune!
O giddy chance! O turn of love and greatneſs!
Marry'd! She has kept her promiſe now indeed;
And oh! her pointed ſame, and nice revenge,
Have reach'd their end. No, my Aranthes, no!
I will not ſtay the lazy execution
Of a ſlow fever: give me thy hand, and ſwear
By all the love and duty that thou ow'ſt me,
T' obſerve the laſt commands that I ſhall give thee:
Stir not againſt my purpoſe, as thou fear'ſt
My anger and diſdain; nor dare t' oppoſe me
With troubleſome, unneceſſary, formal reaſons;
For what my thought has doom'd, my hand ſhall ſeal.
I charge thee hold it ſtedfaſt to my heart,
Fix'd as the fate that throws me on the point.
Though I have liv'd a Perſian, I will fall
As fair, as fearleſs, and as full reſolv'd,
As any Greek or Roman of 'em all.

Aran. What you command is terrible, but ſacred;
And to attone for this too cruel duty,
My Lord, I'll follow you——

Var. I charge thee, not:
But, when I'm dead, take the attending ſlaves,
And bear me, with my blood diſtilling down,
Strait to the temple: lay me, O Aranthes!
Lay my cold corſe at Athenais' feet,
And ſay, (oh why, why do my eyes run o'er?)
Say, with my lateſt gaſp I groan'd for pardon.
Juſt here, my friend, hold faſt, and fix the ſword:
I feel the art'ry where the life blood lyes;
It heaves againſt the point——Now, O ye gods,
If for the greatly wretched you have room,
Prepare my place, for dauntleſs, lo, I come!

The Force of Love thus makes the mortal wound,
And Athenais ſends me to the ground. [*Kills himſelf.*

SCENE III.

The outward part of the Temple.

Enter PULCHERIA *and* JULIA *at one door*, MARCIAN *and* LUCIUS *at another.*

Pul. Look, Julia, ſee! the penſive Marcian comes;
'Tis to my wiſh; I muſt no longer loſe him,
Leſt he ſhould leave the court indeed: he looks
As if ſome mighty ſecret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a vent. Inſpire me, woman!
That what my ſoul deſires above the world,
May ſeem impos'd and forc'd on my affections——

Luc. I ſay ſhe loves you, and ſhe ſtays to hear it
From your own mouth: now, in the name of all
The gods at once, my Lord, why are you ſilent?
Take heed, Sir: mark your opportunity:
For if the woman lays it in your way,
And you o'erſee it, ſhe is loſt for ever.

Mar. Madam, I come to take my eternal leave:
Your doom has baniſh'd me, and I obey:
The court and I ſhake hands, and now we part,
Never to ſee each other more: the court
Where I was born, and bred a gentleman;
No more, 'till your illuſtrious bounty rais'd me,
And drew the earth-born vapour to the clouds;
But, as the gods ordain'd it, I have loſt,
I know not how, through ignorance, your grace;
And now the exhalation of my glory
Is quite conſum'd, and vaniſh'd into air.

Pul. Proceed, Sir——

Mar. Yet let thoſe gods that doom'd me to diſpleaſe you,
Be witneſſes how much I honour you!——
Thus, worſhipping, I ſwear by your bright ſelf,
I leave this infamous court with more content
Than fools and flatt'rers ſeek it. But, Oh, Heav'n,
I cannot go, if ſtill your hate purſues me:
Yes, I declare it is impoſſible

To go to baniſhment without your pardon.

Pul. You have it, Marcian; is there aught beſide
That you would ſpeak? for I am free to hear.

Mar. Since I ſhall never ſee you more, what hinders
But my laſt words ſhould here proteſt the truth?
Know then, imperial princeſs, matchleſs woman!
Since you firſt caſt your eyes upon my meanneſs,
Ev'n till you rais'd me to my envy'd height,
I have in ſecret lov'd you———

Pul. Is this Marcian?

Mar. You frown; but I am ſtill prepar'd for all:
I ſay I lov'd you, and I love you ſtill,
More than my life, and equal to my glory.
Methinks the warring ſpirit that inſpires
This frame, the very genius of old Rome!
That makes me talk without the fear of death,
And drives my daring ſoul to acts of honour,
Flames in your eyes: our thoughts too are akin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.
Now, by the gods, I lov'd you in your fury,
In all the thunder that quite riv'd my hopes;
I lov'd you moſt ev'n when you did deſtroy me.
Madam, I've ſpoke my heart, and could ſay more,
But that I ſee it grieves you; your high blood
Frets at the arrogance and ſaucy pride
Of this bold vagabond: may the gods forgive me!
Farewell: a worthier gen'ral may ſucceed me;
But none more faithful to the Emp'ror's intereſt
Than him your pleas'd to call the Traitor Marcian.

Pul. Come back: you've ſubtly play'd your part indeed:
For firſt, the Emperor, whom you lately ſchool'd,
Reſtores you your commiſſion; next commands you,
As you're a ſubject, not to leave the court:
Next, but, oh, Heaven! which way ſhall I expreſs
His cruel pleaſure? He that is ſo mild
In all things elſe, yet obſtinate in this,
Spight of my tears, my birth, and my diſdain,
Commands me, as I dread his high diſpleaſure,
O Marcian! to receive you as my huſband.

Mar. Ha, Lucius! What, what does my fate intend?

Luc. Purſue her, Sir; 'tis as I ſaid; ſhe yields,

And rages that you follow her no faſter.

Pul. Is then at laſt my great authority,
And my entruſted power, declin'd to this?
Yet, oh my fate! what way can I avoid it!
He charg'd me ſtrait to wait him to the temple,
And there reſolve, O Marcian! on this marriage.
Now, gen'rous ſoldier, as you're truly noble,
Oh, help me forth, loſt in this labyrinth;
Help me to looſe this more than Gordian knot,
And make me and yourſelf for ever happy.

Mar. Madam, I'll ſpeak as briefly as I can,
And as a ſoldier ought: The only way
To help this knot is yet to tie it faſter.
Since then the Emp'ror has reſolv'd you mine,
For which I will for ever thank the gods,
And make this holiday throughout my life,
I take him at his word, and claim his promiſe;
The empire of the world ſhall not redeem you.
Nay, weep not, Madam: though my outſide's rough,
Yet, by thoſe eyes, your ſoldier has a heart
Compaſſionate and tender as a virgin's:
Ev'n now it bleeds to ſee thoſe falling ſorrows;
Perhaps this grief may move the Emperor
To a repentance: come then to the trial;
For by my arms, my life, and dearer honour,
If you go back, when giv'n me by the hand,
In diſtant wars my fate I will deplore,
And Marcian's name ſhall ne'er be heard of more.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Temple.

THEODOSIUS, ATHENAIS, ATTICUS *joining their hands.*——MARCIAN, PULCHERIA, LUCIUS, JULIA, DELIA, *&c.* LEONTINE.

Atti. The more than Gordian knot is ty'd,
Which Death's ſtrong arm ſhall ne'er divide;
For when to bliſs ye wafted are,
Your ſpirits ſhall be wedded there:
Waters are loſt, and fires will die,
But love alone can Fate defy.

Enter ARANTHES *with the body of* Varanes.

Aran. Where is the Empreſs? where ſhall I find
Eudoſia?
By fate I'm ſent to tell that cruel Beauty
She has robb'd the world of fame; her eyes have giv'n
A blaſt to the big bloſſom of the war:
Behold him there nipt in his flow'ry morn,
Compell'd to break his promiſe of a day,
A day that Conqueſt would have made her boaſt:
Behold her laurel wither'd to the root,
Canker'd and kill'd by Athenais' ſcorn.

Athe. Dead, dead Varanes!

Theo. O y' eternal Pow'rs
That guide the world! why do you ſhock our reaſon
With acts like theſe, that lay our thoughts in duſt?
Forgive me, Heav'n, this ſtart; or elevate
Imagination more, and make it nothing.
Alas! alas, Varanes!——But ſpeak, Aranthes,
The manner of his fate: groans choke my words:
But ſpeak, and we will anſwer thee with tears.

Aran. His fever would, no doubt, by this have done
What, ſome few minutes paſt, his ſword perform'd:
He heard from me your progreſs to the temple,
How you deſign'd at midnight to deceive him
By a clandeſtine marriage: but, my Lord,
Had you beheld his racks at my relation;
Or, had your Empreſs ſeen him in thoſe torments,
When, from his dying eyes, ſwoln to the brim,
The big round drops roll'd down his manly face;
When from his hollow breaſt a murm'ring crowd
Of groans ruſh'd forth, and echo'd, All is well;
Then had you ſeen him, oh, ye cruel gods!
Ruſh on the ſword I held againſt his breaſt,
And dye it to the hilt, with theſe laſt words——
Bear me to Athenais——

Athe. Give me way, my Lord.
I have moſt ſtrictly kept my promiſe with you:
I am your bride, and you can aſk no more;
Or, if you did, I'm paſt the pow'r to give:

But here! oh, here! on his cold bloody breaſt,
Thus let me breathe my laſt.

Theo. Oh, Empreſs, what, what can this tranſport mean?
Are theſe our nuptials? theſe my promis'd joys?

Athe. Forgive me, Sir; this laſt reſpect I pay
Theſe ſad remains——And, O thou mighty ſpirit!
If yet thou art not mingled with the ſtars,
Look down and hear the wretched Athenais.
When thou ſhalt know, before I gave conſent
To this indecent marriage, I had taken
Into my veins a cold and deadly draught,
Which ſoon would render me, alas! unfit
For the warm joys of an imperial lover,
And make me ever thine, yet keep my word
With Theodoſius, wilt thou not forgive me?

Theo. Poiſon'd to free thee from the Emperor!
Oh, Athenais, thou haſt done a deed
That tears my heart! What have I done againſt thee,
That thou ſhouldſt brand me thus with infamy
And everlaſting ſhame? Thou might'ſt have made
Thy choice without this cruel act of death:
I left thee to thy will, and, in requital,
Thou'ſt murder'd all my fame——

Athe. Oh, pardon me!
I lay my dying body at your feet,
And beg, my Lord, with my laſt ſighs entreat you,
T' impute the fault, if 'tis a fault, to love;
And the ingratitude of Athenais
To her too cruel ſtars: remember too,
I begg'd you would not let me ſee the Prince,
Preſaging what has happen'd; yet my word,
As to our nuptials, was inviolable.

Theo. Ha! ſhe is going! ſee her languiſhing eyes
Draw in their beams; the ſleep of death is on her.

Athe. Farewell, my Lord! Alas! alas, Varanes!
T' embrace thee now is not immodeſty;
Or, if it were, I think my bleeding heart
Would make me, criminal in death, to claſp thee,
Break all the tender niceties of honour

To fold thee thus, and warm thee into life:
For, oh! what man like him could woman move!
Oh, Prince belov'd! Oh, ſpirit moſt divine!
Thus, by my death, I give thee all my love,
And ſeal my ſoul and body ever thine——— [*Dies.*

Theo. O Marcian! O Pulcheria! did not the Pow'r
Whom we adore, plant all his thunderbolts
Againſt ſelf-murd'rers, I would periſh too:
But, as I am, I ſwear to leave the empire:
To thee, my ſiſter, I bequeath the world,
And, yet a gift more great, the gallant Marcian.
On then, my friend; now ſhew thy Roman ſpirit;
As to her ſex fair Athenais was,
Be thou to thine a pattern of true honour.
Thus we'll atone for all the preſent crimes,
That yet it may be ſaid in aftertimes,
No age with ſuch examples could compare,
So great, ſo good, ſo virtuous, and ſo fair!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

THRICE happy they that never writ before!
How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer shore!
Like some new captain of the city bands,
That, with big looks, in Finsbury *commands:*
Swell'd with huge ale, he cries, Beat, beat a drum:
Pox o' the French *King! Udsbud, let him come:*
Give me ten thousand redcoats, and alloo!
We'll firk his Crequi *and his* Condé *too.*
Thus the young scribblers mankind's sense disdain,
For ignorance is sure to make them vain:
But, far from vanity or dang'rous pride,
Our cautious poet courts you to his side:
For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due
All the good days that ever authors knew?
If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine;
The pit and boxes make the poet dine,
And he scarce drinks but of the critics wine.
Old writers should not for vain-glory strive,
But, like old mistresses, think how to thrive;
Be fond of ev'ry thing their keepers say,
At least till they can live without a play:
Like one that knows his trade, and has been bit,
She doats and fawns upon her wealthy cit,
And swears she loves him merely for his wit.
Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
Antic and ugly, like an old baboon,
She swears is an accomplish'd Beau-garçon;
Turns with all winds, and sails with all desires;
All hearts in city, town, and court she fires;
Young callow lords, lean knights, and driv'lling squires.
She in resistless flatt'ry finds her ends,
Gives thanks for fools, and makes ye all her friends.
So should wise poets sooth an aukward age;
For they are prostitutes upon the stage:
To stand on points were foolish and ill-bred,
As for a lady to be nice in bed:
Your wills alone must their performance measure,
And you may turn them ev'ry way for pleasure.

END OF THEODOSIUS.

CONTENTS.

EPICOENE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

A

COMEDY.

BY

BEN JOHNSON.

Ut ſis tu ſimilis cœli, byrrhiqe latronum,
Non ego ſim capri, neque ſulcî: Cur metuas me?

HOR.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON;

M. DCC. LXVIII.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

TRUTH says, of old, the art of making plays,
Was to content the people; and their praise
Was to the poet, money, wine, and bays.
But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That only for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.
With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts;
Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
Are not to please the cook's taste, but the guests.
Yet, if those cunning palates hither come,
They shall find guests entreaty, and good room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be some,
That when they leave their seats, shall make 'em say,
Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And have no other meats to bear a part,
Or want to bread, and salt, were but coarse art.
The poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fetch'd, there will dear-bought,
Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights, 'squires;
Some for your waiting-wench, and city wives;
Some for your men, and daughters of White-Friers.
Nor is it, only, while you keep your seat,
Here, that his feast will last; but you shall eat
A week at ordinaries, on his broken meat:
If his muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER.

THE ends of all, who for the scene do write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still 't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.
Then, in this play, which we present to-night,
And make the object of your ear and sight,
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to judge you;
For he knows, Poet never credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things (like truths) well feign'd.
If any yet will (with particular slight
Of application) wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a libel, which he made a play.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MOROSE, a gentleman that loves not noiſe.

DAUPHINE EUGENE, a knight, his nephew.

CLERIMONT, a gentleman, his friend.

TRUEWIT, another friend.

EPICOENE, a young gentleman, ſuppos'd the ſilent woman.

JOHN DAW, a knight, her ſervant.

AMOROUS LA-FOOL, a knight alſo.

THOM. OTTER, a land and ſea captain.

CUTBERD, a barber.

MUTE, one of Moroſe's ſervants.

Madam HAUGHTY,
Madam CENTAURE,
Madam MAVIS,
} Ladies collegiate.

Mrs MAVIS, the Lady Haughty's woman.

Mrs OTTER, the Captain's wife.

Bawds.

Perſons, Pages, Servants.

SCENE, LONDON.

EPICOENE:

OR,

The SILENT WOMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLERIMONT, BOY, TRUEWIT.

CLERIMONT.

HA' you got the ſong yet perfect, I ga' you, boy?

[*He comes out making himſelf ready.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You ſhall, Sir, but i' faith let nobody elſe.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town, Sir: beſides, get me a perfect deal of ill-will at the manſion you wot of, whoſe Lady is the argument of it, where now I am the welcomeſt thing under a man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confeſs before, Sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the bed; and carry me into my Lady, and ſhe kiſſes me with her oil'd face; and puts a peruke o' my head; and aſks me an' I will wear her gown? and I ſay, no: and then ſhe hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel, if the door be kept ſhut againſt your maſter, when the entrance is ſo eaſy to you——Well, Sir, you ſhall go there no more, leſt I be fain to ſeek your voice in my lady's ruſhes a fortnight hence. Sing, Sir.

[*Boy ſings.*

True. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! what between his miſtreſs abroad, and his engle at home, high fare, ſoft lodging,

fine cloaths, and his fiddle, he thinks the hours ha' no wings, or the day no poſt-horſe. Well, Sir Gallant, were you ſtruck with the plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capital puniſhment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every particle o' your time, eſteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why, what ſhould a man do?

True. Why, nothing: or that which, when 'tis done, is as idle, hearken after the next horſe-race, or hunting-match; lay wagers, praiſe puppy, or pepper-corn, white-foot, franklin; ſwear upon whitemain's party; ſpeak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; viſit my Ladies at night, and be able to give 'em the character of every bowler or better o' the green. Theſe be the things wherein your faſhionable men exerciſe themſelves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are conſiderations when we come to have grey heads and weak hams, moiſt eyes and ſhrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and faſt.

True. Ay, and deſtine only that time of age to goodneſs, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

True. Yes, as if a man ſhould ſleep all the term, and think to effect his buſineſs the laſt day: O, Clerimont, this time, becauſe it is an incorporeal thing, and not ſubject to ſenſe, we mock ourſelves the fineſt out of it with vanity and miſery indeed: not ſeeking an end of wretchedneſs, but only changing the matter ſtill.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now———

True. See but our common diſeaſe! with what juſtice can we complain that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leiſure to give our affairs ſuch diſpatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourſelves, not hear nor regard ourſelves.

Cler. Foh, thou haſt read Plutarch's morals, now, or ſome ſuch tedious fellow; and it ſhows ſo vilely with thee: 'fore god, 'twill ſpoil thy wits utterly. Talk me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and ruſhes, and ſuch

things: and leave this ſtoicity alone, till thou mak'ſt ſermons.

True. Well, Sir, if it will not take, I have learn'd to loſe as little of my kindneſs as I can. I'll do good to no man againſt his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cler. What college?

True. As if you knew not!

Cler. No, faith, I came but from court yeſterday.

True. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the news? A new foundation, Sir, here i' the town, of ladies, that call themſelves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country madams, that live from their huſbands, and give entertainment to all the wits and braveries o' the time, as they call 'em; cry down or up what they like or diſlike in a brain or a faſhion, with moſt maſculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college ſome new probationer.

Cler. Who is the preſident?

True. The grave and youthful matron, the Lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her piec'd beauty: there's no man can be admitted till ſhe be ready, now-a-days, till ſhe has painted, and perfum'd, and waſh'd, and ſcour'd, but the boy here; and him ſhe wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a ſponge. I have made a ſong, I pr'ythee hear it, o' the ſubject.

SONG.

Still to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a feaſt;
Still to be powder'd, ſtill perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though art's hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace;
Robes looſely flowing, hair as free:
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They ſtrike mine eyes, but not my heart.

True. And I am clearly o' the other side: I love a good dreſſing before any beauty o'the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it; ſhe may vary every hour; take often counſel of her glaſs, and chuſe the beſt. If ſhe have good ears, ſhow 'em; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear ſhort cloaths: a good hand, diſcover it often; practiſe any art to mend breath, cleanſe teeth, repair eye-brows, paint, and profeſs it.

Cler. How? publickly?

True. The doing of it, not the manner; that muſt be private. Many things, that ſeem foul i' the doing, do pleaſe, done. A lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudy her face, when we think ſhe ſleeps; nor when the doors are ſhut, ſhould men be enquiring; all is ſacred within then. Is it for us to ſee their perukes put on, their falſe teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? you ſee gilders will not work, but incloſ'd. They muſt not diſcover how little ſerves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate? Were the people ſuffer'd to ſee the city's love and charity, while they were rude ſtone, before they were painted and burniſh'd? No: no more ſhould ſervants approach their miſtreſſes, but when they are compleat, and finiſh'd.

Cler. Well ſaid, my Truewit.

True. And a wiſe lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that ſhe may do things ſecurely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber where the poor Madam, for haſte, and troubled, ſnatch'd at her peruke to cover her baldneſs, and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O prodigy!

True. And the unconſcionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that revers'd face, when I ſtill look'd when ſhe ſhould talk from the t'other ſide.

Cler. Why, thou ſhould'ſt ha' reliev'd her.

True. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you pleaſe, and paſs to another. When ſaw you Sir Dauphine Eugene?

Cler. Not theſe three days. Shall we go to him this morning? He is very melancholic, I hear.

True. Sick o' the uncle? Is he? I met that ſtiff piece of formality, his uncle, yeſterday, with a huge turbant of nightcaps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. O, that's his cuſtom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noiſe, man.

True. So I have heard. But is the diſeaſe ſo ridiculous in him as it is made? They ſay he has been upon divers treaties with the fiſh-wives, and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-ſweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they ſtand out ſtifly. He cannot endure a coſtard-monger, he ſwoons if he hear one.

True. Methinks a ſmith ſhould be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man. A brazier is not ſuffer'd to dwell in the pariſh, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice once on a Shrove Tueſday's riot, for being o' that trade, when the reſt were quiet.

True. A trumpet would fright him terribly, or the hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his ſenſes. The waights of the city have a penſion of him not to come near that ward. This youth practis'd on him one night like the bell-man, and never left till he had brought him down to the door, with a long ſword: and there left him flouriſhing with the air.

Boy. Why, Sir, he hath choſen a ſtreet to ly in, ſo narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, no carts, nor any of theſe common noiſes; and therefore we that love him, deviſe to bring him ſuch as we may, now and then, for his exerciſe, to breathe him. He would grow reſty elſe in his eaſe; his virtue would ruſt without action. I entreated a bearward one day, to come down with the dogs of ſome four pariſhes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under Mr Morose's window, till he was ſent crying away, with his head made a moſt bleeding ſpectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer, going to his prize, had his drum moſt tragically run through, for taking that ſtreet in his way, at my requeſt.

True. A good wag. How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holyday eves. But now, by reason of the ſickneſs, the perpetuity of ringing has made him deviſe a room, with double walls, and treble cielings: the windows cloſe ſhut and chalk'd: and there he lives by candlelight. He turn'd away a man laſt week for having a pair of new ſhoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court ſocks, or ſlippers, ſoal'd with wool; and they talk to each other in a trunk. See, who comes here.

SCENE II.

DAUPHINE, TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT.

Dau. How now! what ail you, Sirs? dumb?

True. Struck into ſtone, almoſt, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle! there was never ſuch a prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once loſe this ſubject, my maſters, for my ſake. They are ſuch as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

True. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will diſinherit me. No more. He thinks I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous acts and mon'ments are told of him.

True. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpoſe deſerves it: it gives the law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a falſe almanack, get it printed; and then ha' him drawn out on a coronation-day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noiſe of the ordnance. Diſinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his ſiſter's ſon?

Dau. Ay, but he will thruſt me out of it, he vows, and marry.

True. How! that's a mere portent. Can he endure no noiſe, and will venture on a wife?

Cler. Yes, why, thou art a ſtranger, it ſeems, to his beſt trick yet. He has employ'd a fellow this half year, all over England, to hearken him out a dumb woman; be ſhe of any form, or any quality, ſo ſhe be able to bear children: her ſilence is dowry enough, he ſays.

True. But I truſt to God he has found none.

Cler. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i'the next ſtreet to him, who is exceedingly ſoft ſpoken; thrifty of her ſpeech; that ſpends but ſix words a day; and her he's about now, and ſhall have her.

True. Is't poſſible! who is his agent i'the buſineſs?

Cler. Marry, a barber; an honeſt fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

True. Why you oppreſs me with wonder! A woman and a barber, and love no noiſe!

Cler. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him ſilently, and has not the knack with his ſheers or his fingers: and that continency in a barber he thinks ſo eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counſel.

True. Is the barber to be ſeen? or the wench?

Cler. Yes, that they are.

True. I pr'ythee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

Dau. I have ſome buſineſs now: I cannot i'faith.

True. You ſhall have no buſineſs ſhall make you neglect this, Sir; we'll make her talk, believe it; or if ſhe will not, we can give out at leaſt ſo much as ſhall interrupt the treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in conſcience, when he ſuſpects thee without cauſe, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no ſuffrage to't. He ſhall never have that plea againſt me, that I oppos'd the leaſt phant'ſy of his. Let it ly upon my ſtars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

True. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent; when ſome groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himſelf cannot. Innocent! I pr'ythee, Ned, where lyes ſhe? let him be innocent ſtill.

Cler. Why right over-againſt the barber's; in the houſe where Sir John Daw lyes.

True. You mean not to confound me!

Cler. Why?

True. Does he that would marry her know ſo much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

True. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cler. Why?

True. The only talking Sir i' the town! Jack Daw!

And he teach her not to ſpeak! God b'w'you. I have ſome buſineſs too.

Cler. Will you not go thither then?

True. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

Cler. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

True. Yes, of keeping diſtance.

Cler. They ſay he is a very good ſcholar.

True. Ay, and he ſays it firſt. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing elſe of books in him.

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

True. I am ſorry the world ſhould ſo conſpire to belye him.

Cler. Good faith I have heard very good things come from him.

True. You may. There's none ſo deſperately ignorant to deny that; would they were his own. God b'w'you, Gentlemen.

Cler. This is very abrupt!

SCENE III.

DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT, BOY.

Dau. Come, you are a ſtrange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Cler. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honeſt fellow.

Dau. I think no other; but this frank nature of his is not for ſecrets.

Cler. Nay then, you are miſtaken, Dauphine: I know where he has been well truſted, and diſcharg'd the truſt very truly and heartily.

Dau. I contend not, Ned; but, with the fewer a buſineſs is carried, it is ever the ſafer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there?

Dau. Laſt night: and ſuch a Decameron of ſport fallen out; Boccace never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would

ly with her, and praiſes her modeſty; deſires that ſhe would talk and be free, and commends her ſilence in verſes; which he reads, and ſwears are the beſt that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, ſtamps, and mutinies why he is not made a counſellor, and call'd to affairs of ſtate.

Cler. I pr'ythee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some water, Boy.

Dau. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La Foole.

Cler. O, that's a precious mannakin.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cler. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he ſaw you but once, tho' you ſhould meet him at church in the midſt of prayers. He is one of the braveries, tho' he be none o' the wits. He will ſalute a judge upon the bench, and a biſhop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when ſhe is dancing in a maſque, and put her out. He does give plays, and ſuppers, and invites his gueſts to 'em, aloud out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpoſe; or to watch when ladies are gone to the China houſes, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em preſents, ſome two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laugh'd at. He is never without a ſpare-banquet, or ſweet-meats in his chamber, their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Dau. Excellent! He was a fine youth laſt night, but now he is much finer! what is his Chriſtian name? I ha' forgot.

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Boy. The gentleman is here that owns that name.

Cler. Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Dau. Like enough; pr'ythee let's ha' him up.

Cler. Boy, marſhal him.

Boy. With a truncheon, Sir?

Cler. Away, I beſeech you. I'll make him tell us his pedigree, now; and what meat he has to dinner; and

who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes with a breath.

SCENE IV.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

La-F. Save dear Sir Dauphine, honour'd Mr Clerimont.

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honested my lodging, with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging! almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cler. Not so, Sir.

La-F. Excuse me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Mr Clerimont, to intreat you to wait upon two or three ladies to dinner to-day.

Cler. How, Sir! wait upon 'em? Did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-F. No, Sir, dispense with me; I meant to bear 'em company.

Cler. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulness o' your phrase, believe it, Sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour with the terrible boys, if you should keep 'em fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, Sir, if I contested with any man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otter's! What's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, Sir; he's a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Dau. O then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. Ay, Sir; his wife was the rich China-woman, that the courtiers visited so often, that gave her rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cler. Then she is Captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, Sir; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother's side, and will invite any great ladies, for my sake.

Dau. Not of the La-Fooles of Essex?

La-F. No, Sir; the La-Fooles of London.

Cler. Now he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our houſe, the La-Fooles of the North, the La-Fooles of the Weſt, the La-Fooles of the Eaſt and South——We are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I myſelf am deſcended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and we do bear our coat yellow, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure* and *Gules*, and ſome three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has ſometimes been ſolemnly worn by divers nobility of our houſe——But let that go, antiquity is not reſpected now.——I had a brace of fat does ſent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheaſants, a dozen or two of goodwits, and ſome other fowl, which I would have eaten while they are good, and in good company.—There will be a great lady or two, my Lady Haughty, my Lady Centaure, Mrs Dol Mavis—and they come a' purpoſe to ſee the ſilent gentlewoman, Mrs Epicœne, that honeſt Sir John Daw has promiſed to bring thither—and then Mrs Truſty my Lady's woman will be there too, and this honourable knight, Sir Dauphine, with yourſelf, Mr Clerimont—and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance.——I have been a mad wag in my time, and have ſpent ſome crowns ſince I was a page in court to my Lord Lofty, and after, my Lady's gentleman-uſher, who got me knighted in Ireland, ſince it pleas'd my elder brother to die.——I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day as any was worn in the iſland voyage, or at Cadiz, none diſprais'd, and I came over in it hither, ſhow'd myſelf to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and ſurvey'd my lands, let new leaſes, took their money, ſpent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies—and now I can take up at my pleaſure.

Dau. Can you take up ladies, Sir?

Cler. O let him breathe, he has not recovered.

Dau. Would I were your half in that commodity.

La-F. No, Sir, excuſe me; I meant money which can take up any thing. I have another gueſt or two to invite, and ſay as much to. Gentlemen, I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail.——Your ſervant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious La-Foole;

but ſhe ſhall that your ladies come to ſee: if I have credit afore Sir Daw.

Cler. Did you ever hear ſuch a windſucker as this?

Dau. Or ſuch a rook as the other! that will betray his maſter to be ſeen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cler. Go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MOROSE, MUTE.

MOROSE.

CANNOT I yet find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk to ſave my ſervants the labour of ſpeech, and mine ears the diſcord of ſounds? Let me ſee; all diſcourſes but my own afflict me, they ſeem harſh, impertinent, and irkſome. Is it not poſſible that thou ſhouldſt anſwer me by ſigns, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? Speak not though I queſtion thee. [*At the breaches ſtill the fellow makes legs or ſigns.*] You have taken the ring off from the ſtreet-door, as I bade you? Anſwer me not by ſpeech, but by ſilence, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (——) Very good. And you have faſtened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outſide of the door, that if they knock with their daggers, or with brickbats, they can make no noiſe? But with your leg you anſwer, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (——) Very good. This is not only fit modeſty in a ſervant, but good ſtate and diſcretion in a maſter. And you have been with Cutberd the barber, to have him come to me? (——) Good. And he will come preſently? Anſwer me not with your leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: if it be otherwiſe, ſhake your head or ſhrug. (——) So. Your Italian and Spaniard are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutberd come? Stay, if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one. (——) Good. Half a quarter? 'Tis well. And have you given him a key to come in without knocking? (——) Good. And is the lock oil'd and the hinges to-day? (——) Good. And the quilting of

the ſtairs no where worn out and bare? (——) Very good. I ſee, by much doctrine, and impulſion, it may be effected: ſtand by. The Turk, in this divine diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; ſtill waited on by mutes, and all his commands ſo executed; yea, even in the war, (as I have heard), and in his marches, moſt of his charges and directions given by ſigns, and with ſilence: an exquiſite art! and I am heartily aſhamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Chriſtendom ſhould ſuffer a barbarian to tranſcend 'em in ſo high a point of felicity. I will practiſe it hereafter. How now? Oh, oh! what villain? what prodigy of mankind is that? Look. Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hellhound, devil can this be? [*One winds a horn without again.*

Mut. It is a poſt from the court——

Mor. Out, rogue, and muſt thou blow thy horn too?

Mut. Alas, it is a poſt from the court, Sir, that ſays, he muſt ſpeak you, pain of death——

Mor. Pain of thy life be ſilent.

SCENE II.

TRUEWIT, MOROSE, CUTBERD.

True. By your leave, Sir, I am a ſtranger here. Is your name Mr Moroſe? is your name Mr Moroſe? Fiſhes! Pythagoreans all? This is ſtrange. What ſay you, Sir? nothing? Has Harpocrates been here with his club among you? Well, Sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time; I will venture upon you, Sir. Your friends at court commend 'em to you, Sir——

(*Mor.* O men! O manners! was there ever ſuch an impudence?)

True. And are extremely ſolicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whoſe knave are you!

True. Mine own knave, and your compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my ſword——

True. You ſhall taſte the one half of my dagger if you do (Groom), and you the other, if you ſtir, Sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the King's name, and hear me

without insurrection. They say you are to marry? To marry! Do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

True. Marry, your friends do wonder, Sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely, or London bridge at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or such a delicate steeple in the town as Bow to vault from; or a braver height, as St Paul's; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street, or a beam in the said garret with this halter, [*He shews him a halter.*] which they have sent, and desire that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot than to the wedlock noose; or take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat, or a fly, (as one said), with a straw i' your arse; any way rather than to follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan parlees, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and public. If you had lived in King Ethelred's time, Sir, or Edward the Confessor's, you might perhaps have found in some cold country-hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench would have been contented with one man; now they will as soon be pleased with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good Sir, have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from 'em? bastarded their issue? What have I done that may deserve this?

True. Nothing, Sir, that I know but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had made an assassinate upon your father, vitiated your mother, ravished your sisters——

True. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you if you had.

Mor. Why, you do more in this, Sir: it were a vengeance centuple for all facinorous acts that could be nam'd to do that you do——

True. Alas, Sir, I am but a meſſenger: I but tell you what you muſt hear. It ſeems your friends are careful after your ſoul's health, Sir, and would have you know the danger, (but you may do your pleaſure for all them; I perſuade not, Sir), if, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer, for his ſkill at his weapon; why, it is not their fault, they have diſcharged their conſciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, ſuffer valiantly, Sir, for I muſt tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to: if ſhe be fair, young, and vegetous, no ſweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets, and great roſes i' th' town will be there: if foul, and crooked, ſhe'll be with them, and buy thoſe doublets and roſes, Sir: if rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, ſhe'll reign in your houſe as imperious as a widow: if noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants: if fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous as April; ſhe muſt have her doctors, her midwives, her nurſes, her lodgings every hour, though it be for the deareſt morſel of man: if learned, there was never ſuch a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the gueſts that muſt be invited to hear her ſpeak Latin and Greek; and you muſt ly with her in thoſe languages too, if you will pleaſe her: if preciſe, you muſt feaſt all the ſilenc'd brethren, once in three days, ſalute the ſiſters, entertain the whole family, or wood of 'em, and hear long-winded exerciſes, ſingings, and catechiſings, which you are not given to, and yet muſt give for, to pleaſe the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cauſe, will cozen you over and above. You begin to ſweat, Sir, but this is not half, i'faith: you may do your pleaſure notwithſtanding, as I ſaid before; I come not to perſuade you. Upon my faith, Maſter Servingman, if you do ſtir, I will beat you.

[*The Mute is ſtealing away.*

Mor. O, what is my ſin! what is my ſin!

True. Then, if you love your wife, or rather doat on her, Sir, O how ſhe'll torture you! and take pleaſure

your torments! You ſhall ly with her but when ſhe liſts; ſhe will not hurt her beauty, her complection; or it muſt be for that jewel, or that pearl when ſhe does; every half hour's pleaſure muſt be bought a-new, and with the ſame pain and charge you woo'd her at firſt. Then you muſt keep what ſervants ſhe pleaſe, what company ſhe will; that friend muſt not viſit you without her licence; and him ſhe loves moſt, ſhe will ſeem to hate eagerlieſt, to decline your jealouſy; or feign to be jealous of you firſt; and for that cauſe go live with her ſhe friend, or couſin at the college, that can inſtruct her in all the myſteries of writing letters, corrupting ſervants, taming ſpies, where ſhe muſt have that rich gown for ſuch a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be ſerv'd in ſilver; have the chamber fill'd with a ſucceſſion of grooms, footmen, uſhers, and other meſſengers; beſides embroiderers, jewellers, tirewomen, ſempſters, feathermen, perfumers; while ſhe feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foreſees the change, when the mercer ſeizes your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride coſts, Sir; ſo ſhe may kiſs a page, or a ſmooth chin, that has the deſpair of a beard; be a ſtateſwoman, know all the news, what was done at Saliſbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progreſs; or, ſo ſhe may cenſure poets, and authors, and ſtyles, and compare 'em, Daniel with Spencer, Johnſon with the t'other youth, and ſo forth; or be thought cunning in controverſies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the ſtate of the queſtion; and then ſkip to the mathematics, and demonſtration and anſwer, in religion to one, in ſtate to another, in baudry to a third.

Mor. Oh! Oh!

True. All this is very true, Sir. And then her going in diſguiſe to that conjuror, and this cunning woman; where the firſt queſtion is, how ſoon you ſhall die? next, if her preſent ſervant love her? next that, if ſhe ſhall have a new ſervant? and how many? which of her family would make the beſt bawd, male or female?

what precedence ſhe ſhall have by her next match? and ſets down the anſwer, and believes 'em above the ſcriptures: nay, perhaps ſhe'll ſtudy the art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your pleaſure o' me? I'll think of theſe things.

True. Yes, Sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and ſweat, with going a foot, and lyes in a mouth of a new face, and oil, and birdlime; and riſes in aſſes milk, and is cleans'd with a new *fucus*: God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more, which I had almoſt forgot: this too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity aforehand, as your wiſe widows do of their eſtates, before they marry, in truſt to ſome friend, Sir: who can tell? or if ſhe have not done it yet, ſhe may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antidate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature: 'tis no deviſ'd impoſſible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewell, Mute.

[*Exit.*

Mor. Come, ha' me to my chamber: but firſt ſhut the door. O, ſhut the door! Is he come again?

[*The horn again.*

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your barber.

Mor. O Cutberd, Cutberd, Cutberd! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me in to my bed, and give me phyſic with thy counſel.

SCENE III.

DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, EPICOENE.

Daw. Nay, an' ſhe will, let her refuſe at her own charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen; but ſhe will not be invited to the like feaſts or gueſts every day.

Cler. O, by no means; ſhe may not refuſe—to ſtay at home, if you love your reputation: 'ſlight, you are invited thither o' purpoſe to be ſeen, and laugh'd at by the Lady of the college, and her ſhadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you. [*They diſſuade her privately.*

Dau. You ſhall not go; let him be laugh'd at in your ſtead, for not bringing you; and put him to his extem-

poral faculty of fooling, and talking loud to ſatisfy the company.

Cler. He will ſuſpect us; talk aloud. Pray, Mrs Epicœne, let's ſee your verſes, we have Sir John Daw's leave: do not conceal your ſervant's merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They'll prove my ſervant's glories, if you have his leave ſo ſoon.

Dau. His vain glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, ſhew 'em, Miſtreſs, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you what glories.

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em myſelf too: an author muſt recite his own works. It is a madrigal of modeſty.

"Modeſt and fair; for fair and good are near
"Neighbours, howe'er."——

Dau. Very good.

Cler. Ay, is't not?

Daw. "No noble virtue ever was alone,
"But two in one."

Dau. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, Sir John.

Dau. It has ſomething in't like rare wit and ſenſe.

Cler. Peace.

Daw. "No noble virtue ever was alone,
"But two in one.
"Then, when I praiſe ſweet Modeſty, I praiſe
"Bright Beauty's rays:
"And having prais'd both Beauty and Modeſtee,
"I have prais'd thee."

Dau. Admirable!

Cler. How it chimes, and cries Think i' th' cloſe, divinely!

Dau. Ay, 'tis Seneca.

Cler. No; I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The Dor on Plutarch and Seneca, I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder thoſe fellows have ſuch credit with gentlemen!

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave aſſes! mere eſſayiſts! A few looſe ſentences, and that's all. A man would talk ſo, his whole

age: I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and obſerv'd, as either of 'em.

Dau. Indeed, Sir John!

Cler. He muſt needs, living among the Wits and Braveries too.

Dau. Ay, and being preſident of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's Ariſtotle, a mere common-place fellow; Plato, a diſcourſer; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot; ſometimes worth the untying, very ſeldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, Sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. Homer, an old tedious prolix aſs, talks of curriers, and chines of beef; Virgil of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think ſo.

Daw. And ſo Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Auſonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the reſt———

Cler. What a ſackfull of their names he has got!

Dau. And how he pours 'em out! Politian, with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not the character right of him?

Dau. As could be made, i'faith.

Daw. And Perſius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endur'd.

Dau. Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

Daw. *Syntagma Juris Civilis, Corpus Juris Civilis, Corpus Juris Canonici*, the King of Spain's Bible.

Dau. Is the King of Spain's Bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma.

Dau. What was that Syntagma, Sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Dau. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cler. Ay, both the Corpuſſes, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha; the other are not to be receiv'd within the thought of a ſcholar.

Dau. 'Fore God, you have a ſimple learn'd ſervant, Lady, in titles!

Cler. I wonder that he is not call'd to the helm, and made a counſellor!

Dau. He is one extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary! To ſay truth, the ſtate wants ſuch.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cler. I muſe a miſtreſs can be ſo ſilent to the dotes of ſuch a ſervant.

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, Sir. I have written ſomewhat of her ſilence too.

Dau. In verſe, Sir John?

Cler. What elſe?

Dau. Why, how can you juſtify your own being of a poet, that ſo ſlight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verſe, is not a poet: you have of the wits that write verſes, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your verſes, Sir John?

Cler. No, 'twere pity he ſhould. A knight live by his verſes! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope!

Dau. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not aſham'd.

Cler. Ay, he profeſs'd himſelf; but Sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own riſing i' th' ſtate ſo much! Do you think he will? Your verſes, good Sir John, are no poems.

Daw. "Silence in woman, is like ſpeech in man;
"Deny't who can."

Dau. Not I, believe it: your reaſon, Sir?

Daw. "Nor is't a tale,
"That female vice ſhould be a virtue male,
"Or maſculine vice a female virtue be:
"You ſhall it ſee
"Prov'd with increaſe;
"I know to ſpeak, and ſhe to hold her peace."
Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with encreaſe, Sir John?

Daw. Why, with encreaſe is, when I court her for the common cauſe of mankind, and ſhe ſays nothing but *conſentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida*.

Dau. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation; you miſtake.

Epi. Pray, give me my verſes again, ſervant.

Daw. If you'll aſk 'em aloud, you ſhall.

Cler. See, here's Truewit again.

SCENE IV.

CLERIMONT, TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE, CUTBERD, DAW, EPICOENE.

Cler. Where haſt thou been, in the name of madneſs, thus accoutred with thy horn?

True. Where the ſound of it might have pierc'd your ſenſes with gladneſs, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worſhip me: I have forbid the banns, lad: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Dau. You ha'not, I hope!

True. Yes, faith: an thou ſhould'ſt hope otherwiſe, I ſhou'd repent me. This horn got me entrance; kiſs it. I had no other way to get in but by feigning to be a poſt; but when I got in once, I proved none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a poſt, or a ſtone, or what is ſtiffer, with thundering into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miſeries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were ſeen in the ſhape of a woman, he hath ſeen her in my deſcription. I have put him off o' that ſcent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? why ſtand you mute? are you ſtupid? You are not worthy o' the benefit.

Dau. Did not I tell you? Miſchief!

Cler. I would you had plac'd this benefit ſomewhere elſe.

True. Why ſo?

Cler. 'Slight! you have done the moſt inconſiderate, raſh, weak thing that ever man did to his friend,

Dau. Friend! if the moſt malicious enemy I have had ſtudied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

True. Wherein, for God's ſake? Gentlemen, come to yourſelves again.

Dau. But I preſag'd thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been ſolder'd when I ſpake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

True. My maſters, do not put on this ſtrange face to pay my courteſy: off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dau. 'Fore Heaven you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now theſe four months, you have blaſted in a minute: now I am loſt, I may ſpeak. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and to be put upon my uncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate ſilence for my ſake, being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of ſuch a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now all my hopes are utterly miſcarried by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious, do ſervices, and not know his why: I wonder what courteous itch poſſeſs'd you! you never did abſurder part i' your life, nor a greater treſpaſs to friendſhip or humanity.

Dau. Faith you may forgive it beſt; 'twas your cauſe principally.

Cler. I know it; would it had not!

Dau. How now, Cutberd, what news?

Cut. The beſt, the happieſt that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning (I think this be the gentleman) that has almoſt talk'd him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage——

Dau. On, I pr'ythee.

Cut. And your uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will ſee the party you wot of preſently; and if he like her, he ſays, and that ſhe be ſo inclining to dumb as I have told him, he ſwears he will marry her to-day, inſtantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

True. Beyond our expectation! by this light I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me.

True. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the absurd, weak part.

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was meer fortune?

True. Fortune! meer Providence; Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my genius is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

True. Alas, I let him go on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd!

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event.

True. Event! by this light thou shalt never perswade me but I foresaw it, as well as the stars themselves.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: do you two entertain Sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

True. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cler. Master Truewit, Lady, a friend of ours.

True. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

Cler. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir John Daw's madrigals.

True. Jack Daw, God save you; when saw you La Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, Mr. Truewit.

True. That's a miracle! I thought you had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

True. God so, 'tis true! What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one: I met him even now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into a foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give 'em the cue——

Cler. Leſt they ſhould forget?

True. Yes, there was never poor captain took more pains at a muſter to ſhew men, than he, at this meal, to ſhew friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feaſt, Sir.

Cler. What, do you ſay ſo, Sir John?

True. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the beſt friends he has, to the talent of his wit: where's his miſtreſs, to hear and applaud him? Is ſhe gone?

Daw. Is Mrs Epicœne gone?

Cler. Gone afore with Sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

True. Gone afore! that were a manifeſt injury, a diſgrace and a half to refuſe him at ſuch a feſtival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too.

Cler. Tut, he'll ſwallow it like cream: he's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to eſteem any thing a diſgrace is offer'd him from a miſtreſs.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; ſhe ſhall ſit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her: does ſhe refuſe me?

Cler. No, Sir, do not take it ſo to heart; ſhe does not refuſe you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, Truewit, you were to blame to put it into his head that ſhe does refuſe him.

True. Sir, ſhe does refuſe him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would ſwear to ſpeak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

True. Nor to any body elſe, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not ſay ſo, Gentlemen.

Cler. It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholic, 'faith.

Cler. As a dog, if I were as you, Sir John.

True. Or a ſnail, or a hog-louſe; I would roll myſelf up for this day in troth, they ſhould not unwind me!

Daw. By this pick-tooth, ſo I will.

Cler. 'Tis well done; he begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you muſt walk alone, if you be right melancholic, Sir John.

True. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cler. Was there ever ſuch a two yards of knighthood meaſur'd out by time, to be ſold to laughter?

True. A meer talking mole! hang him: no muſhroom was ever ſo freſh. A fellow ſo utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cler. Let's follow him: but firſt, let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the houſe, to hear what news.

True. Content.

SCENE V.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, CUTBERD, MUTE.

Mor. Welcome, Cutberd; draw near with your fair charge; and in her ear, ſoftly entreat her to unmaſk (——) So. Is the door ſhut? (——) Enough. Now, Cutberd, with the ſame diſcipline I uſe to my family, I will queſtion you. As I conceive, Cutberd, this gentlewoman is ſhe you have provided, and brought, in hope ſhe will fit me in the place and perſon of a wife? Anſwer me not but with your leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: (——) Very well done, Cutberd. I conceive beſides, Cutberd, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or elſe you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty conſequence of marriage. (——) This I conceive, Cutberd. Anſwer me not but with your leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (——) Very well done, Cutberd. Give aſide now a little, and leave me to examine her condition [*He goes about her, and views her.*] and aptitude to my affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a ſpecial good favour; a ſweet compoſition, or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my behaviour ſeem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear ſtrange. [*She curtſies.*] Nay, Lady, you may ſpeak, though Cutberd and my man might not;

for of all ſounds, only the ſweet voice of a fair Lady, has the juſt length of mine ears. I beſeech you, ſay, Lady, out of the firſt fire of meeting eyes (they ſay) love is ſtricken: do you feel any ſuch motion ſuddenly ſhot into you, from any part you ſee in me? Ha! Lady? [*She curtſies.*] Alas, Lady, theſe anſwers by ſilent curtſies from you, are too courtleſs and ſimple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and ſhe that ſhall be my wife, muſt be accompliſh'd with courtly and audacious ornaments. Can you ſpeak, Lady?

Epi. Judge you, forſooth. [*She ſpeaks ſoftly.*

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? ſpeak out, I beſeech you.

Epi. Judge you, forſooth.

Mor. O my judgment, a divine ſoftneſs! but can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoin theſe by doctrine and induſtry, refer yourſelf to the ſearch of my judgment, and (not taking pleaſure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefeſt pleaſure) think it plauſible to anſwer me by ſilent geſtures, ſo long as my ſpeeches jump right with what you conceive? [*Curtſies.*] Excellent! divine! If it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace, Cutberd, thou art made for ever, as thou haſt made me, if this felicity have laſting; but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I muſt have mine ears banqueted with pleaſant and witty conferences, pretty girds, ſcoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to chuſe for my bed-pheere. The ladies in court think it a moſt deſperate impair to their quickneſs of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occaſion for a man to court 'em, and when an amorous diſcourſe is ſet on foot, miniſter as good matter to continue it, as himſelf: and do you alone ſo much differ from all them, that what they (with ſo much circumſtance) affect and toil for them, to ſeem learn'd, to ſeem judicious, to ſeem ſharp and conceited, you can bury in yourſelf with ſilence, and rather truſt your graces to the fair conſcience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? good Lady, ſpeak out.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. That ſorrow doth fill me with gladneſs. O

Morose! thou art happy above mankind! pray, that thou may'st contain thyself. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall chuse for my heifer, to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have her council of tailors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers, and sit with 'em sometimes twice a-day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftener than she, and better, by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect; and how will you be able, Lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold (but necessary) instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, Lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you raise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more; I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine. Cutberd, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not, but with thy leg (——) I know what thou would'st say, she's poor, and her friends deceased; she has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutberd; and in respect of her poverty, Cutberd, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutberd. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutberd. Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room your now mistress. O my felicity! how shall I be reveng'd on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots, to fright me from marrying! this night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his title must do it: no, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's, and the sixteenth

lady's letter, kinſman; and it ſhall do you no good, kinſman. Your knighthood itſelf ſhall come on its knees, and it ſhall be rejected; it ſhall be ſued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it ſhall cheat at the twelvepenny ordinary, it knighthood for its diet all the term-time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hoſteſs; or it knighthood ſhall do worſe, take ſanctuary in Coleharbour, and faſt. It ſhall fright all it friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourſcore hath brought it knighthood ten ſhillings, it knighthood ſhall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridgefoot, and be drunk in fear; it ſhall not have money to diſcharge one tavern reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that ſhould be, to truſt it knighthood. It ſhall be the tenth name in the bond, to take up the commodity of pipkins and ſtone-jugs; and the part thereof ſhall not furniſh it knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It ſhall give it knighthood's name for a ſtallion, to all gameſome citizens wives, and be refus'd, when the maſter of a dancing ſchool, or (how do you call him?) the worſt reveller in the town is taken: it ſhall want cloaths, and by reaſon of that, wit, to fool lawyers. It ſhall not have hope to repair itſelf by Conſtantinople, Ireland, or Virginia; but the beſt and laſt fortune to it knighthood ſhall be, to make Doll Tearſheet; and Kate Common a lady, ſo it knighthood may eat.

SCENE VI.

TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT, CUTBERD.

True. Are you ſure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I ſtaid in the ſhop ever ſince.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

True. What a barbarian it is to ſtay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good ſign, Dauphine.

Dau. How now, Cutberd, ſucceeds it or no?

Cut. Past imagination, Sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well; *fallat fœnix*, as it is i' the proverb, he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'em, and away.

True. 'Slight, get one of the silenc'd ministers; a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. Cum privilegio, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: when it's done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*.

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it!

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, Sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast thither to-day, to celebrate this bridal.

Dau. Ay, marry; but how will't be done?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cler. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

True. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one o' their faces has not the priming-colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleek'd.

Cler. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

True. Best go and see, and assure ourselves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

True. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cler. Nor I.

True. Where ha' you lived, then? Not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No: for God's sake, what is he?

True. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foule, if not tranſcendent; and does Latin it as much as your barber: he is his wife's ſubject, he calls her princeſs, and at ſuch times as theſe follows her up and down the houſe like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence: at this inſtant he is marſhalling of his bull, bear, and horſe.

Dau. What be thoſe, in the name of Sphinx?

True. Why, Sir, he has been a great man at the bear-garden in his time, and from that ſubtle ſport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carouſing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horſe. And then he has his leſſer glaſſes, that he calls his deer, and his ape; and ſeveral degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till theſe be brought out, and ſet o' the cupboard.

Cler. For God's love! we ſhould miſs this, if we ſhould not go.

True. Nay, he has a thouſand things as good, that will ſpeak him all day. He will rail on his wife with certain common places, behind her back; and to her face——

Dau. No more of him; let's go ſee him, I petition you.

ACT III. SCENE I.

OTTER, *Mrs* OTTER, TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

OTTER.

NAY, good Princeſs, hear me *pauca verba*.

Mrs Ott. By that light I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the ſooner. I'll ſend you to kennel, i'faith. You were beſt bait me with your bull, bear, and horſe. Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the houſe but you make it a Shrove Tueſday. I would have you get your Whitſuntide velvet cap, and your ſtaff i' your hand, to entertain 'em; yes in truth, do.

Ott. Not so, Princess, neither; but, under correction, sweet Princess, gi' me leave.—These things I am known to the courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse, is known all over England, *in rerum naturâ*.

Mrs Ott. 'Fore me, I will na-ture 'em over to Paris-Garden, and na-ture you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? Think i' your discretion in any good polity.

Ott. The horse then, good Princess.

Mrs Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well hors'd, I know; I love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse, this *poetarum Pegasus*. Under correction, Princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a——*Taurus*, or bull, under correction, good Princess.

Mrs Ott. By integrity I'll send you over to the Bank-side, I'll commit you to the master of the garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument when I married you, that I would be Princess, and reign in mine own house, and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me should make you thus peremptory? Do I give you half-a-crown a-day to spend where you will among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance I pray you? Who allows you your horse meat and man's meat? your three suits of apparel a-year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis marvel you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with courtiers, or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitson holidays? and then out at the Banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?

(*True.* For God's ſake let's go ſtave her off him.)

Mrs Ott. Anſwer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greaſy buff doublet, with points, and green velvet ſleeves out at the elbows? You forget this.

(*True.* She'll worry him if we help not in time.)

Mrs Ott. O, here are ſome o' the gallants! Go to, behave yourſelf diſtinctly, and with good morality, or I proteſt I'll take away your exhibition.

SCENE II.

TRUEWIT, *Mrs* OTTER, *Capt.* OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, CUTBERD.

True. By your leave, fair Mrs Otter, I'll be bold to enter theſe gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs Ott. I ſhall not be obnoxious or difficil, Sir.

True. How does my noble Captain? is the bull, bear, and horſe *in rerum natura* ſtill?

Ott. Sir, *ſic viſum ſuperis.*

Mrs Ott. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get toaſts and butter made for the woodcocks; that's a fit province for you.

Cler. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

True. O, but the ſport will be anon when we get him looſe.

Dau. Dares he ever ſpeak?

True. No Anabaptiſt ever rail'd with the like licence: but mark her language in the mean time, I beſeech you.

Mrs Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My couſin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

True. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir John Daw here to aſk for him and the company?

Mrs Ott. I cannot aſſure you, Mr Truewit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my ſubject for ſomebody, a gentleman, I think.

Cler. Ay, that was he, Lady.

Mrs Ott. But he departed ſtraight, I can reſolve you.

Dau. What an excellent choice phraſe this Lady expreſſes in!

True. O, Sir, ſhe is the only authentic courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs Ott. You have taken that report upon truſt, Gentlemen.

True. No; I aſſure you the court governs it ſo, Lady, in your behalf.

Mrs Ott. I am the ſervant of the court and courtiers, Sir.

True. They are rather your idolators.

Mrs Ott. Not ſo, Sir.

Dau. How now, Cutberd? Any croſs?

Cut. O no, Sir, *omnia bene.* 'Twas never better o' the hinges, all's ſure. I have ſo pleas'd him with a curate, that he's gone to't almoſt with the delight he hopes for ſoon.

Dau. What is he for a vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, Sir, and can ſcarce be heard ſix inches off, as if he ſpoke out of a bulruſh that were not pick'd, or his throat were full of pitch; a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they ſay) be ready with your vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honeſt Cutberd; be thereabouts with thy key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum.*

True. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll ſend Daw to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs Ott. Is Mr Truewit gone?

Dau. Yes, Lady; there is ſome unfortunate buſineſs fallen out.

Mrs Ott. So I judged by the phyſiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream laſt night too of the new pageant, and my lady mayoreſs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady Haughty t'other day, when her Honour came hither to ſee ſome China ſtuffs, and ſhe expounded it out of Artemidorus, and I have found it ſince very true. It has done me many affronts.

Cler. Your dream, Lady?

Mrs Ott. Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the city. It ſtain'd me a damaſk tablecloth, coſt me eighteen pound,

at one time; and burnt me a black ſattin gown, as I ſtood by the fire, at my Lady Centaure's chamber, in the college, another time. A third time, at the Lord's maſque, it dropp'd all my wire and my ruff with wax-candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it daſh'd me a new ſuit all over (a crimſon ſattin doublet and black velvet ſkirts) with a brewer's horſe, that I was fain to go in and thift me, and kept my chamber a leaſh of days for the anguiſh of it.

Dau. Theſe were dire miſchances, Lady.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city an 'twere ſo fatal to me.

Mrs Ott. Yes, Sir; but I do take advice of my doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Mrs Otter.

Mrs Ott. Will it pleaſe you to enter the houſe farther, Gentlemen?

Dau. And your favour, Lady: but we ſtay to ſpeak with a knight, Sir John Daw, who is here come. We ſhall follow you, Lady.

Mrs Ott. At your own time, Sir. It is my couſin Sir Amorous's feaſt.

Dau. I know it, Lady.

Mrs Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Dau. You are a bounteous kinſwoman.

Mrs Ott. Your ſervant, Sir.

SCENE III.

CLERIMONT, DAW, LA-FOOLE, DAUPHINE, OTTER.

Cler. Why, do you know it, Sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you, then; ſhe's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' head, that ſhe was gone with Sir Dauphine, I aſſure you Sir Dauphine has been the nobleſt, honeſteſt friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boaſt of. He has diſcover'd the whole plot, and made your miſtreſs ſo acknowledging, and

indeed ſo aſhamed of her injury to you, that ſhe deſires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your preſence to-day——She is to be married to a very good fortune, ſhe ſays, his uncle old Moroſe; and ſhe will'd me in private to tell you, that ſhe ſhall be able to do you more favours, and with more ſecurity now than before.

Daw. Did ſhe ſay ſo, i'faith?

Cler. Why, what do you think of me, Sir John! aſk Sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir Dauphine, did ſhe deſire me to forgive her?

Dau. I aſſure you, Sir John, ſhe did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes, for look you, Sir, this was the injury to you, La-Foole intended this feaſt to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promiſe to bring her; and then, at the time, ſhe would have appear'd (as his friend) to have given you the Dor. Whereas now, Sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of ſatisfaction, that you ſhall bring all the ladies to the place where ſhe is, and be very jovial; and there ſhe will have a dinner, which ſhall be in your name; and ſo diſappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and, as it were, a ſaver i' the main.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then preſently. Truewit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with ſo much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your antagoniſt, but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the ladies come, Sir John Daw, and your miſtreſs? Sir Dauphine! You are exceeding welcome, and honeſt Mr Clerimont. Where's my couſin? Did you ſee no collegiates, Gentlemen.

Dau. Collegiates! Do you not hear, Sir Amorous, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How, Sir!

Cler. Will you ſpeak ſo kindly to Sir John Daw, that has done you ſuch an affront?

La-F. Wherein, Gentlemen? Let me be a ſuitor to you to know, I beſeech you!

Cler. Why, Sir, his miſtreſs is married to-day, to Sir Dauphine's uncle, your couſin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to fruſtrate your proviſion, and ſtick a diſgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have enticed us away from you too; but we told him his own I think.

La-F. Has Sir John Daw wrong'd me ſo inhumanly?

Dau. He has done it, Sir Amorous, moſt maliciouſly and treacherouſly: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you ſhall quit him i'faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

Dau. Marry, Sir, get me your pheaſants, and your godwits, and your beſt meat, and diſh it in ſilver diſhes of your couſin's preſently, and ſay nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a ſewer; and bareheaded, march afore it with a good confidence ('tis but over the way, hard by) and we'll ſecond you, where you ſhall ſet it o' the board, and bid 'em welcome to't, which ſhall ſhow 'tis yours, and diſgrace his preparation utterly: and for your couſin, whereas ſhe would be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, ſhe ſhall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal gueſt herſelf, ſit rank'd with the college honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the beſt of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her preſently. It ſhall be done, that's reſolv'd.

Cler. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be gueſts, and meat now, how ſhall we do for muſic?

Cler. The ſmell of the veniſon, going thro' the ſtreet, will invite one noiſe of fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the trumpeters thither.

Cler. Faith there is hope, they have intelligence of all

feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he have 'em.

Dau. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. Ay, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both, as Truewit says, and you may take their understandings in a purfener. They'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make 'em, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Cler. See! Sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

LA-FOOLE *enters like a sewer.*

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgrac'd,

Dau. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pest'ling device, Sir Amorous! It will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means——.

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate*: and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you——

Cler. And yourself too, Captain Otter.

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes, Sir, I do mean it; but I would entreat my cousin Sir Amorous, and you, Gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cler. That you shall do, Captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She must consent, Sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no *decorum* among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cler. Ay, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphae, who was a queen, love a bull? And was not Calista,

the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a bear, and made a ſtar, Mrs Urſula, i' the heavens?

Ost. O God! that I could ha' ſaid as much! I will have theſe ſtories painted i' the bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphoſi.*

Dau. Where is your Princeſs, Captain? Pray be our leader.

Ost. That I ſhall, Sir.

Cler. Make haſte, good Sir Amorous.

SCENE IV.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, PARSON, CUTBERD.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourſelf, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muſe not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we ſhould thank Fortune, double to Nature, for any benefit ſhe confers upon us; beſides, it is your imperfection, but my ſolace.

[*The Parſon ſpeaks as having a cold.*

Par. I thank your Worſhip; ſo it is mine, now.

Mor. What ſays he, Cutberd?

Cut. He ſays, *præſto*, Sir, whenſoever your Worſhip needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with ſitting up late, and ſinging catches with cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worſhip, and give you much joy with your fair ſpouſe. (Umph, umph.) [*He coughs.*

Mor. O, O, ſtay Cutberd! Let him give me five ſhillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, ſo it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What ſays he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It muſt be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What ſays he?

Cut. He will cough out the reſt, Sir.

Par. (Umph, umph, umph.) [*Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him, ſtop his mouth, away, I forgive it——

Epi. Fy, Mr Moroſe, that you will uſe this violence to a man of the church!

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, (as you pretend in court) to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more boist'rous creature, much leſs on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can ſpeak, then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, Sir: why, did you think you had married a ſtatue, or a motion only? One of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? Or ſome innocent out of the hoſpital, that would ſtand with her hands thus, and a plaiſemouth, and look upon you?

Mor. O immodeſty! A manifeſt woman! What, Cutberd.

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutberd, Sir; it is too late now; I confeſs it doth 'bate ſomewhat of the modeſty I had, when I writ ſimply maid, but I hope I ſhall make it a ſtock ſtill competent to the eſtate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, ſirrah. None of my knaves, there? Where is this impoſtor, Cutberd?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, ſpeak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbneſs in my houſe, in a family where I govern.

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Pentheſilea, a Semiramis, ſold my liberty to a diſtaff.

SCENE V.

TRUEWIT, MOROSE, EPICOENE.

True. Where's Mr Moroſe?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wiſh you all joy, Mrs Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Mr Truewit, ſo friendly a wiſh deſerves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

True. God ſave you, Sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here. Before I was the bird of,

night to you, the owl; but now I am the meſſenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wiſhes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, Sir?

True. Your marriage hour, Sir. I commend your reſolution, that (notwithſtanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow) would yet go on, and be yourſelf. It ſhews you are a man conſtant to your own ends, and upright to your purpoſes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.

Mor. How ſhould you arrive at the knowledge of ſo much?

True. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing the ſecrecy of it to a barber, that leſs than the whole town ſhould know it? You might as well ha' told it the conduit, or the bake-houſe, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more ſecurity. Could your gravity, ſo old and noted a remnant, as *lippis et tonſoribus notum*? Well, Sir, forgive it yourſelf now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four faſhionable ladies from the college to viſit you preſently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters, my mouths now? Bar up my doors, you varlets.

Epi. He is a varlet that ſtirs to ſuch an office. Let 'em ſtand open. I would ſee him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made againſt my friends, to be barr'd of any pleaſure they can bring in to me with honourable viſitation?

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

True. Nay, faith, in this, Sir, ſhe ſpeaks but reaſon; and methinks is more continent than you. Would you go to bed ſo preſently, Sir, 'fore noon? A man of your head and hair ſhould owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage bed like a town bull, or a mountain goat, but ſtay the due ſeaſon, and aſcend it then with religion and fear. Thoſe delights are to be ſteep'd in the humour and ſilence of the night, and give the day to other open pleaſures and jollities of

feasting, of musick, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, Sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

True. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, Sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness, what comfort or hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come——

Mor. Of my affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True. I have done, Sir!

Mor. That cursed barber!

True. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, Sir!

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men. Some plague, above the plague——

True. All Egypt's ten plagues!

Mor. Revenge me on him.

True. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, Sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man.

True. Aye; and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perpetual frost underneath it, Sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, Sir.

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissars rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! (And may he lose the invention, Sir, of carving lanthorns in paper.)

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his; but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or for want of bread——

True. Eat ear-wax, Sir; I'll help you. Or draw his own teeth, and add them to the luteſtring.

Mor. No; beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes; make, make meal o' th' millſtones.

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

True. And he now forget the cure of 'em in himſelf, Sir; or if he do remember it, let him ha' ſcrap'd all his linen into a lint for't, and have not a rag left him to ſet up with.

Mor. Let him never ſet up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

True. O, that laſt was too high ſet! You might go leſs with him, i'faith, and be reveng'd enough; as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot myſelf.

True. Or want credit to take up with a comb-maker.——

Mor. No more, Sir.

True. Or having broken his glaſs in a former deſpair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another—

Mor. I beſeech you, no more.

True. Or that he never be truſted with trimming of any but chimney-ſweepers——

Mor. Sir——

True. Or may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more, I beſeech you, Sir.

SCENE VI.

DAW, MOROSE, TRUEWIT, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, TRUSTY.

Daw. This way, Madam.

Mor. O, the ſea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I ſhall be overwhelm'd with noiſe. It beats already at my ſhores. I feel an earthquake in myſelf for't.

Daw. Give you joy, Miſtreſs.

Mor. Has ſhe ſervants too!

Daw. I have brought ſome ladies here to ſee and know you. My Lady Haughty, this my Lady Centaure, Mrs Dol Mavis, Mrs Truſty, my Lady Haughty's woman. Where's your huſband? Let's ſee him: can he endure no noiſe? Let me come to him.

[*She kiſſes them ſeverally as he preſents them.*

Mor. What *nomenclator* is this?

True. Sir John Daw, Sir, your wife's ſervant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her ſervant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' ſhe have ſuch ſervants!

True. Nay, Sir, you muſt kiſs the ladies, you muſt not go away, now; they come toward you to ſeek you out.

Hau. I'faith, Mr Moroſe, would you ſteal a marriage thus, in the midſt of ſo many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiſs you, notwithſtanding the juſtice of my quarrel: you ſhall give me leave, Miſtreſs, to uſe a becoming familiarity with your huſband.

Epi. Your Ladyſhip does me an honour in it, to let me know he is ſo worthy your favour; as you have done both him and me grace, to viſit ſo unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I muſt lay the burden of that upon my ſervant here.

Hau. It ſhall not need, Mrs Moroſe; we will all bear, rather than one ſhall be oppreſs'd.

Mor. I know it; and you will teach her the faculty, if ſhe be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the ſilent woman?

Cen. Nay, ſhe has found her tongue ſince ſhe was married, Mr Truewit ſays.

Hau. O, Mr Truewit! ſave you. What kind of creature is your bride here? She ſpeaks methinks!

True. Yes, Madam, believe it, ſhe is a gentlewoman of very abſolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us, ſhe could not ſpeak.

True. So it was carried in plot, Madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dauphine his nephew, and one or two more of us; but ſhe is a woman of an excellent aſſurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and

tongue. You ſhall ſee her make rare ſport with Daw ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

True. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himſelf the maſter-wit, is the maſter-fool. I aſſure your Ladyſhip ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college: an' ſhe have wit, ſhe ſhall be one of us! Shall ſhe not, Centaure? We'll make her à collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, Madam; and Mavis and ſhe will ſet up aſide.

True. Believe it, Madam, and, Mrs Mavis, ſhe will ſuſtain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Uſe her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Bleſſed minute! That they would whiſper thus ever!

True. In the mean time, Madam, wou'd but your Ladyſhip help to vex him a little: you know his diſeaſe; talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or——

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me. Mr Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculouſly good to laſt!

Hau. We ſee no enſigns of a wedding here; no character of a bridal: where be our ſcarfs and our gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your bride's colours, and yours at leaſt.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your Ladyſhip's painter I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i'faith. But do you hear, Mr Moroſe, a jeſt will not abſolve you in this manner. You that have ſuck'd the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very ſtrong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the nightcap, (as we may ſay) and you to offend in ſuch a high point of ceremony as this! and let your nuptials want all marks of ſolemnity! How much plate have you loſt to-day, (if you had but re-

garded your profit), what gifts, what friends, through your mere ruſticity?

Mor. Madam——

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I muſt inſinuate your errors to you. No gloves? no garters? no ſcarfs? no epithalamium? no maſque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promiſe, my Miſtreſs, I have begun it already: will your Ladyſhip hear it?

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip command a chamber, and be private with your friend? You ſhall have your choice of rooms to retire after; my whole houſe is yours. I know it hath been your Ladyſhip's errand into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I ſhall be loath to break any honourable cuſtom of your Ladyſhip; and therefore, good Madam——

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this faſhion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

True. By that light, you deſerve to be graſted, and have your horns reach from one ſide of the iſland to the other. Do not miſtake me, Sir, I but ſpeak this to give the ladies ſome heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, Ladies?

True. As God ſhall help me, if you utter ſuch another word, I'll take Mrs Bride in, and begin to you in a very ſap cup, do you ſee! Go to, know your friends, and ſuch as love you.

SCENE VII.

CLERIMONT, MOROSE, TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE, LA-FOOLE, OTTER, *Mrs* OTTER, *&c.*

Cler. By your leave, Ladies. Do you want any muſic? I have brought you variety of noiſes. Play, Sirs, all of you. [*Muſic of ſorts.*

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot upon me! This day I ſhall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me aſunder. 'Tis worſe than the noiſe of a ſaw.

Cler. No, they are hair, roſin, and guts. I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys.

Cler. Play, I ſay.

True. Peace, raſcals. You ſee who's your friend now, Sir! Take courage, put on a martyr's reſolution: mock down all their attemptings with patience; 'tis but a day, and I would ſuffer heroically. Should an aſs exceed me in fortitude? No: you betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them inſult: bear up bravely and conſtantly. Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew: a wedding dinner come, and a knight-ſewer before it, for the more reputation; and fine Mrs Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

[La-Foole *paſſes over ſewing the meat.*

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Meduſa come? Hide me, hide me!

True. I warrant you, Sir, ſhe will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage: pray you, entertain her, and conduct your gueſts in. No, Mrs Bride, will you intreat in the ladies? Your bridegroom is ſo ſhamefac'd here——

Epi. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip, Madam?

Haw. With the benefit of your company, Miſtreſs.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Miſtreſs.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, abſolutely well.

Mrs Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You ſhall pardon me, Mrs Otter.

Mrs Ott. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs Ott. But I am.

Mav. We'll diſpute that within.

Cler. Would this had laſted a little longer.

True. And that they had ſent for the heralds. Captain Otter, what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horſe, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum-gentlemen. [*The drum and trumpets ſound.*

Mor. Oh, oh, oh!

Oft. And we will have a rouſe in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i'faith.

Mor. Oh, oh, oh!

All. Follow, follow, follow!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

TRUEWIT.

WAS there ever poor bridegroom ſo tormented? or man indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

True. Sure he cannot but go to place of reſt, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may preſume it, I think.

True. The ſpitting, the coughing, the laughter, the neeſing, the farting, dancing, noiſe of the muſic, and her maſculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a *fury*.

Cler. And ſhe carries it up bravely.

True. Ay, ſhe takes any occaſion to ſpeak; that's the height on't.

Cler. And how ſoberly Dauphine labours to ſatisfy him that it was none of his plot!

True. And has almoſt brought him to the faith, i' th' article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I ſhall go away i' the jeſt elſe. He has got on his whole neſt of nightcaps, and lock'd himſelf up i' the top o' the houſe, as high as ever he can climb from the noiſe. I peep'd in at a cranny, and ſaw him ſitting over a croſs beam o' the roof, like him o' the ſadler's horſe in Fleet-ſtreet, upright: and he will ſleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Dau. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

True. O, they are instructing her i' the college grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the Lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her i' the morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

True. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made i' their features, with dressings. And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting; and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is so rude and——

True. Ay, and others, that will stalk i' their gate like an ostrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure i' the feet, and number i' the voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Dau. How can'st thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a proficient.

True. Yes, but you must leave to live i' your chamber then a month together upon Amadis de Gaule, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows, and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tires too, to see and to be seen. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling as he lyes on his back droning a tobaccopipe. He must go where she is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the nearer.

True. Out, heretic. That difference makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Dau. Why?

True. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish 'em, and he shall: for tho' they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Offend, you saw, was taken at last. You must persevere, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid; howsoever, they with in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd. With praises you must mix kisses too: if they take them, they'll take more: tho' they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

True. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, tho' then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' th' face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken always.

True. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them i' their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many, that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, tho' you borrow 'em of a friend, or buy 'em, to have good: if valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, tho' you be staunch in fighting: if activity, be seen o' your Barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back: if she love good cloaths or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, *&c.* Let your powder, your

glaſs, and your comb be your deareſt acquaintance; take more care for the ornament of your head, than the ſafety; and wiſh the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you: that will take her. Then if ſhe be covetous and craving, do you promiſe any thing, and perform ſparingly; ſo ſhall you keep her in appetite ſtill: ſeem as you would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice to fooliſh and hoping gameſters: let your gifts be ſlight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above coſt: give cherries at time of year, or apricots: and ſay, they were ſent you out of the country, tho' you bought 'em in Cheapſide: admire her tires; like her in all faſhions; compare her in every habit to ſome deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if ſhe be a great one, perform always the ſecond parts to her; like what ſhe likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and fall not to make the houſehold and ſervants yours, yea, the whole family, and ſalute 'em by their names, ('tis but light coſt, if you can purchaſe 'em ſo), and make her phyſician your penſioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, ſo ſhe follow, not uſher her lady's pleaſures: all blabbing is taken away, when ſhe comes to be a part of the crime.

Dau. On what courtly lap haſt thou late ſlept, to come forth ſo ſudden and abſolute a courtling?

True. Good faith, I ſhould rather queſtion you, that are ſo harkening after theſe myſteries. I begin to ſuſpect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earneſt?

Dau. Yes, by my troth am I: 'twere ill diſſembling before thee.

True. With which of 'em, I pr'ythee?

Dau. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the ſtable, an' you be ſuch a ſtallion.

True. No; I like him well. Men ſhould love wiſely, and all the women: ſome one for the face, and let her pleaſe the eye; another for the ſkin, and let her pleaſe the touch; a third for the voice, and let her pleaſe the ear; and where the objects mix, let the ſenſes ſo too.

Thou would'ſt think it ſtrange, if I ſhould make 'em all in love with thee afore night!

Daw. I would ſay, thou hadſt the beſt Philtre i' the world, and couldſt do more than Madam Medea, or Doctor Foreman.

True. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

Daw. So be it, I ſay.

SCENE II.

OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAW, DAUPHINE, MOROSE, TRUEWIT, LA-FOOLE, *Mrs* OTTER.

Ott. O Lord, Gentlemen, how my knights and I have miſs'd you here!

Cler. Why, Captain, what ſervice? what ſervice?

Ott. To ſee me bring up my bull, bear, and horſe to fight.

Daw. Yes, faith, the Captain ſays we ſhall be his dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good employment.

True. Come on, let's ſee your courſe then.

La-F. I am afraid my couſin will be offended if ſhe come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to give 'em the ſign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myſelf, and my bear for Sir John Daw, and my horſe for Sir Amorous. Now ſet your foot to mine, yours to his, and——

La-F. Pray God my couſin come not.

Ott. St George and St Andrew! fear no couſins. Come, ſound, ſound. *Et ranco ſtrepuerunt cornua cantu.*

True. Well ſaid, Captain, i'faith; well fought at the bull.

Cler. Well held at the bear.

True. Low, low, Captain.

Dau. O, the horſe has kick'd off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True. Gods ſo, off with his ſpurs ſomebody.

La-F. It goes againſt my conſcience. My Couſin will be angry with it,

Daw. I ha' done mine.

True. You fought high and fair, Sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daw. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the buſineſs, I hope.

Daw. Not a word, Sir, you ſee we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you muſt not equivocate. It muſt be pull'd down, for all my Couſin.

Cler. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are diſcontented with ſomething; you'll betray all, if you take the leaſt notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk them.

Ott. You muſt pull the horſe on his knees, Sir Amorous; fear no couſins. *Facta eſt alea.*

True. O, now he's in his veim, and bold. The leaſt hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail deſperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her.

True. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dau. Captain he-Otter, your ſhe-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz, Titivilitium. There's no ſuch thing in nature. I confeſs, Gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundreſs, a houſe-drudge, that ſerves my neceſſary turns, and goes under that title: but he's an aſs that will be ſo uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, repleniſh again; another bout. Wives are naſty ſluttiſh animals.

Dau. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Where's Mr Truewit.

Daw. He's ſlipp'd aſide, Sir.

Cler. But you ſhall drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you ſhall ha' the bear, Couſin, and Sir John Daw the horſe, and I'll ha' the bull ſtill. Sound, Tritons o' the Thames. *Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero.*——

Mor. Villains, murderers, ſons of the earth, and traitors, what do you do there?

[Moroſe *ſpeaks from above, the trumpets ſounding.*

Cler. O, now the trumpets have wak'd him, we ſhall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a ſcurvy Clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foreſaid bear-whelp, without any good faſhion or breeding; *mala beſtia.*

[*His wife is brought out to hear him.*

Dau. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A pox——I married with ſix thouſand pound, I. I was in love with that. I ha' not kiſs'd my fury theſe forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, Captain.

True. Nay, Mrs Otter, hear him a little firſt.

Ott. She hath a breath worſe than my grandmother's *profecto.*

Mrs Ott. O treacherous liar! Kiſs me, ſweet Mr Truewit, and prove him a ſlandering knave.

True. I'll rather believe you, Lady.

Ott. And ſhe has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in ſhoe-threeds.

Mrs Ott. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. A moſt vile face! and yet ſhe ſpends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs bones. All her teeth were made i' the Black-friers, both her eye-brows i' the Strand, and her hair in Silver-ſtreet. Every part o' the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs Ott. I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herſelf aſunder ſtill when ſhe goes to bed into ſome twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock, and ſo comes forth and rings a tedious larum to the whole houſe, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters. Ha' you done me right, Gentlemen?

Mrs Ott. No, Sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters. [*She falls upon him, and beats him.*

Ott. Oh, hold, good Princeſs.

True. Sound, ſound.

Cler. A battle, a battle.

Mrs Ott. You notorious ſtinkardly Bear-ward, does my breath ſmell?

Ott. Under correction, dear Princeſs. Look to my bear and my horſe, Gentlemen.

Mrs Ott. Do I want teeth and eyebrows, thou Bull-dog?

True. Sound, ſound ſtill.

Ott. No, I proteſt, under correction——

Mrs Ott. Ay, now you are under correction, you proteſt; but you did not proteſt before correction, Sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy Princeſs! I'll make thee an example——

MOROSE *deſcends with a long ſword.*

Mor. I will have no ſuch examples in my houſe, Lady Otter.

Mrs Ott. Ah——

Mor. Mrs Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous. Rogues, hellhounds, ſtentors, out of my doors, you ſons of noiſe and tumult; begot on an ill Mayday, or when the galley-foiſt is afloat at Weſtminſter! A trumpeter could not be conceived but then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows aſunder with their brazen throats.

True. Beſt follow him, Dauphine.

Dau. So I will.

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacify my Princeſs, and ſpeak to the great ladies for me. Now muſt I go ly with the bears this fortnight, and keep out of the way till my peace be made for this ſcandal ſhe has taken. Did you not ſee my bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cler. Is't not on, Captain?

True. No; but he may make a new one by that is on.

Ott. Oh, here it is. An you come over, Gentlemen, and aſk for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliffe, and have a courſe, i'faith, for all theſe diſaſters. There is *bona ſpes* left. [*Exit.*

True. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

True. You had never been, unleſs we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at laſt as it was ridiculous at firſt.

SCENE III.

HAUGHTY, *Mrs* OTTER, MAVIS, DAW, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, EPICOENE, TRUEWIT, CLERMONT.

Hau. We wonder'd why you ſhriek'd ſo, Mrs Otter.

Mrs Ott. O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and looked ſo dreadfully——Sure he's beſide himſelf.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs Otter?

Mrs Ott. Alas, Mrs Mavis, I was chaſtiſing my ſubject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, Miſtreſs, you muſt do ſo too. Learn to chaſtiſe. Mrs Otter corrects her huſband ſo he dares not ſpeak but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her. 'Twould do you good to ſee.

Hau. In ſadneſs, 'tis good and mature counſel: practiſe it, Moroſe. I'll call you Moroſe ſtill now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at firſt, you ſhall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach and four horſes, your woman, your chambermaid, your page, your gentleman-uſher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the China houſes, and to the Exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortalized herſelf, with taming of her wild male.

Mav. Ay, ſhe has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Epi. But, Ladies, do you count it lawful to have ſuch plurality of ſervants, and do 'em all graces?

Hau. Why not? Why ſhould women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer or the worſe?

Daw. Is the Thames the leſs for the dyers' waters, miſtreſs?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?

Tru. Well ſaid, La-Foole; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty loſſes women fear in this kind.

Hau. Beſides, Ladies ſhould be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due uſe. The beſt of our days paſs firſt.

Mav. We are rivers that cannot be call'd back, Madam: ſhe that now excludes her lovers may live to ly a forſaken Beldam in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis; and who will wait on us to coach then? or write or tell us the news then? make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the cockpit, and kiſs our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my miſtreſs is not altogether unintelligent of theſe things; here be in preſence have taſted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobbyhorſe is this!

Epi. Be not with intent to boaſt 'em again, Servant. And have you thoſe excellent receipts, Madam, to keep yourſelves from bearing of children?

Hau. O yes, Moroſe. How ſhould we maintain our youth and beauty elſe? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

SCENE IV.

MOROSE, DAUPHINE, TRUEWIT, EPICOENE, CLERIMONT, DAW, HAUGHTY, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *Mrs* OTTER, TRUSTY.

Mor. O my curſed angel that inſtructed me to this fate!

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I ſhould be ſeduc'd by ſo fooliſh a devil as a barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your counſel; you ſhould never have truſted it to ſuch a miniſter.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loſs of an eye (nephew) a hand, or any other member.

Dau. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould geld yourſelf to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and that I did ſuper-erogatory pennance in a belfry at Weſtminſter-hall i' the cockpit, at the fall of a ſtag, the Tower-wharf, (what place is there elſe?) London-bridge, Paris-Garden, Billinſgate, when the noiſes are at their height, and loudeſt. Nay, I would ſit out a play that were nothing but fights at ſea, drum, trumpet, and target.

Dau. I hope there ſhall be no ſuch need, Sir. Take patience, good Uncle: this is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. Oh, 'twill be ſo for ever, Nephew; I foreſee it for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

True. I told you ſo, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub thoſe wounds, Mr Truewit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction; I have perceiv'd the effect of it too late in Madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unneceſſary queſtion? As if ſhe did not ſee! Why, I do as you ſee, Empreſs, Empreſs.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has diſtempered you.

Mor. O horrible, monſtrous impertinencies! Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd, do you think, Sir? would not one of theſe have ſerv'd?

True. Yes, Sir; but theſe are but notes of female kindneſs, Sir; certain tokens that ſhe has a voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't ſo? Come, an't be no otherwiſe—— What ſay you?

Epi. How do you feel yourſelf, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

True. Nay, look you, Sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconſcionable terms; her ſilence——

Epi. They ſay you are run mad, Sir.

Mor. Not for love, I aſſure you, of you, do you ſee.

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! lay hold on him for God's

ſake. What ſhall I do? Who's his phyſician (can you tell) that knows the ſtate of his body beſt, that I might ſend for him? Good Sir, ſpeak, I'll ſend for one of my doctors elſe.

Mor. What, to poiſon me, that I might die inteſtate, and leave you poſſeſs'd of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes ſparkle! He looks green about the temples! Do you ſee what blue ſpots he has?

Cler. Ay, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen! for Heaven's ſake, counſel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelſus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ay me! what fortune had I to marry a diſtracted man!

Daw. I'll tell you, Miſtreſs——

True. How rarely ſhe holds it up!

Mor. What mean you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The diſeaſe in Greek is called *μανία*, in Latin *inſania*, *furor*, *vel ecſtaſis melancholica*, that is *agreſſio*, when a man *ex melancholia evadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, Miſtreſs; and *phreneticus* is only *delirium*, or ſo.

Epi. Ay, that is for the diſeaſe, Servant; but what is this to the cure? We are ſure enough of the diſeaſe.

Mor. Let me go.

True. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no; labour not to ſtop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will guſh out with more force when ſhe opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, Moroſe, you muſt talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philoſophy.

La.-F. Ay, and there's an excellent book of moral philoſophy, Madam, of Reynard the fox, and all the beaſts, call'd Done's philoſophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O miſery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady Centaure, all over to my Couſin here.

Mrs Ott. Ay, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he muſt have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this diſeaſe.

Cen. Why, you diſcommend them too, to-day, Sir John.

Daw. Ay, in ſome caſes; but in theſe they are beſt, and Ariſtotle's Ethics.

Hau. Say you ſo, Sir John? I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon truſt.

Mav. Where's Truſty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I pr'ythee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think ſo. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exerciſe, I know, a marriage ceremony, which I muſt endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *Sick man's ſalve*, and the other with *Green's groat's-worth of wit.*

True. A very cheap cure, Madam.

Hau Ay, it is very feaſible.

Mrs Ott. My Lady call'd for you, Mrs Truſty: you muſt decide a controverſy.

Hau. O, Truſty, which was it you ſaid, your father, or your mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick Man's Salve?*

Truſty. My mother, Madam, with the *Salve.*

True. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve.*

Truſty. And my father with the *Groat's-worth of wit.* But there was other means us'd: we had a preacher that would preach folk aſleep ſtill; and ſo they were preſcrib'd to go to church, by an old woman that was their phyſician, thrice a-week ——

Epi. To ſleep?

Truſty. Yes, forſooth: and every night they read themſelves aſleep on thoſe books.

Epi. Good faith, it ſtands with great reaſon. I would I knew where to procure thoſe books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Mistress Morose, the *Groat's-worth of wit.*

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, Sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a week, or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, Sir; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little Laudanum, or Opium?

Trust. Why, Sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you know that, Sir, never ceases all night?

True. And snores like a Porcpisce.

Mor. O, redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate. For how many causes may a man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in that, Sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

Cler. Alas, poor man!

True. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour or so.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce.

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugene.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight—

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, Madam—

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me i' th' nick t'other night at *primero.*

True. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. Ay, Otter's wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Han. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go ly and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

True. 'Slight, I will have him as silent as signs, and their posts too, ere I ha' done. Do you hear, Lady Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly; magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst; (I have some purpose in't); and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It anger'd me to the soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malapert.

True. Pray thee perform it, and thou wins't me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

True. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'em out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of 'em presently.

Cler. What a cast of castrils are these, to hawk after ladies thus?

True. Ay, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

SCENE V.

CLERIMONT, TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE, DAW, LA FOOLE.

Cler. O Sir, you are welcome.

True. Where's thine uncle?

Dau. Run out o' doors in's night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

True. Thou wouldst ha' said so, an' thou hadst been here! the ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And ask'd, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

True. And the brace of baboons answer'd, Yes, and

ſaid, thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didſt live upon poſts, and hadſt nothing but three ſuits of apparel, and ſome few benevolences that the lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and ſwagger.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to grand madam's bedpoſts, and have 'em baited with monkies.

True. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve; truſt my plot.

Dau. Ay, you have many plots! So you had one, to make all the wenches in love with me.

True. Why, if I do not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witneſs; thou ſhalt have it, Dauphine: thou ſhalt be his fool for ever, if thou doſt not.

True. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better eſtate. Do you obſerve this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of ſtudies, at each end one: here will I act ſuch a tragicomedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Daw and La-Foole——which of 'em comes out firſt, will I ſeize on: (you two ſhall be the Chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts, and ſpeak.) If I do not make 'em keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have fail'd once——I hear Daw coming: hide, and do not laugh, for God's ſake.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

True. O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I muſt have this matter go no further between you: I muſt ha' it taken up.

Daw. What matter, Sir? Between whom?

True. Come, you diſguiſe it, Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you ſhall make uſe of your philoſophy now, for this once, and deliver me your ſword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a ſhe-one here. The bride has entreated me I will ſee no bloodſhed at her bridal; you ſaw her whiſper me erewhile.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

True. Do you not wait for Sir Amorous?

Daw. Not I, by my knighthood.

True. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

True. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walk'd here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

True. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, Sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back, with such threatenings and contempts—He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass——

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

True. And swears you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, Sir—but fighting.

True. Ay, Sir: but who knows what satisfaction he'll take: blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, but himself?

Daw. I pray you, Mr Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, Sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*He puts him up.*] Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Godso, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he does not hear you sigh. In good faith, Sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are arm'd as if you fought a revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler

ſo high, but he would ſpeak to his friends, he would hear reaſon. Jack Daw, Jack! aſleep?

Daw. Is he gone, Mr Truewit?

True. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

True. What a quick ear fear has?

Daw. But is he ſo arm'd, as you ſay?

True. Arm'd! Did you ever ſee a fellow ſet out to take poſſeſſion?

Daw. Ay, Sir.

True. That may give you ſome light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some falſe brother i' the houſe has furniſh'd him ſtrangely; or, if it were out o' the houſe, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinſwoman.

True. He has got ſomebody's old two-hand ſword, to mow you off at the knees: and that ſword has ſpawn'd ſuch a dagger!——But then he is ſo hung with pikes, halberds, peitrinols, callivers, and muſkets, that he looks like a juſtice of peace's hall: a man of two thouſand a year is not ſeiſ'd at ſo many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challeng'd at ſo many ſeveral foils. You would think he meant to murder all St Pulchre's pariſh. If he could but victual himſelf half a year in his breeches, he is ſufficiently arm'd to overrun a country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you, Mr Truewit, be you a mediator?

True. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a leg or an arm; if not, you muſt die once.

Daw. I would be loth to loſe my right arm, for writing madrigals.

True. Why, if he will be ſatisfied with a thumb, or a little finger, all's one to me. You muſt think, I'll do my beſt.

Daw. Good Sir, do.

[*He puts him up again, and then comes forth.*

Cler. What haſt thou done?

True. He will let me do nothing, man; he does afore me; he offers his left arm.

Cler. His left wing, for a Jack Daw.

Dau. Take it, by all means.

True. How! maim a man for ever for a jeſt? What a conſcience haſt thou?

Dau. 'Tis no loſs to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat ſpoonmeat. Beſide, as good maim his body, as his reputation.

True. He is a ſcholar, and a wit, and yet he does not think ſo. But he loſes no reputation with us; for we all reſolv'd him an aſs before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

True. Look, you'll ſpoil all; theſe be ever your tricks.

Cler. No; but I could hit of ſome things that thou wilt miſs, and thou wilt ſay are good ones.

True. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off elſe.

Dau. Come away, Clerimont.

True. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Mr Truewit.

True. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court, to make water.

True. By no means, Sir; you ſhall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

True. Enter here, if you love your life.

La-F. Why! why!

True. Queſtion till your throat be cut, do; dally till the enraged ſoul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

True. Daw, it is: will you in?

La-F. Ay, ay, I'll in: what's the matter?

True. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been ſome hope to atone you; but he ſeems ſo implacably enrag'd——

La-F. 'Slight! let him rage: I'll hide myſelf.

True. Do, good Sir. But what have you done to him within, that ſhould provoke him thus? You have broke ſome jeſt upon him afore the ladies——

La-F. Not I, I never in my life broke jeſt upon any man. The bride was praiſing Sir Dauphine, and he went away in ſnuff, and followed him, unleſs he took

offence at me in his drink e're-while, that I would not pledge all the horſe-full.

True. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down, thro' every room o' th' houſe, with a towel in his hand, crying, Where's La-Foole? who ſaw La-Foole? And when Dauphine and I demanded the cauſe, we can force no anſwer from him, but, O Revenge, how ſweet art thou! I will ſtrangle him in this towel: which leads us to conjecture, that the main cauſe of his fury is, for bringing your meat to-day, with a towel about you, to his diſcredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and be angry for that, I'll ſtay here till his anger be blown over.

True. A good becoming reſolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the ſudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country preſently.

True. How will you go out o' th' houſe, Sir? He knows you are i' th' houſe, and he'll watch you this ſe'ennight, but he'll have you: he'll out-wait a ſerjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll ſtay here.

True. You muſt think how to victual yourſelf in time then.

La-F. Why, ſweet Mr Truewit, will you entreat my couſin Otter to ſend me a cold veniſon paſty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamberpot.

True. A ſtool were better, Sir, of Ajax's invention.

La-F. Ay, that will be better indeed; and a pallat to ly on.

True. O, I would not adviſe you to ſleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why then, I will not.

True. Yet there's another fear——

La-F. Is there, Sir? what is't?

True. No; he cannot break open this door with his foot ſure.

La-F. I'll ſet my back againſt it, Sir. I have a good back.

True. But then if he ſhould batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an action of battery againſt him.

True. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows; perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. [*He feigns as if one were present, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himself.*] I protest, Sir John Daw, he is not this way. What will you do? before God, you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied. Sir Amorous, there's no standing out; he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door: think upon some satisfaction, or terms, to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

True. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. Ay, Sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

True. How now, what think you, Sirs? [*He calls forth* Cler. *and* Dau.] Were't not a difficult thing to determine, which of these two fear'd most?

Cler. Yes, but this fears the bravest: the other, a whimpering dastard, Jack Daw! but La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look, and a stout accent. I like him rarely.

True. Had it not been pity these two should ha' been conceal'd?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

True. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

True. Umph? Ay, by my troth.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think 'em wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

True. Well, I will have 'em fetch'd, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do, Clermont, fetch 'em, and discourse to 'em all that's pass'd, and bring 'em into the gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extreme vanity now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not publish'd.

True. Thou ſhalt ſee how unjuſt thou art preſently. Clerimont, ſay it was Dauphine's plot. Truſt me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a carpet i' the next room, put it on, with this ſcarf over thy face, and a cuſhion o' thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away.——John Jaw!

Daw. What good news, Sir?

True. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a ſcholar, and that you knew Fortitude did conſiſt *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth ſo indeed, Sir.

True. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: ſo at firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

True. Your upper lip, and ſix o' your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas reaſonable.

True. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not ſpare 'em all: ſo after long argument *pro et con*, (as you know), I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you ſo? Why, he ſhall have 'em.

True. But he ſhall not, Sir, by your leave. The concluſion is this, Sir: becauſe you ſhall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remember'd or upbraided; beſides, that he may not boaſt he has done any ſuch thing to you in his own perſon, he is to come here in diſguiſe, give you five kicks in private, Sir, take your ſword from you, and lock you up in that ſtudy during pleaſure: which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd preſently.

Daw. Five kicks? He ſhall ha' ſix, Sir, to be friends.

True. Believe me, you ſhall not overſhoot yourſelf, to ſend him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he ſhall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

True. Friends! Nay, an' he ſhould not be ſo, and heartily too, upon theſe terms, he ſhall have me to enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

True. True; what's ſix kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

True. Sir Amorous! No ſpeaking one to another, or rehearſing old matters.

[Dauphine *comes forth and kicks him.*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I proteſt, Sir Amorous, you ſhall have ſix.

True. Nay, I told you, you ſhould not talk. Come, give him ſix, and he will needs. Your ſword. Now return to your ſafe cuſtody: you ſhall preſently meet afore the ladies, and be the deareſt friends one to another.——Give me the ſcarf now, thou ſhalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir Amorous.

La-F. What's here? A ſword?

True. I cannot help it, without I ſhould take the quarrel upon myſelf. Here he has ſent you his ſword——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

True. And he wills you to faſten it againſt a wall, and break your head in ſome few ſeveral places againſt the hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to ſhed my own blood.

True. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it againſt a fair flat wall, if that will ſatisfy him: if not, he ſhall beat it himſelf for Amorous.

True. Why, this is ſtrange ſtarting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you ſtand to that?

La-F. Ay, what is't?

True. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.

True. Then you muſt ſubmit yourſelf to be hoodwink'd in this ſcarf, and be led to him, where he will take your ſword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, Gules, and tweaks by the noſe, *ſans nombre*.

La-F. I am content. But why muſt I be blinded?

True. That's for your good, Sir; becauſe if he ſhould grow inſolent upon this, and publiſh it hereafter to your

disgrace (which I hope he will not do) you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

True. Nor he of you, Sir. If he should—Come, Sir. All hid, Sir John.

Enter DAUPHINE *to tweak him.*

La-F. Oh, Sir John, Sir John. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh!

True. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis Sir John's pleasure you should retire into the study. Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, Damon and Pythias upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. I trust we shall have 'em tamer i' their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. God's will, the ladies have surpris'd us.

SCENE VI.

HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *Mrs* OTTER, EPICOENE, TRUSTY, DAUPHINE, TRUEWIT, *&c.*

Having discover'd part of the past Scene above.

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were impos'd on by those adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam, Mavis was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd 'em in the college.

Mav. I commended but their wits, Madam, and their braveries. I never look'd towards their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs Ott. So Mr Clerimont intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I have got me a coach and horſes.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Moroſe; Centaure ſhall ſend you her coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, Madam.

Hau. Ay, he ſhews he is judicial in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not ſo ſuperlatively neat as ſome, Madam, that have their faces ſet in a bark.

Hau. Ay, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than ourſelves, and profeſs more neatneſs than the French Hermaphrodite!

Epi. Ay, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thouſand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconſcionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir Dauphine's careleſſneſs becomes him.

Cen. I could love a man for ſuch a noſe!

Mav. Or ſuch a leg!

Cen. He has an excellent good eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good look!

Cen. Good Moroſe, bring him to my chamber firſt.

Mrs Ott. Pleaſe your honours to meet at my houſe, Madam.

True. See how they eye thee, Man! they are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our brace of knights here, Mr Truewit.

True. Not I, Madam; it was Sir Dauphine's engine; who, if you have diſfurniſh'd your Ladyſhip of any guard or ſervice by it, is able to make the place good again in himſelf.

Hau. There is no ſuſpicion of that, Sir.

Cen. God ſo, Mavis, Haughty is kiſſing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beſide the diſcovery of two ſuch empty caſkets) to gain the knowledge of ſo rich a mine of virtue as Sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be all glad to ſtile him of our friendſhip, and ſee him at the college.

Mav. He cannot mix with a ſweeter ſociety, I'll propheſy; and I hope he himſelf will think ſo.

Daw. I ſhould be rude to imagine otherwiſe, Lady.

True. Did I not tell thee, Dauphine? Why, all their actions are govern'd by crude opinion, without reaſon or cauſe: they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate, and, in emulation one of another, do all theſe things alike. Only they have a natural inclination ſways 'em generally to the worſt, when they are left to themſelves. But purſue it now thou haſt 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Moroſe?

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir Dauphine's company.

True. Stay, good Madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Oreſtes: I'll fetch 'em out to you ſtraight.

Hau. Will you, Mr Truewit?

Dau. Ay; but noble Ladies, do not confeſs in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'em, any diſcovery of their follies, that we may ſee how they will bear up again, with what aſſurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir Dauphine.

Cen. Mav. Upon our honours, Sir Dauphine.

True. Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous. The ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

True. Yes; but ſlip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. Jack Daw.

Daw. What ſay you, Sir?

True. Whip out behind me ſuddenly, and no anger i' your looks to your adverſary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir John Daw! where ha' you been?

Daw. To ſeek you, Sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

True. O, they meet in peace, man.

Dau. Where's your ſword, Sir John?

Cler. And yours, Sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth, to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their excuſes meet!

Cler. What a conſent there is i' the handles!

True. Nay, there is ſo i' the points too, I warrant you.

Mrs Ott. O me! Madam, he comes again, the madman! away.

SCENE VII.

MOROSE, TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

Mor. What make theſe naked weapons here, Gentlemen? [*He had found the two ſwords drawn within.*

True. O, Sir! here hath like to been murder ſince you went! a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours: we were fain to take away their weapons; your houſe had been begg'd by this time elſe——

Mor. For what?

Cler. For manſlaughter, Sir, as being acceſſory.

Mor. And for her favours?

True. Ay, Sir, heretofore, not preſent. Clerimont, carry 'em their ſwords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you ſpoke with a lawyer, Sir?

Mor. Oh, no! there is ſuch a noiſe i' the court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! ſuch ſpeaking, and counter-ſpeaking, with their ſeveral voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors! that the noiſe here is ſilence to't! a kind of calm midnight!

True. Why, Sir, if you would be reſolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very ſufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that ſhall enquire into every leaſt ſcruple for you,

Mor. Can you, Mr Truewit?

True. Yes, and are very ſober grave perſons, that will diſpatch in a chamber, with a whiſper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, ſhall I hope this benefit from you, and truſt myſelf into your hands?

True. Alas, Sir! your nephew and I have been aſham'd, and oft-times mad, ſince you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock yourſelf up 'till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Do your pleaſure with me, Gentlemen; I believe in you, and deſerve no deluſion.——

True. You ſhall find none, Sir; but heap'd, heap'd plenty of vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

True. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, preſently.

Dau. Why? to what purpoſe?

True. O, I'll make the deepeſt divine, and graveſt lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Dau. Thou canſt not, man, theſe are waking dreams.

True. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with the welt o' the one, and a canonical cloke with ſleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few terms i' the mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor, and compleat a parſon for this turn as may be wiſh'd, truſt not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profeſſion, ſince they are but perſons put on, and for mirth's ſake, to torment him. The barber ſmatters Latin, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and Otter too.

True. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this caſe, to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw, or La-Foole, or any thing worſe. Go you to your ladies, but firſt ſend for them.

Dau. I will.

ACT V. SCENE I.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAW, MAVIS.

LA-FOOLE.

WHERE had you our ſwords, Maſter Clerimont?

Cler. Why, Dauphine took 'em from the madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our boys I warrant you?

Cler. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Mr Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you ſo, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your ſervants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for Sir Dauphine to tranſlate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no ſcrivener.

Daw. I can furniſh you, I think, Lady.

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of inſtruments.

Cler. Like a ſurgeon!

La-F. For the mathematicks: his ſquare, his compaſſes, his braſs pens, and black lead to draw maps of every place and perſon where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of perſons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of Nomentack, when he was here, and of the Prince of Moldavia, and of his miſtreſs, Miſtreſs Epicœne.

Cler. Away, he has not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleaſant gentleman, Sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little and talk waggiſhly. Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies where'er you come, you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They ſhall rather carry us afore them, if they will, Sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do withal——But, that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions——

Daw. Not I, Sir Amorous is.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to riſe i' the ſtate, Sir Amorous, you ha' the perſon.

La-F. Sir John, you ha' the perſon, and the diſcourſe too.

Daw. Not I, Sir; I have no diſcourſe——And then, you have activity beſide.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly, as I do every whit: and lift as many join'd ſtools, and leap over 'em, if you would uſe it——

Cler. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom, or commonwealth of ladies affections: I ſee it, and can perceive a little how they obſerve you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell ſtrange ſtories, my maſters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have ſomewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have——Velvet petticoats, and wrought ſmocks, or ſo.

Daw. Ay, and——

Cler. Nay, out with it, Sir John; do not envy your friend the pleaſure of hearing, when you have had the delight of taſting.

Daw. Why——a——do you ſpeak, Sir Amorous?

La-F. No, do you, Sir John Daw.

Daw. I'faith, you ſhall.

La-F. I'faith, you ſhall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-F. In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, Sir John.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir Amorous.

Cler. And theſe ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuſe us, Sir.

Daw. We muſt not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter——they were theſe, or others. Our bath coſt us fifteen pound when we came home.

Cler. Do you hear, Sir John? You ſhall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cler. You lay in the ſame houſe with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and convers'd with her hourly, Sir.

Cler. And what humour is ſhe of? Is ſhe coming and open, free?

Daw. Oh, exceeding open, Sir. I was her ſervant, and Sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know and have heard ſo much.

Daw. Oh, no, Sir.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Sir; we muſt not wound reputation.

Cler. Tut, ſhe is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore ſpeak plainly: How many times, i'faith? Which of you led firſt? Ha!

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. Oh, it pleaſes him to ſay ſo, Sir; but Sir Amorous knows what's what as well.

Cler. Doſt thou, i'faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cler. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor ſhall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox.

Cler. Speak ſoftly; here comes his nephew with the Lady Haughty; he'll get the ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

HAUGHTY, DAUPHINE, CENTAURE, MAVIS, CLERIMONT.

Hau. I aſſure you, Sir Dauphine, it is the price and eſtimation of your virtue only, that hath embarked me to this adventure, and I could not but make out to tell you ſo; nor can I repent me of the act, ſince it is always an argument of ſome virtue in ourſelves, that we love to affect it ſo in others.

Dau. Your Ladyſhip ſets too high a price on my weakneſs.

Hau. Sir, I can diſtinguiſh gems from pebbles——

(*Dau.* Are you ſo ſkilful in ſtones?)

Hau. And howſoever I may ſuffer in ſuch a judgment

as yours, by admitting equality of rank or ſociety with Centaure or Mavis ——

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are your meer foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, Sir: it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehenſive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady Haughty?

Hau. I come preſently, Centaure. My chamber, Sir, my page ſhall ſhew you, and Truſty, my woman, ſhall be ever awake for you. You need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for ſhe is a *fidelia*. I pray you wear this jewel for my ſake, Sir Dauphine. Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, Madam, a-writing. I'll follow you preſently: I'll but ſpeak a word with Sir Dauphine.

Dau. With me, Madam!

Cen. Good Sir Dauphine, do not truſt Haughty, nor make any credit to her, whatever you do beſides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, ſhe is a perfect courtier, and loves nobody but for her uſes, and for her uſes ſhe loves all. Beſides, her phyſicians give her out to be none o' the cleareſt, whether ſhe pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and ſhe's above fifty-two, and pargets! See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worſe face than ſhe! You would not like this by candle-light. If you'll come to my chamber one o' theſe mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for Sir Dauphine, (you ſhall not ſee it i'faith, Centaure.) Good Sir Dauphine, ſolve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cler. How now, Dauphine? How doſt thou quit thyſelf of theſe females?

Dau. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cler. O, you muſt not tell though.

Dau. Mafs, I forgot that—I was never ſo aſſaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this; another loves me with caution, and ſo would poſſeſs me; a third brings me a riddle here; and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle! Pray let me ſee't.

He reads the paper.

"Sir Dauphine, I choſe this way of intimation for "privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope "and purpoſe to make a collegiate and ſervant of you. "If I might be ſo honoured as to appear at the end of "ſo noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking "phyſic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, "or longer, for your viſitation. MAVIS."

By my faith, a ſubtle one! Call you this a riddle? What's their plain-dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack Truewit to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for ſomewhat elſe too: his knights *reformadoes* are wound up as high and inſolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jeſt.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confeſs'd ſuch ſtories of themſelves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance againſt all the women's reputations here, if they could be but thought to ſpeak truth; and for the bride, they have made their affidavit againſt her directly.

Dau. What! they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumſtances, with the cauſe why, and the place where. I had almoſt brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to-day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a ſooth or two more I had effected it. They wou'd ha' ſet it down under their hands.

Dau. Why, they will be our ſport, I ſee, ſtill, whether we will or no.

SCENE III.

TRUEWIT, MOROSE, OTTER, CUTBERD, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE.

True. O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the women (as I have given the bride her instructions) to break in upon him i' the *l'envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Mr Doctor, and Mr Parson, look to your parts now, and discharge 'em bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will, you have many who will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you lose yourselves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes; set your faces, and look superciliously while I present you.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

True. Yes, Sir; please you salute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em! I had rather do any thing than wear out time so unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how these common forms, as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a habit in our lives! or, *I am glad to see you!* When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him, whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Mr Doctor, and Mr Parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentle-

man who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, Mr Doctor.

Cut. Please you, good Mr Parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not, embracing the one, and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours, and impertinencies of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill! the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.

True. Well, good Master Doctor, will you break the ice? Master Parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, Domine Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, for how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce? First, you must understand the nature of the word divorce, *a divertendo*.

Mor. No excursions upon words, good Doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, the canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case: but there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the Canon-Law; *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.*

Mor. I understood you before: good Sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

True. O, you must give the learned men leave, Sir. To your impediments, Master Doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. Ay, as *error personæ.*

Ott. If thou contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? Is that, Sir, a lawful impediment? one at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, Sir.

Cut. Master Parson says right: *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obstancy.

True. Alas, Sir, what a hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio:* if thou thought her free-born, and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. Ay, but, Master Doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, Mr Parson——

Ott. You shall give me leave, Mr Doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that queſtion: it concerns not my caſe; paſs to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: if either party have made a vow of chaſtity. But that practice, as Mr Parſon ſaid of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to diſcipline. The fourth is *cognatio*: if the perſons be of kin within the degrees.

Ott. Ay, do you know what the degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer the no comfort in the queſtion, I am ſure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio ſpiritualis*. If you were her god-father, Sir, then the marriage is inceſtuous.

Ott. That *comment* is abſurd and ſuperſtitious, Mr Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers, and ſiſters, and as much akin in that, as godfathers and goddaughters.

Mor. O me! to end the controverſy, I never was a godfather, I never was a godfather in my life, Sir. Paſs to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*: the known caſe. The ſixth *cultûs diſparitas*, difference of religion: have you ever examin'd her, what religion is ſhe off?

Mor. No, I would rather ſhe were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the reſt; ſhall you ever come to an end, think you?

True. Yes, he has done half, Sir. (On to the reſt.) Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The ſeventh is, *viz.* if it were upon compulſion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever ſhe have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's ſuperſtitious too.

Mor. No matter, Mr Parſon; would ſhe would go into a nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thruſt myſelf too ſoon into theſe fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. Ay, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no leſs *vera affinitas*, than the other, Mr Doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You ſay right, venerable Doctor: and, *naſcitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur una caro*——

Mor. Heyday! now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Mr Parſon: *Ita per fornicationem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat*——

Ott. Et vere filius qui ſic generatur——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. Ay, that is *impedimentum graviſſimum*: it doth utterly annul, and annihilate that. If you have *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir?

True. Why, there is comfort come at length, Sir. Confeſs yourſelf but a man unable, and ſhe will ſue to be divorc'd firſt.

Ott. Ay, or if there be *morbus perpetuus et inſanabilis*; as *Paralyſis, Elephantiaſis*, or ſo——

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You ſay truth, Sir, and as it is in the *Canon*, Mr Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cler. Before he ſpeaks.

Ott. That *a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum.* So your *impotentes*——

True. Your *impotentes*, you whorſon lobſter.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

True. *Matrimonium?* we ſhall have moſt unmatrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will ariſe a doubt, Mr Parſon, in our caſe, *poſt matrimonium*: that *frigiditatis præditus* (do you conceive me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro ſorore.*

Ott. Abſurd, abſurd, abſurd, and merely apoſtatical.

Cut. You ſhall pardon me, Mr Parſon, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, Mr Doctor, you can prove nothing elſe. Does not the verſe of your own canon ſay, *Hæc ſoclanda vetant connubia, facta retractant*——

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Mr Parſon?

Mor. (O! this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. In *æternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's falſe in divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis falſe in humanity, to ſay ſo. Is he not *prorſus inutilis ad thorum?* Can he *preſtare fidem datum?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impoſſible.

True. Nay, good Sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect 'em elſe.

Cut. Or, if he do *ſimulare* himſelf *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or ſo?

Ott. I ſay, he is *adulter manifeſtus* then.

Dau. (They diſpute it very learnedly, i'faith.)

Ott. And *proſtitutor uxoris*; and this is poſitive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me eſcape.

True. You will not do me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, Sir.

Cut. Ay, if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, I grant you.

Ott. Why, that was my concluſion.

Cut. And mine too.

True. Nay, hear the concluſion, Sir.

Ott. Then *frigiditatis cauſa*——

Cut. Yes, *cauſa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O mine ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* againſt you.

Cut. Ay, *divortii libellum* ſhe will ſure have.

Mor. Good Ecchos, forbear.

Ott. If you confeſs it——

Cut. Which I would do, Sir——

Mor. I will do any thing——

Ott. And clear myſelf in *foro conſcientiæ*——

Cut. Becauſe you want indeed——

Mor. Yet more!

Ott. *Exercendi poteſtate.*

SCENE IV.

EPICOENE, MOROSE, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *Mrs* OTTER, DAW, TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE, CLERIMONT, LA-FOOLE, OTTER, CUTBERD.

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you help me. This is ſuch a wrong as never was offer'd to poor bride before! upon her marriage-day to have her huſband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's ſake, to perſuade a ſeparation! If you had blood or virtue in you, Gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch ear-wigs about a huſband, or ſcorpions to creep between man and wife——

Mor. O the variety and the changes of my torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. We'll have our men blanket them i' the hall.

Mrs Ott. As there was one at our houſe, Madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i'faith.

True. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'll ha' the bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him firſt.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, mankind generation!

Daw. Ladies, for my ſake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir Dauphine's ſake.

Cen. He ſhall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, Madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he liſts.

True. Be brief, Sir, and confeſs your infirmity; ſhe'll be a fire to be quit of you, if ſhe but hear that nam'd once, you ſhall not entreat her to ſtay; ſhe'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I muſt crave all your pardons——

True. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole ſex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman.——

Cler. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity, which, before I conferr'd with theſe learned men, I thought I might have conceal'd——

True. But now being better inform'd in his conſcience by them, he is to declare it, and give ſatisfaction, by aſking your public forgiveneſs.

Mor. I am no man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in nature, by reaſon of *frigidity*, to perform the duties, or any the leaſt office of a huſband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Haw. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs Ott. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this; it ſmells rankly, Ladies. A mere comment of his own.

True. Why, if you ſuſpect that, Ladies, you may have him ſearch'd.

Daw. As the cuſtom is, by a jury of phyſicians.

La-F. Yes, faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, muſt I undergo that?

Mrs Ott. No, let women ſearch him, Madam; we can do it ourſelves.

Mor. Out on me, worſe!

Epi. No, Ladies, you ſhall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worſt of all!

Cler. Why, then, 'tis no divorce, Doctor, if ſhe conſent not.

Ott. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Ott. Ay, it is the ſame in theology.

Mor. Worſe, worſe than worſt!

True. Nay, Sir, be not utterly diſheartened; we have yet a ſmall relict of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, Mr. Parſon, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? Dauphine, whiſper the bride, that ſhe carry it as if ſhe were guilty and aſham'd.

Ott. Marry, Sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which Mr Doctor did forbear to urge) if ſhe be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine deſponſa*, eſpous'd for a maid——

Mor. What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

True. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights that ſhall affirm ſo much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Mr Clerimont.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Mr Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you muſt make it good now, Knights; there is no remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no men; you know you ſpoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentlemanlike, Sir?

True. Jack Daw, he's worſe than Sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont.

La-F. I'll confeſs it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir Amorous? Will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am reſolv'd.

True. So ſhould you be too, Jack Daw. What ſhould keep you off? She is but a woman, and in diſgrace. He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cler. You will diſpatch, Knights; it muſt be done, i'faith.

True. Why, an' it muſt, it ſhall, Sir, they ſay. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I aſſure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you aſſure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, Sir——

La-F. In good faſhion. She was our miſtreſs, or ſo.

Cler. Nay, you muſt be plain, Knights, as you were to me.

Ott. Ay, the queſtion is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter. What elſe, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain *nullity*.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O, let me worſhip and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank theſe knights. Maſter Parſon, let me thank you otherwiſe.

Cen. And ha' they confeſs'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, informers!

True. You ſee what creatures you may beſtow your favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would except againſt 'em as beaten knights, wench, and not good witneſſes in law.

Mrs Ott. Poor gentlewoman, how ſhe takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Moroſe, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I proteſt.

Cut. But, Gentlemen, you have not known her ſince *matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to-day, Mr Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then, I ſay, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unleſs the worſhipful bridegroom did preciſely, before witneſs, demand, if ſhe were *virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I aſſure you, Mr Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*,

notwithſtanding the premiſſes; and they do no way *impedire*: and this is my ſentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Mr Doctor's reſolution too, Sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is the worſt of all worſt worſts that hell could have devis'd! Marry a whore! and ſo much noiſe!

Dau. Come, I ſee now plain confederacy in this Doctor and this Parſon, to abuſe a gentleman. You ſtudy his affliction: I pray be gone, companions. And, Gentlemen, I begin to ſuſpect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it pleaſe you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me! Take not from me the pleaſure of dying in ſilence, nephew.

Dau. Sir, I muſt ſpeak to you. I have been long your poor deſpis'd kinſman, and many a hard thought has ſtrengthen'd you againſt me: but now it ſhall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beſide. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy match abſolutely, and inſtantly, after all this trouble, and almoſt in your deſpair, now———

Mor. It cannot be.

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what ſhall I hope for, or deſerve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! Thou ſhalt deſerve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beſide. Make thine own conditions: my whole eſtate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be ſo unreaſonable.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a ſuitor to you, Uncle, that out of your eſtate, which is fifteen hundred a-year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and aſſure the reſt upon me after; to which I have often, by myſelf and my friends, tender'd you a writing.

to ſign, which you would never conſent or incline to. If you pleaſe but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou ſhalt have it, Nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not preſently, and for ever of this cumber, you ſhall have power inſtantly, afore all theſe, to revoke your act, and I will become whoſe ſlave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will ſeal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, moſt unfortunate wretched gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have ſome compaſſion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you belike! Away, crocodile.

Cen. He does it not ſure without good ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come, Nephew, give me the pen; I will ſubſcribe to any thing, and ſeal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my reſtorer. Here I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with falſe orthography, I proteſt before——I will not take the advantage.

Dau. Then there is your releaſe, Sir; [*He takes off* Epicœne's *peruke.*] you have married a boy, a gentleman's ſon, that I have brought up this half year, at my great charges, and for this compoſition, which I have now made with you. What ſay you, Mr. Doctor? this is *juſtum impedimentum*, I hope, *error perſonæ*.

Ott. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. *In primo gradu.*

Dau. I thank you, good Dr Cutberd, and Parſon Otter. [*He pulls off their beards in diſguiſe.*] You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend Mr Truewit, who enabled 'em for the buſineſs. Now you may go in and reſt; be as private as you will, Sir, I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how ſoon it come. Cutberd, I'll make your leaſe good: thank me not, but with your leg, Cutberd. And Tom

Otter, your princeſs ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daw. Yes, Mrs Epicœne.

True. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot; but much good do it thee, thou deſerv'dſt it, lad: and Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing theſe two to confeſſion, wear my part of it freely. Nay, Sir Daw, and Sir La-Foole, you ſee the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! We are all thankful to you, and ſo ſhould the womankind here, 'ſpecially for lying on her, tho' not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure: but that we have ſtuck it upon you to-day, in your own imagin'd perſons, and ſo lately, this Amazon, the champion of the ſex, ſhould beat you now thriftily, for the common ſlanders which ladies receive from ſuch cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit of Fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet ly with their reputations, and make their fame ſuffer. Away, you common moths of theſe, and all ladies honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with ſome new matter to be laugh'd at; you deſerve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed Rumour. Madame, you are mute, upon this new metamorphoſis! but here ſtands ſhe that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of ſuch *infecta* hereafter; and let it not trouble you, that you have diſcover'd any myſteries to this young gentleman: he is (almoſt) of years, and will make a good viſitant within this twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his ſecrecy, that can ſpeak ſo well of his ſilence.——Spectators, if you like this comedy, riſe chearfully; and now Moroſe is gone in, clap your hands: it may be, that noiſe will cure him, at leaſt pleaſe him. [*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

SHE WOU'D

AND

SHE WOU'D NOT:

OR, THE

KIND IMPOSTOR.

A

COMEDY.

BY

COLLEY CIBBER.

EDINBURGH:
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M. DCC. LXVIII.

SHE WOU'D

AND

TO THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

OF THE

JAMES'S,

Duke of NORMOND.

A

OUR late happy news from Vigo had so general an influence on the minds of the people, that it is no wonder this play had a favourable reception; when the cheerfulness and good humour of the Town inclined them to encourage every thing that carried the least pretence to divert the [illegible] part of its fortune is, that its [illegible] this season has given it a shut of [illegible] peace's protection, by being at [illegible] time (among many worthier acknowledgments) the instrument of the Stage's general thanks for the prosperous days we promise ourselves from the consequence of so glorious an action. An action which, considered with the native greatness of your mind, will easily perswade us, that the

TO THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

JAMES,

Duke of ORMOND.

May it please your GRACE,

OUR late happy news from Vigo had so general an influence on the minds of the people, that it is no wonder this play had a favourable reception, when the chearfulness and good humour of the Town inclined them to encourage every thing that carried the least pretence to divert them. But the best part of its fortune is, that its appearing first this season has given it a sort of title to your Grace's protection, by being at the same time (among many worthier acknowledgments) the instrument of the Stage's general thanks for the prosperous days we promise ourselves from the consequence of so glorious an action. An action which, considered with the native greatness of your mind, will easily persuade us, that the

only reaſon to ſuppoſe the ancient heroes greater than the modern is, that they had better poets to record them: but, from your Grace's happy conduct this ſummer, we are convinced that their poetry may now outlive their greatneſs; and if Modeſty would ſuffer Truth to ſpeak, ſhe'd plainly ſay, What they did falls as ſhort of you, as what you did exceeds what they have greatly ſaid. That they *wrote* as boldly as the Engliſh *fight*; and you lead them with the ſame ſpirit that the ancients wrote.

The nation's public and ſolemn praiſe to Heaven, and under *that* their repreſented thanks in parliament to you; the univerſal joy and the deafening acclamations that echo'd your return, were ſtrong confeſſions of a benefit received beyond their power to repay, and to oblige beyond that power is truly great and glorious. But Providence has fixed you in ſo eminent a degree of honour and of fortune, that nothing but the glory of the action can reward it. The unfeigned and growing wiſhes you have planted in the people's hearts are a ſincere acknowledgment, that is never paid, but when great actions like your own deſerve it, which have been ſo frequent in the dangerous and delightful ſervice of your country, that you at laſt have warmed their gratitude into a cordial love; for, 'tis hard to ſay, that we were more pleaſed with our victory than that the Duke of ORMOND brought it us. But I forget myſelf; the pleaſure of the ſubject had almoſt made me inſenſible of the danger of offending. If I were ſpeaking to the world only, I have

ſaid too little; but while your Grace is my reader, I know the ſeverity of your virtue won't eaſily forgive me, unleſs I let the ſubject fall, and immediately conclude myſelf,

May it pleaſe your GRACE,

Your GRACE's *moſt devoted,*

moſt obliged, and

moſt obedient ſervant,

C. CIBBER.

PROLOGUE.

CRITICS, though Plays without your ſmiles ſubſiſt,
Yet this was writ to reach your gen'rous taſte,
And not in ſtern contempt of any other gueſt.
Our humble Author thinks a Play ſhould be,
Though tied to rules, like a good Sermon, free
From pride, and ſtoop to each capacity.
Though he dares not, like ſome, depend alone
Upon a ſingle character new ſhewn,
Or only things well ſaid to draw the Town.
Such plays, like looſer beauties, may have pow'r
To pleaſe, and ſport away a wanton hour;
But wit and humour, with a juſt deſign,
Charm, as when beauty, ſenſe, and virtue join.
Such was his juſt attempt, though 'tis confeſs'd,
He's only vain enough t' have done his beſt:
For rules are but the poſts that mark the courſe,
Which way the rider ſhould direct his horſe.
He that miſtakes his ground is eas'ly beat,
Though he that runs it true mayn't do the feat,
For 'tis the ſtraining genius that muſt win the heat:
O'er choak-jade to the ditch a jade may lead,
But the true proof of Pegaſus's *breed*
Is when the laſt act turns the lands with Dimple's *ſpeed.*
View then in ſhort the method that he takes;
His Plot and Perſons he from Nature makes,
Who for no bribe of jeſt he willingly forſakes.
His Wit, if any, mingles with his Plot,
Which ſhould on no temptation be forgot:
His Action's in the time of acting done,
No more than from the curtain, up and down.
While the firſt muſic plays, he moves his ſcene
A little ſpace, but never ſhifts again.
From his deſign no Perſon can be ſpar'd,
Or Speeches lopt, unleſs the whole be marr'd;
No ſcenes of talk for talking's ſake are ſhewn,
Where moſt abruptly, when their chat is done,
Actors go off, becauſe the Poet——can't go on.

His firſt act offers ſomething to be done,
And all the reſt but lead that action on;
Which when purſuing ſcenes i' th' end diſcover,
The game's run down, of courſe the play is over.
Thus much he thought 'twas requiſite to ſay,
(For all here are not critics born) that they
Who only us'd to like, might learn to taſte a Play.

But now he flies for refuge to the fair,
Whom he muſt own the ableſt judges here,
Since all the ſprings of his deſign but move
From Beauty's cruelty, ſubdu'd by Love:
E'en they whoſe hearts are yet untouch'd muſt know
In the ſame caſe, ſure, what their own would do;
You beſt ſhould judge of Love, ſince Love is born of you.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON MANUEL, father to Roſara.

Don PHILIP, ſlighted by Hyppolita.

OCTAVIO, in love with Roſara.

TRAPPANTI, a caſt ſervant of Don Philip's.

SOTO, ſervant to Don Philip.

HYPPOLITA, ſecretly in love with Don Philip.

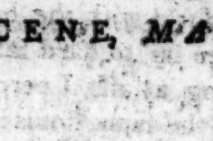
ROSARA, in love with Octavio.

FLORA, confidant to Hyppolita.

VILETTA, woman to Roſara.

Hoſt, Alguazil, and Servants.

SCENE, *MADRID.*



She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not.

OR,

The KIND IMPOSTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Inn in Madrid.

Enter TRAPPANTI *alone, talking to himſelf.*

INDEED, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou haſt neither maſter, meat, nor money: not but, couldſt thou part with that unappeaſable itch of eating too, thou haſt all the ragged virtues that were requiſite to ſet up an ancient philoſopher. Contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou haſt endur'd with the beſt of 'em; but when Fortune turns thee up to hard faſting, that is to ſay, poſitively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the ſame ſtomach, and no more philoſophy than a hound upon horſe-fleſh.——Faſting's the devil!—Let me ſee—this, I take it, is the moſt frequented inn about Madrid, and if a keen gueſt or two ſhould drop in now———Hark!

Hoſt within.] Take care of the gentlemen's horſes there; ſee 'em well rubb'd and litter'd.

Trap. Juſt alighted! If they do but ſtay to eat now! Impudence aſſiſt me. Hah! a couple of pretty young ſparks, faith!

Enter HYPPOLITA *and* FLORA, *in man's habit, a* SERVANT *with a portmanteau.*

Trap. Welcome to Madrid, Sir; welcome, Sir.

Flo. Sir, your ſervant.

Serv. Have the horſes pleas'd your Honour?

Hyp. Very well indeed, friend. Prithee ſet down the portmanteau, and ſee that the poor creatures want nothing; they have perform'd well, and deſerve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that, Sir. Here, Oſtler.

[*Exeunt* Trap. *and* Serv.

Flo. And pray, Madam, what do I deſerve that have loſt the uſe of limbs to keep pace with you? 'D'ſheart! you whipp'd and ſpurr'd like a fox-hunter. It's a ſign you had a lover in view; I'm ſure my ſhoulders ache as if I had carried my horſe on 'em.

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed, but I ſhall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flo. Thank me, quotha! Egad I ſhan't be able to ſit this fortnight. Well, I'm glad our journey's at an end however; and now, Madam, pray what do you propoſe will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now I hope the end of my wiſhes —— Don Philip. I need not tell you how fat he is in my heart.

Flo. No, your ſweet uſage of him told me that long enough ago; but now, it ſeems, you think fit to confeſs it; and what is't you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that uſage.

Flo. Ah, dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it you ſee, for he's coming poſt to Madrid to marry another woman; nay, one he never ſaw.

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engag'd him.

Flo. How came he to be engag'd to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engaged him.

Flo. To another.

Hyp. To my whole ſex rather than own I lov'd him.

Flo. Ah! done like a woman of courage.

Hyp. I could not bear the thoughts of parting with my power; beſides, he took me at ſuch an advantage, and preſs'd me ſo home to a ſurrender, I could have tore him piece-meal.

Flo. Ay! I warrant you, an inſolent—agreeable puppy. Well, but to leave impertinence, Madam, pray how came you to ſquabble with him?

Hyp. I'll tell thee, Flora: You know Don Philip wants no charms that can commend a lover; in birth and quality I confeſs him my ſuperior; and 'tis the thought of that has been a conſtant thorn upon my wiſhes. I never ſaw him in the humbleſt poſture, but ſtill I fancied he ſecretly preſumed his rank and fortune might deſerve me; this always ſtung my pride, and made me overact it. Nay, ſometimes when his ſufferings have almoſt drawn the tears into my eyes, I've turn'd the ſubject with ſome trivial talk, or humm'd a ſpiteful tune, though I believe his heart was breaking.

Flo. A very tender principle indeed!

Hyp. Well! I don't know, it was in my nature. But to proceed——This, and worſe uſage continued a long time; at laſt, deſpairing of my heart, he then reſolv'd to do a violence on his own, by conſenting to his father's commands, of marrying a lady of conſiderable fortune here in Madrid. The match is concluded, articles are ſeal'd, and the day is fix'd for his journey. Now, the night before he ſet out, he came to take his leave of me, in hopes, I ſuppoſe, I would have ſtaid him. I need not tell you my confuſion at the news; and though I would have given my ſoul to have deferr'd it, yet finding him, unleſs I bade him ſtay, reſolv'd upon the marriage, I (from the pure ſpirit of contradiction) ſwore to myſelf I would not bid him do it, ſo call'd for my veil, told him I was in haſte, begg'd his pardon, your ſervant, and ſo whipt to prayers.

Flo. Well ſaid again, that was a clincher: Ah! had not you better been at confeſſion?

Hyp. Why really I might have ſav'd a long journey by it. To be ſhort, when I came from church Don Philip had left this letter at home for me, without requiring an anſwer.——Read it——

FLORA *reads.*

"Your uſage has made me juſtly deſpair of you, "and now any change muſt better my condition: at "leaſt it has reduc'd me to a neceſſity of trying the "laſt remedy, marriage with another; if it prove in- "effectual, I only wiſh you may, at ſome hours, re- "member how little cauſe I have given you to have "made me for ever miſerable.

PHILIP."

Poor gentleman! very hard, by my conſcience! Indeed, Madam, this was carrying the jeſt a little too far.

Hyp. Ah! by many a long mile, Flora: but what would you have a woman do when her hand's in?

Flo. Nay, the truth on't is, we never know the difference between enough and a ſurfeit; but love be prais'd your proud ſtomach's come down for't.

Hyp. Indeed 'tis not altogether ſo high as it was. In a word, the letter ſet me at my wits end; and when I came to myſelf, you may remember you thought me bewitch'd, for I immediately call'd for my boots and breeches, a ſtraddle we got, and ſo rode after him.

Flo. Why truly, Madam, as to your wits, I've not much alter'd my opinion of 'em, for I can't ſee what you propoſe by it.

Hyp. My whole deſign, Flora, lyes in this portmanteau and theſe breeches.

Flo. A notable deſign, no doubt; but pray let's hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propoſe to be twice married between 'em.

Flo. How! twice!

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau I intend to marry myſelf to Don Philip's new Miſtreſs, and then——I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take you: but, pray what's in the portmanteau? and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to ſteal it from his ſervant at the laſt inn we lay at in Toledo: in it are jewels of value, preſents to my bride, gold good ſtore, ſettlements, and credential letters to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myſelf) is Don Philip, only ſon and heir of Don Fernando de las Torres, now reſiding at Seville, whence we came.

Flo. A very ſmart undertaking, by my troth: and pray, Madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman ſtill. When I can't lye for myſelf you are to do it for me, in the perſon of a Couſin-german.

Flo. And my name is to be——

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you pleaſe; be your own godfather.

Flo. Egad, I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleaſant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't eaſily perceive we ſhall; for to be ſure Don Philip will make the devil to do with us when he finds himſelf here before he comes hither.

Hyp. O let me alone to give him ſatisfaction.

Flo. I'm afraid it muſt be alone, if you do give him ſatisfaction; for my part, I can puſh no more than I can ſwim.

Hyp. But you can bully upon occaſion.

Flo. I can ſcold when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the ſame thing. Bullying would be ſcolding in petticoats.

Flo. Say ye ſo? why, then Don look to yourſelf; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, though I loſe the end of my ſex by it. Well, Madam, now you have open'd the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in leſs than four hours; we'll juſt refreſh ourſelves with what the houſe affords,

comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law—How now! what would this fellow have?——

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Servant, Gentlemen, I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are by my troth, right and ſound I warrant 'em; they deſerve care, and they have had it, and ſhall have it if they ſtay in this houſe—I always ſtand by, Sir, ſee 'em rubb'd down with my own eyes——Catch me truſting an oſtler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

Flo. I have ſeen this fellow ſomewhere.

Trap. Heyday! what, no cloth laid! was ever ſuch attendance! hey, Houſe! Tapſter! Landlord! hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you beſpoke, Gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, Sir, I aſk your pardon, I have almoſt forgot you.

Trap. Pſhah! dear Sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by——I have a lodging——I can't call it a lodging neither——that is, I have a——ſometimes I am here, and ſometimes I am there, and ſo here and there one makes ſhift, you know.——Hey! will theſe people never come? [*Knocks.*

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourſelf, Sir.

Trap. O! nothing at all, Sir: Lord, Sir!——was it fiſh or fleſh, Sir?

Flo. Really, Sir, we have beſpoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for ſhame! it's a ſign you are young travellers. You don't know this houſe, Sir; why they'll let you ſtarve if you don't ſtir, and call, and that like thunder too——Hey! [*Knocks.*

Hyp. Ha! you eat here ſometimes, I preſume, Sir.

Trap. Umph!——Ay, Sir, that's as it happens——I ſeldom eat at home, indeed——things are generally, you know, ſo out of order there, that——Did you hear any freſh news upon the road, Sir?

Hyp. Only, Sir, that the King of France loſt a great horſe match upon the Alps t'other day.

Trap. Hah! a very odd place for a horſe-race!—— but the King of France may do any thing——Did you come that way, Gentlemen, or—Hey! [*Knocks.*

Enter HOST.

Hoſt. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and bawl too, Sir: here, the gentlemen are almoſt famiſh'd, and no body comes near 'em. What have you in the houſe now that will be ready preſently?

Hoſt. You may have what you pleaſe, Sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Hoſt. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you pleaſe in a moment: we have a very good neck of mutton, Sir; if you pleaſe it ſhall be clapt down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Hoſt. Truly, Sir, we have no fowl in the houſe at preſent; if you pleaſe, you may have any thing elſe in a moment.

Hyp. Then pr'ythee get us ſome young rabbits.

Hoſt. Upon my word, Sir, rabbits are ſo ſcarce they are not to be had for money.

Flo. Have you any fiſh?

Hoſt. Fiſh! Sir, I dreſs'd yeſterday the fineſt diſh that ever came upon a table: I am ſorry we have none left, Sir; but, if you pleaſe, you may have any thing elſe in a moment.

Trap. Pox on thee, haſt thou nothing but any thing elſe in the houſe?

Hoſt. Very good mutton, Sir.

Hyp. Pr'ythee get us a breaſt then.

Hoſt. Breaſt! Don't you love the neck, Sir?

Hyp. Ha'ye nothing in the houſe but the neck?

Hoſt. Really, Sir, we don't uſe to be ſo unprovided, but at preſent we have nothing elſe left.

Trap. Faith, Sir, I don't know but a nothing elſe may be very good meat, when an any thing elſe is not to be had.

Hyp. Then pr'ythee, Friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he ſhall lay it down this minute, I'll ſee it done: Gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye preſently: for a minute I muſt beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myſelf.

Hyp. By no means, Sir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear Sir; indeed I'll do't.

[*Exeunt* Hoſt *and* Trap.

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, Madam, about two or three years ago Don Philip had a truſty ſervant call'd Trappanti, that us'd now and then to ſlip a note into your hand as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turn'd away for ſaying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good-humour'd?

Flo. The very ſame, I aſſure ye; only, as you ſee, ſtarving has alter'd his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concern'd for him: what makes him ſo far from Seville?

Flo. I'm afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my ſervice; his aſſurance may be uſeful, as my caſe ſtands.

Flo. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occaſion for it——I'll talk with him.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the ſpit, Gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the beſt room——Are you not for a whet, Sir? What wine? what wine? Hey!

Flo. We give you trouble, Sir.

Trap. Not in the leaſt, Sir.——Hey! [*Knocks.*

Enter HOST.

Hoſt. D'ye call, Gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Hoſt. What ſort you pleaſe, Sir.

Flo. Sir, will you pleaſe to name it? [*To* Trap.

Trap. Nay, pray, Sir.

Hyp. No ceremony, dear Sir; upon my word you ſhall.

Trap. Upon my ſoul, you'll make me leave ye, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words! pr'ythee, you ſhall.

Trap. Pſha! but why this among friends now? Here! ——have ye any right Gallicia!

Hoſt. The beſt in Spain, I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taſte it; if it be good, ſet us out half a dozen bottles for dinner.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Flo. Who ſays this fellow's a ſtarving now? On my conſcience the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight.

Hyp. Hang him, 'tis inoffenſive. I'll humour him. ——Pray, Sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my queſtion ill——)

Trap. O dear Sir!

Hyp. What profeſſion may you be of?

Trap. Profeſſion, Sir,—I—I——Ods me! here's the wine.

Enter HOST.

Come, fill out—hold—let me taſte it firſt——ye blockhead, wou'd ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*] ——Yes, 'twill do—give me the bottle, I'll fill myſelf. Now, Sir, is not that a glaſs of right wine?

Hyp. Extremely good indeed. But, Sir, as to my queſtion.

Trap. I'm afraid, Sir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

Hyp. O, pray, Sir, beſpeak what you pleaſe.

Trap. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.——Here, Maſter! pr'ythee get us a——Ha! ay! get us a dozen of

poach'd eggs, a dozen, d'ye hear—juſt to—pop down a little.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*

Trap. Friend,—let there be a little ſlice of bacon to every one of 'em.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*

Hyp. But, Sir——

Trap. Odſo! I had like to have forgot——here, a—Sancho, Sancho! ay, is'n't your name Sancho?

Hoſt. Diego, Sir.

Trap. Oh! ay, Diego! that's true indeed, Diego! Umph!

Hyp. I muſt e'en let him alone, there's no putting in a word 'till his mouth's full.

Trap. Come, here's to thee, Diego—— [*Drinks and fills again.*] That I ſhould forget thy name tho'.

Hoſt. No great harm, Sir.

Trap. Diego, ha! a very pretty name, faith!——I think you are married, are you not, Diego!

Hoſt. Ay, ay, Sir.

Trap. Hah! how many children?

Hoſt. Nine girls and a boy, Sir.

Trap. Hah! nine girls—Come, here's to thee again, Diego——Nine girls! a ſtirring woman, I dare ſay; a good houſewife, ha! Diego.

Hoſt. Pretty well, Sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herſelf, I warrant ye—Does ſhe do olives well?

Hoſt. Will you be pleas'd to taſte 'em, Sir?

Trap. Taſte 'em; humh! pr'ythee let's have a plate, Diego.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as ſoon as you pleaſe, Sir; when it's ready call us.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Hyp. But, Sir, I was aſking you of your profeſſion.

Trap. Profeſſion! really, Sir, I don't uſe to profeſs much, I am a plain dealing ſort of a man; if I ſay I'll ſerve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever ſerv'd, Sir?

Trap. Not theſe two laſt campaigns.

Hyp. How ſo?

Trap. Some words with my ſuperior officer; I was a little too free in ſpeaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of ſerving again, Sir?

Trap. If a good poſt falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I cou'd help you.——Pray, Sir, when you ſerv'd laſt, did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay, Sir?—Yes, Sir, I was paid, clear'd ſubſiſtence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And your late commander's name was——

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant. You need not be curious; for I am ſure you don't know me, though I do you, and your condition, which I dare promiſe you I'll mend upon our better acquaintance: and your firſt ſtep to deſerve it, is to anſwer me honeſtly to a few queſtions: keep your aſſurance ſtill, it may do me ſervice, I ſhall like you better for it. Come, here's to encourage you. [*Gives him money.*

Trap. Sir, my humble ſervice to you.

Hyp. Well ſaid.

Flo. Nay, I'll paſs my word he ſhan't dwindle into modeſty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life: I have ſeen ſuch a ſort of a face before, but where——I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glaſs, Sir.

Hyp. Grammercy! Here, couſin. [*Drinks to* Flora.] Come now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his ſervice? why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time, I think, his wits had left him——the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, ſtark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love! How, pray?

Trap. Very deep—up to the ears, over head, drown'd by this time; he would in—I would have had him ſtop when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was ſhe he was in love with?

Trap. The devil.

Hyp. So! Now for a very ugly likeneſs of my own face.——What ſort of a devil?

Trap. The damning ſort——a woman.

Hyp. Had ſhe no name?

Trap. Her Chriſtian name was Donna Hyppolita; but her proper name was Shittlecock.

Flo. How d'ye like that?—— [*Aſide to* Hyp.

Hyp. Pretty well. [*Aſide to* Flora.] Was ſhe handſome?

Trap. Umph———ſo, ſo.

Flo. How d'ye like that? [*To* Hyp.

Hyp. Umph—ſo, ſo. [*to* Flora.] Had ſhe wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good-humour?

Trap. Very ſeldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was ſhe honeſt?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What! had ſhe no good qualities?

Trap. Faith, I don't remember them.

Hyp. Hah! D'ye think ſhe lov'd him?

Trap. If ſhe did, 'twas as the cobler lov'd his wife.

Hyp. How was that?

Trap. Why, he beat her thrice a-day, and told his neighbour he lov'd her never the worſe, but he was reſolv'd the bitch ſhould never know it.

Hyp. Did ſhe uſe him ſo very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flo. How d'ye do now? [*To* Hyp.

Hyp. I don't know——Methinks I——But ſure——What! was ſhe not handſome, ſay ye?

Trap. A deviliſh tongue.

Hyp. Was ſhe ugly?

Flo. Ay, ſay that at your peril. [*Aſide.*

Hyp. What was ſhe? How did ſhe look?

Trap. Look! Why, faith, the woman look'd very well when ſhe had a bluſh in her face.

Hyp. Did ſhe often bluſh?

Trap. I never ſaw her.

Hyp. Never ſaw her! Had ſhe no charm? What made him love her?

Trap. Really, I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the picture, Madam? [*Aſide.*

Hyp. O, O! extremely well! The rogue has put me into a cold ſweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

Enter HOST.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Hyp. That's well. Come, Sir, at dinner I'll give you farther inſtructions how you may ſerve yourſelf and me.

Trap. Come, Sir. [*To* Flo.

Flo. Nay, dear Sir, no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble ſervant.

[*As they are going out,* Hyp. *ſtops 'em.*

Hyp. Come back: here's one I don't care ſhou'd ſee me.

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot then; we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble ſervant again. [*Exit* Trap.

Flo. You ſeem concern'd: who is it?

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live.——Come this way. [*They retire.*

Enter OCTAVIO, *and a Servant.*

Oct. Jaſper, run immediately to Roſara's woman, tell her I am juſt come to town, ſlip that note into her hand, and ſtay for an anſwer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Re-enter HOST, *conducting* DON PHILIP.

Hoſt. Here, Sir, pleaſe to walk this way.

Flo. And Don Philip, by Jupiter!

D. Phil. When my ſervant comes, ſend him to me immediately.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir.

Hyp. Nay, then, 'tis time for us to make ready—— Alons! [*Exeunt* Hyp. *and* Flo.

Octa. Don Philip!

D. Phil. Dear Octavio!

Octa. What lucky point of the compaſs cou'd blow us upon one another ſo?

D. Phil. Faith, a wind very contrary to my inclination: but the worſt I ſee blows ſome good; I am overjoy'd to ſee you.—But what makes you ſo far from the army?

Octa. Who thought to have found you ſo far from Seville?

D. Phil. What do you do at Madrid?

Octa. O friend, ſuch an unfortunate occaſion, yet ſuch a lucky diſcovery! Such a mixture of joy and torment no poor dog upon earth was ever plagu'd with.

D. Phil. Unriddle, pray.

Octa. Don't you remember, about ſix months ago, I wrote you word of a dear delicious ſprightly creature, that I had bombarded for a whole ſummer to no purpoſe?

D. Phil. I remember.

Octa. That ſame ſilly, ſtubborn, charming angel, now capitulates.

D. Phil. Then ſhe's taken.

Octa. I can't tell that: for you muſt know, her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

D. Phil. Marry her to another?

Octa. Of a better eſtate than mine it ſeems. She tells me here, he is within a day's march of her, begs me to come upon the ſpur to her relief, and if I don't arrive

too late, confeſſes ſhe loves me well enough to open the gates, and let me enter the town before him. There's her expreſs, read it.——

HYPPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI *appear in the balcony.*

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a miſtreſs——let's obſerve.

Flo. Trappanti, there's your old maſter.

Trap. Ay, I know him again: but I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good ſervant when he had him.

D. Phil. reads.] "My father has concluded a match "for me with one I never ſaw, and intends in two "days to perfect it: the gentleman is expected every "hour: in the mean time, if you know any friend "that has a better title to me, adviſe him forthwith to "put in his claim: I am almoſt out of my ſenſes, which "you'll eaſily believe when I tell you, if ſuch a one "ſhou'd make haſte, I ſhan't have time to refuſe him "any thing."

Hyp. How's this?

D. Phil. No name!

Octa. She never wou'd truſt it in a letter.

Flo. If this ſhould be Don Philip's miſtreſs!

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is; I know the lady, and what the neighbours ſay of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky diſcovery——But huſh!

D. Phil. What will you do in this caſe?

Octa. That I don't yet know; I am half diſtracted: I have juſt ſent my ſervant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to ſpeak with her; I long to ſee her: I warrant the poor fool will be ſo ſoft and humble, now ſhe's in a fright.——

D. Phil. What will you propoſe at your meeting her?

Octa. I don't know; may be another meeting: at leaſt it will come to a kind look, a kiſs, good b'ye, and a ſigh!——Ah, if I can but perſuade her to run away with me.

D. Phil. Conſider.

Octa. Ah! ſo I do: what a pleaſure 'twou'd be to have her ſteal out of her bed in a ſweet moon-ſhiny night! to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her ſlippers, with nothing but a thin ſilk night-gown looſe about her, and in this tempting dreſs, to have her jump into my arms breathleſs with fear, her panting boſom cloſe to mine; then to ſtifle her with kiſſes, and curl myſelf about her ſmooth, warm limbs, that breathe an healing odour from their pores, enough to make the ſenſes ake, or fancy mad.

D. Phil. Octavio, I envy thee: thou art the happieſt man in thy temper.

Octa. And thou art the moſt alter'd I ever knew: prithee, what makes thee ſo much upon the humdrum? Well, are my ſiſter and you come to a right underſtanding yet? when do you marry?

Hyp. So! now I ſhall have my picture by another hand.

D. Phil. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your miſtreſs's: ſhe is going to marry the man ſhe never ſaw, and I the woman.

Octa. 'Dſdeath! you make me tremble, I hope 'tis not my miſtreſs.

D. Phil. Thy miſtreſs! that were an idle fear; Madrid's a wide place——Or if it were, (ſhe loving you), my friendſhip and my honour would oblige me to deſiſt.

Octa. That's generous, indeed: but ſtill you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my ſiſter? I hope ſhe has given you no reaſon to forget her.

Hyp. Now I tremble!

D. Phil. The moſt ſevere that ever Beauty printed in the heart of man, a coldneſs unaccountable to ſenſe.

Octa. Pſhaw! diſſembl'd.

Hyp. Hah!

D. Phil. I can't think it; lovers are ſoon flatter'd into hope, but ſhe appear'd to be indifferent to ſo nic

a point, that ſhe has ruin'd me without the trouble of reſolving it.

Flo. Well, men are fools.

Octa. And by this time ſhe's in fits for your leaving her: 'tis her nature; I know her from her bib and baby: I remember at five years old the vixen has faſted three days together in pure ſpite to her governeſs.

Hyp. So!

Octa. Nothing could ever in appearance make her pleaſed, or angry; always too proud to be oblig'd, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing ſo low as to ſeem fond of revenge: ſhe had a ſtomach that cou'd digeſt every thing but humility.

Hyp. Goodlack, Mr Wit!

Octa. Yet with all this I've ſometimes ſeen her good-natur'd, generous, and tender.

Hyp. There the rogue was civil again.

D. Phil. I have thought ſo too. [*Sighing.*

Hyp. How can he ſpeak of me with ſo much generoſity?

Octa. For all her uſage of you, I'll be rack'd if ſhe did not love you.

D. Phil. I rather think ſhe hated me: however, now 'tis paſt, and I muſt endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp Now I begin to hate myſelf!

Octa. Then you are determin'd to marry this other lady?

D. Phil. That's my buſineſs to Madrid.

Trap. Which ſhall be done to your hand.

D. Phil. Beſides, I am now oblig'd by contract.

Octa. Then, (though ſhe be my ſiſter), may ſome jealous, old, ill-natur'd dog revenge your quarrel to her.

Hyp. Thank you, Sir.

D. Phil. Come, forget it.

Octa. With all my heart, let's go in and drink your new miſtreſs's health. When do you viſit her?

D. Phil. I intended it immediately: but an unlucky accident has hinder'd me; one of my ſervants fell ſick

upon the road, ſo that I am forc'd to make ſhift with one, and he is the moſt negligent, ſottiſh rogue, in nature; has left the portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the laſt town we lay, ſo that I can't properly viſit the lady or her father till I am able to aſſure them who I am.

Octa. Why don't you go back yourſelf to ſee for 'em?

D. Phil. I have ſent my ſervant, for I am really tir'd; I was loth to appear too much concern'd for 'em, leſt the raſcal ſhould think it worth his while to run away with 'em.

Enter SERVANT *to* Octavio.

Octa. How now?

Serv. Here's an anſwer, Sir. [*Gives a letter.*

Hyp. Come, we have ſeen enough of the enemy's motions to know it's time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt* Hyp. Flo. *and* Trap *from above.*

Octa. to D. Phil.] My dear friend, I beg a thouſand pardons, I muſt leave you this minute, the kind creature has ſent for me; I am a ſoldier, you know, and orders muſt be obey'd: when I come off o' duty, I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Phil. You'll find me here, or hear of me. Adieu.

[*Exit* Octa.

Here, houſe!

Enter HOST.

Pr'ythee ſee if my ſervant be come yet.

Hoſt. I believe he is, Sir; is he not in blue?

D. Phil. Ay, where is the ſot?

Hoſt. Juſt refreſhing himſelf with a glaſs at the gate.

D. Phil. Pray, tell the gentleman, I'd ſpeak with him.——[*Exit* Hoſt.] In all the neceſſaries of life there is not a greater plague than ſervants. Hey, Soto!

Enter SOTO *drunk.*

Soto. ——Did you pleaſe to——ſuch——call, Sir?

D. Phil. What's the reaſon, blockhead, I muſt always wait upon you thus?

Soto. Sir, I did not know any thing of it, I——I—— came as ſoon as you ſe—ſe—ſe—ſent for me.

D. Phil. And why not without ſending, Sir? Did you think I expected no anſwer to the buſineſs I ſent you about?

Soto. Yes, Sir——I did think you wou'd be willing——that is——to have an account——ſo I ſtaid to take a glaſs at the door, becauſe I wou'd not be out of the way——huh!

D. Phil. You are drunk, raſcal.—Where's the portmanteau?

Soto. Sir, I am here——if you pleaſe, I'll give you the whole account how the matter is, huh!

D. Phil. My mind miſgives me.—Speak, villain.—— [*Strikes him.*

Soto. I will, Sir, as ſoon as I can put my words into an intelligible order; I an't running away, Sir.

D. Phil. To the point, ſirrah!

Soto. Not of your ſword, dear Sir.

D. Phil. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Soto. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the ſtricteſt ſearch in the world, and drank at every houſe upon the road, going and coming, and aſk'd about it; and ſo at laſt, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then——

D. Phil. What!

Soto. That it muſt certainly be loſt.

D. Phil. Dog! do you think this muſt ſatisfy me? [*Beats him.*

Soto. Lord, Sir, you won't hear reaſon.——Are you ſure you han't it about you?——If I know any thing of it, I wiſh I may be burnt.

D. Phil. Villain! your life can't make me ſatisfaction!

Soto. No, Sir! that's hard——a man's life can't—— For my part——I——I——

D. Phil. Why do I vent my rage againſt a ſot, a clod of earth? I ſhould accuſe myſelf for truſting him.

Soto. Sir——I had rather——bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket, than have had such a life about it.

D. Phil. Be dumb!

Sot. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Phil. If this rascal had stole it, sure he would not have ventur'd to come back again.——I am confounded: neither Don Manuel, nor his daughter know me, nor any of his family. If I shou'd not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll in the mean time think himself affronted by my neglect.——What shall I do?——Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville. I must think.——Hey, boy!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter HYPPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Hold, Sir, let me touch up your fore-top a little.

Hyp. So! My gloves.——Well, Trappanti, you know your business; and, if I marry the lady, you know my promise too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember 'em both.——Odso! I had like to have forgot——Here, house! A bason and washball.——I've a razor about me; hey! [*Knocks.*] Let me take off your wig, Sir.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shav'd.

Hyp. Shav'd!

Trap. Ever while you live, Sir, go with a smooth chin to your mistress. Hey! [*Knocks.*

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence, I shall laugh out and discover myself.

Trap. Why, Diego! [*Knocks.*

Hyp. Pshaw! Prithee, don't stand fooling; we're in haste.

Flo. Ay, ay, shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, Sir, your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day.

[*Taking her by the chin.*

Flo. Ay, and to-morrow too. Prav, Sir, will you ſee the coach ready, and put in the things?

Trap. Sir, I'll ſee the coach ready, and put in the things. [*Exit* Trap.

Flo. Come, Madam, courage! Now let's do ſomething for the honour of our ſex, give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, buſtle, and bring about as well as the beſt of 'em.

Hyp. Well ſaid, Flora; for the honour of our ſex be it then, and let the grave Dons think themſelves as wiſe as they pleaſe: but Nature knows there goes more wit to the management of ſome amours than the hardeſt point in politics.

Therefore to men th' affair of ſtate's confin'd;
Wiſely to us the ſtate of love's aſſign'd,
As love's the weightier buſineſs of mankind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don Manuel's *Houſe.*

Enter ROSARA *and* VILETTA.

VILETTA.

HEAR reaſon.

Roſ. Talk of Octavio then.

Vil. How do you know but the gentleman your father deſigns you for, may prove as pretty a fellow as he? Have a little patience; if you ſhould happen to like him as well, would not that do your buſineſs as well?

Roſ. Do you expect Octavio ſhould thank you for this?

Vil. The gentleman is no fool.

Roſ. He will hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

Vil. Hang 'em, fay I: but can't one quench the thirſt without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? Octavio's now in a very good poſt——keep him there——I know the man: he underſtands the buſineſs he is in to a hair: but faith you'll ſpoil him; he's too pretty a fellow, and too poor a one for an huſband.

Roſ. Poor! he has enough.

Vil. That's the moſt he has.

Roſ. 'Twill do our buſineſs.

Vil. But when you have no portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll ſoon have enough of you, and how will your buſineſs be done then, pray?

Roſ. 'Pſha! you talk like a fool!

Vil. Come, come, if Octavio muſt be the man, I ſay, let Don Philip be the huſband.

Roſ. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an huſband, and no huſband but Octavio. When you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of ſomebody elſe.

Vil. In vain, I ſee.——I ha' done, Madam.——One muſt have time to be wiſe: but, in the mean-while, what do ye reſolve? Poſitively not to marry Don Philip?

Roſ. I don't know what I ſhall do 'till I ſee Octavio. When did he ſay he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, Madam.

Roſ. Why?

Vil. I am brib'd to the contrary.

Roſ. By whom?

Vil. Octavio: he juſt now ſent me this lovely piece of gold, not to tell you what time he would be here.

Roſ. Nay then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I ſhall ſee him.

Vil. Umph! theſe are lovely pieces indeed. [*Smiling.*

Roſ. When, Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of them, Madam?

Roſ. 'Pſha! there, take purſe and all: will that content thee?

Vil. O! dear Madam, I ſhould be unconſcionable to

deſire more; but really I was willing to have them all firſt. [*Courteſying.*

Roſ. When will he come?

Vil. Why, the poor gentleman has been hankering about the houſe this quarter of an hour; but I did not obſerve, Madam, you were willing to ſee him, 'till you had convinc'd me by ſo plain a proof.

Roſ. Where's my father?

Vil. Faſt aſleep in the great chair.

Roſ. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Roſ. His habit!

Vil. Ay, Madam, he's turn'd frier to come at you; if your father ſurpriſes us, I have a lie ready to back him——Hiſt, Octavio, you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO *in a frier's habit.*

Octa. After a thouſand frights and fears do I live to ſee my dear Roſara once again, and kind!

Roſ. What ſhall we do, Octavio?

[*Looking him dly on him.*

Octa. Kind creature! Do! why, as lovers ſhould do; what no body can undo: let's run away this minute, tie ourſelves faſt in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Roſ. And fortunes too?

Octa. 'Pſha! we ſhall have it one day: they muſt leave their money behind 'em.

Roſ. Suppoſe you firſt try my father's good-nature? You know he once encouraged your addreſſes.

Octa. Firſt let's be faſt married; perhaps he may be good-natur'd when he can't help it: if we ſhould try him now, 'twill but ſet him more upon his guard againſt us: ſince we are liſted under love, don't let us ſerve in a ſeparate garriſon. Come, come, ſtand to your arms, whip a ſuit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Roſ. Ah! my father.

Octa. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Viletta!

Vil. Sir!

D. Man. Where's my daughter?

Vil. Hiſt! don't diſturb her.

D. Man. Diſturb her! why, what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confeſſion, Sir.

D. Man. Confeſſion! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no ſins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear Sir, there's no living without 'em.

D. Man. She's now at years of diſcretion.

Vil. There's the danger, Sir, ſhe's juſt of the taſting age: one has really no reliſh of a ſin till fifteen.

D. Man. Ah! then the jades have ſwinging ſtomachs; I find her averſion to the marriage I have propos'd her, has put her upon diſobedient thoughts: there can be no confeſſion without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, Sir, without confeſſion.

D. Man. Fiddle faddle, I won't have her ſeem wicked. Huſſy, you ſhall confeſs for her, I'll have her ſend her ſins by you, you know 'em, I'm ſure. But I'll know what the frier has got out of her.——Save you, Father.

Octa Bleſs you, Son.

D. Man. How now, what's become of Father Benedic? Why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well, and ſo deſir'd this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Man. He ſeems very young for a confeſſor.

Vil. Ay, Sir! he has not been long at it.

Octa. Nor don't deſire to be long in it; I wiſh I underſtand it well enough to make a fool of my old Don here. [*Aſide.*

D. Man. Well, Sir, how do you find the pulſe of iniquity beat there? what ſort of ſin has ſhe the moſt ſtomach to?

Octa. Why truly, Sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had moſt powerful temptations.

D. Man. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

Octa. She has told me a most lamentable story.

D. Man. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie.

Octa. Indeed, Son, I find by her confession, that you are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

D. Man. Heyday! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? let me come——she shall be lock'd up 'till she repents 'em too.

Octa. Son, forbear: this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

D. Man. Sir, I have done: but pray, if you please, let's come to the point: What are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Octa. Nay, Sir, mistake her not: she did not, with any malicious design, expose your faults, but as her own depended on 'em; her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty.

D. Man. Let's have 'em, both antecedent, and consequent.

Octa. Why, she confess'd her first maiden, innocent affection, had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encourag'd; and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes, and, to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

D. Man. Very good, I see no harm in all this.

Octa. Methinks the welfare of a daughter, Sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. Man. Serious! so I am, Sir: what a devil, must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good husband?

Octa. Her melancholy may tell you, Sir, she can't think him a good one.

D. Man. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Octa. What have you to object againſt the man ſhe likes?

D. Man. The man I like!

Octa. Suppoſe the unhappy youth ſhe loves ſhou'd throw himſelf diſtracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity?

D. Man. Ay! that if he can.

Octa. You wou'd not, Sir, refuſe to hear him?

D. Man. Sir, I ſhall not refuſe him any thing, that I am ſure will ſignify nothing.

Octa. Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which ſeparated lovers feel, were nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

D. Man. Sir, when I am aſk'd to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature ſleeps like a top.

Octa. Then I muſt tell you, Sir, this obſtinacy obliges me, as a church-man, to put you in mind of your duty; and to let you know too, you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

D. Man. Sir, I am not afraid of the ſin of marrying my daughter to the beſt advantage: and ſo if you pleaſe, Father, you may walk home again——When any thing lyes upon my conſcience, I'll ſend for you.

Octa. Nay, then 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, Sir, the man that dares to aſk Roſara from me, is a villain. [*Throws off his diſguiſe.*

Vil. So! here will be fine work! [*Aſide.*

D. Man. Octavio! the devil!

Octa. You'll find me one, unleſs you do me ſpeedy juſtice: ſince not the bonds of honour, nature, nor ſubmiſſive reaſon can oblige you, I am reduced to take a ſurer, ſhorter way, and force you to be juſt. I leave you, Sir, to think on't. [*Walks about angrily.*

D. Man. Ah! here's a confeſſor! Ah! that jade of mine——and that other jade of my jade's——here has been rare doings!—Well! it ſhan't hold long, Madam ſhall be noos'd to-morrow morning——Hah! Sir's in a great paſſion here, but it won't do——thoſe long ſtrides, Don, will never bring you the ſooner to your

miſtreſs——Roſara, ſtep into that cloſet, and fetch my ſpectacles off o' the table there. Tum, tum! [*Sings.*

Vil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks. [*Aſide.*

Roſ. This obſtinacy of yours, my dear father, you ſhall find runs in the family.

[*Exit* Roſara, *and* D. Man. *locks her in.*

D. Man. Tum, dum, dum! [*Sings.*

Octa. Sir, I wou'd adviſe you, as your neareſt friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

D. Man. Tum, tum, tum!

Vil. Sir, you have lock'd my miſtreſs in. [*Perily.*

D. Man. Tum, dum, dum!

Vil. If you pleaſe to lend me the key, Sir, I'll let her out.

D. Man. Tum, dum, dum!

Octa. You might afford me at leaſt, as I am a gentleman, a civil anſwer, Sir.

D. Man. Why then, in one word, Sir, you ſhall not marry my daughter; and, as you are a gentleman, I'm ſure you won't think it good manners to ſtay in my houſe, when I ſubmiſſively beg of you to walk out.

Octa. You are the father of my miſtreſs, and ſomething, Sir, too old to anſwer, as you ought, this wrong; therefore I'll look for reparation where I can with honour take it; and ſince you have obliged me to leave your houſe, I'll watch it carefully, I'll know who dares enter it. This, Sir, be ſure of, the man that offers at Roſara's love ſhall have one virtue, courage at leaſt; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he ſteps before me, force him to deſerve her. [*Exit* Octavio.

D. Man. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at:——But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide againſt him—Who waits there?

Enter a SERVANT.

Run you for an alguazile, and bid your fellows arm themſelves, I expect miſchief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any diſturbance, knock him down and bring him before me. [*Exit* Servant.

Vil. Hiſt! don't I hear my miſtreſs's voice?

Roſ. within.] Viletta!

Vil. Here, here, Madam—Bleſs me, what's this?

[Viletta *liſtens at the cloſet-door, and* Roſara *thruſts a billet through the key-hole.*

Ha! a billet——to Octavio——a——hem.

[*Puts it into her boſom.*

D. Man. How now, huſſy; what are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing, Sir; I was only peeping to ſee if my miſtreſs had done prayers yet.

D. Man. Oh! ſhe had as good let 'em alone; for ſhe ſhall never come out till ſhe has ſtomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs Modeſty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

Vil. Yes, Sir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*

D. Man. Did you ſo!—Ha! Then if you pleaſe, Madam—I'll let you out—go—go—get a ſheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never ſee that damn'd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bleſs me, Sir, you are in a ſtrange humour, that you won't know when a ſervant does as ſhe ſhou'd do.

D. Man. Thou art ſtrangely impudent.

Vil. Only the fartheſt from it in the world, Sir.

D. Man. Then I am ſtrangely miſtaken. Didſt not thou own juſt now thou let'ſt him in?

Vil. Yes,—but 'twas in diſguiſe—for I did not deſign you ſhou'd ſee him; becauſe, I know you did not care my miſtreſs ſhou'd ſee him.

D. Man. Hah!

Vil. And I knew at the ſame time, ſhe had a mind to ſee him.

D. Man. Hah!

Vil. And you know, Sir, that the ſin of loving him had lain upon her conſcience a great while; ſo I thought it high time ſhe ſhou'd come to a thorough confeſſion.

D. Man. Hah!

Vil. So upon this, Sir, as you ſee——I—I—I let him in, that's all.

D. Man. Nay, if it be ſo as thou ſay'ſt, he was a proper confeſſor indeed.

Vil. Ay, Sir, for you know this was not a ſpiritual father's buſineſs.

D. Man. No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

Vil. Well, Sir, and judge you now, if my miſtreſs is not beholden to me.

D. Man. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this; though perhaps you'll chuſe that place: I think you never much car'd for your huſband's company; and, if I don't miſtake, you ſent him to heaven in the old road. Hark! what noiſe is that?

[*Noiſe without.*

Vil. So, Octavio's puſhing his fortune; he'll have a wife or a halter, that's poſitive—I'll go ſee which.

[*Exit* Viletta.

Enter a SERVANT *haſtily.*

D. Man. How now!

Serv. O Sir, Octavio has ſet upon a couple of gentlemen juſt as they were lighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young miſtreſs, I heard 'em name her name; I'm afraid there will be miſchief, Sir, there they are all at it, helter ſkelter.

D. Man. Run into the hall, take down my back, breaſt and head-piece, call an officer, raiſe the neighbours, give me my great gun, I'll ſhoot him out of the garret window.

[*Exit D.* Man.

Enter HYPPOLITA *and* FLORA, *putting up their ſwords;* OCTAVIO *in the* Alguazile's *hands, and* TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Bring him along——This is ſuch an inſolence! Damn it, at this rate, no gentleman can walk the ſtreets.

Flo. I ſuppoſe, Sir, your buſineſs was more with our pockets than our perſons: are our things ſafe?

Trap. Ay, Sir, I ſecur'd them as ſoon as ever I ſaw his ſword out; I gueſs'd his deſign, and ſcower'd off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now, who ſet you on, Sir.

Octa. Pr'ythee, young man, don't be troubleſome, but thank the raſcal that knock'd me down for your eſcape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you know, if you had not been knock'd down, I ſhou'd have ow'd my eſcape to the ſame arm you wou'd have ow'd the reward for your inſolence: pray, Sir, what are you? Who knows you?

Octa. I'm glad, at leaſt, to find 'tis not Don Philip that's my rival. [*Aſide.*

Serv. Sir, my maſter knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, Sir, if you'd have me uſe you like a gentleman, I deſire your meaning of thoſe familiar queſtions you aſk'd me at the coach-ſide.

Octa. Faith, young Gentleman, I'll be very ſhort; I love the lady you are to marry; and, if you don't quit your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you pleaſe, the danger's equal—for, rot me, if I'm not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Octa. If I were out of theſe gentlemen's hands, on my word, Sir, you ſhou'dn't want an opportunity.

Hyp. O! Sir, theſe gentlemen ſhall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

Flo. Ay, Sir, we'll bail you; and, if you pleaſe, Sir,

bring your friend, I'm his. Damn me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Octa. Sir, I aſk your pardon, and ſhall deſire to kiſs your hands about an hour hence at——— [*Whiſpers.*

Flo. Very well, Sir, we'll meet you.

Hyp. Releaſe the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not, without my maſter's order: here he is, Sir.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. How now, Bully Confeſſor? What! in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don Fernando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his moſt dear and worthy friend Don Manuel Grimaldi; and, at the ſame time, gave me aſſurance of a kind reception.

D. Man. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye: I'm overjoy'd to ſee you——Your friend, Sir?

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville, Sir, to aſſiſt at the ſolemnity of his friend's happineſs.

D. Man. Sir, you are welcome; I ſhall be proud to know you.

Flo. You do me honour, Sir.

Enter VILETTA, *who ſlips a note into* Octavio's *hand unſeen, and exit.*

Vil. Send your anſwer to me.

D. Man. I hope you are not hurt, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all, Sir; thanks to a little ſkill in the ſword.

D. Man. I am glad of it; however, give me leave, to interrupt our buſineſs for a moment, 'till I have done you juſtice on the perſon that offer'd you this inſolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon, Sir; I underſtand he is a gentleman, and I beg you would not let my honour ſuffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

D. Man. A pretty mettled fellow, faith——'muſt not let him fight tho'. [*Aſide.*] But, Sir, you don't know perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy?

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his ſpleen and folly than you imagine; which, if you pleaſe to diſcharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

D. Man. Diſcharge him! pray conſider, Sir——

[*They ſeem to talk.*

Octa. aſide.] Now for a beam of hope in a tempeſt.

[*Reads.*]

"I charge you don't hazard my ruin and your own, "by the madneſs of a quarrel: the cloſet window "where I am, is but a ſtep to the ground. Be at the "backdoor of the garden exactly in the cloſe of the "evening, where you will certainly find one that "may put you in the beſt way of getting rid of a "rival."

Dear kind creature! Now, if my little Don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happieſt dog in the univerſe.

D. Man. Well, Sir, ſince I find your honour is dipt ſo deep in the matter——here——releaſe the gentleman.

Flo. So, Sir; you have your freedom, you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual——Sir, your ſervant.

Octa. So, now I have a very handſome occaſion to put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I aſk your pardon; I begin to be a little ſenſible of the raſhneſs I committed; and, I confeſs, your manner of treating me has been ſo very much like men of honour, that I think myſelf oblig'd from the ſame principle to aſſure ye, that tho' I love Roſara equal to my life, yet no conſideration ſhall perſuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival:

I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble ſervant. [*Exit* Octa.

Hyp. Your ſervant, Sir;——I think we releas'd my brother very handſomely; but I han't done with him. [*Aſide to* Flora.

D. Man. What can this ſudden turn of civility mean? I am afraid 'tis but a cloke to ſome new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my ſervant here has diſcover'd a piece of villainy of his, that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. Man. Is it poſſible! Why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Becauſe I am ſure it can do me no harm, Sir.

D. Man. Pray, be plain, Sir; what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you——For, to ſay truth, he's much better at a lie. [*Aſide.*

D. Man. Come hither, Friend: Pray, what is this buſineſs?

Hyp. Ay, what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman, at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why, Sir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau in the yard there, I obſerv'd Octavio and another ſpark very familiar with your Honour's name; upon which, Sir, I prick'd up the ears of my curioſity, and took in all their diſcourſe.

D. Man. Pray who was that other ſpark, Friend?

Trap. A brother-rake, Sir; a damn'd ſly look'd fellow.

D. Man. So!

Flo. How familiarly the rogue treats his old maſter! [*Aſide.*

Hyp. Poor Don Philip! [*Aſide.*

Trap. Says one of 'em, ſays he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you, Sir) will never let you have her by fair means; however, ſays Octavio, I'll try ſoft words: but if thoſe won't do, bully him, ſays t'other.

D. Man. Ah, poor dog! but that wou'd not do

neither: Sir, he has try'd 'em both to-day to no purpoſe.

Trap. Say you ſo, Sir? then you'll find what I ſay is all of a piece. Well, and if neither of theſe will do, ſays he, you muſt e'en tilt the young prig your rival, (meaning you then, Sir.) [*To* Hyp.

D. Man. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my ſpark did not greatly care for.

Trap. No, Sir; that, he found, was catching a Tartar. 'Sſbud, my maſter fought like a lion, Sir.

Hyp. Truly, I did not ſpare him.

Flo. No, faith, after he was knock'd down. [*Aſide.*

Trap. But now, Sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

Hyp. Pray obſerve, Sir.

Trap. Well, ſays Slylooks, and if all theſe fail, I have a rare trick in my head, that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at leaſt, and in that time the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Man. Wou'd you ſo, Mr Dog? but he'll be hang'd.

Hyp. O Sir, you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this diſcovery.

D. Man. Pray, Sir, let's hear: what was this trick to be, friend?

Trap. Why, Sir, to alarm you, that my maſter was an impoſtor, and that Slylooks was the true Don Philip, ſent by his father from Seville to marry your daughter; upon which (ſays he) the old putt (meaning you again, Sir) will be ſo bamboozled, that———

D. Man. But pray, Sir, how did young Mr Coxcomb conclude, that the old putt was to believe all this? Had they no ſham proofs, that they propos'd to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You ſhall hear, Sir, (the plot was pretty well laid too): I'll pretend, ſays he, that the raſcal your rival, (meaning you then, Sir) has robb'd me of my portmanteau where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are

neither of us known in Madrid, ſays he; ſo that a little impudence, and a grave face, will certainly ſet thoſe two dogs a ſnarling, while you run away with the bone. That's all, Sir.

D. Man. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, Sir? was not this buſineſs pretty handſomely laid?

Flo. Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous conſequence.

D. Man. Why, truly, if we had not been fore-arm'd by this diſcovery, for ought I know, Mr Dog might have run away with the bone indeed: but if you pleaſe, Sir, ſince theſe ingenious gentlemen are ſo pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let 'em ſee that you and I have wit enough to do our buſineſs, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging.——But will your daughter, think ye, be prevail'd with?

D. Man. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute.——'Tis pity, methinks, we releas'd that bully, though——

Hyp. Not at all, Sir; I don't ſuppoſe he can have the impudence to purſue this deſign: or, if he ſhou'd, Sir,——now we know him before hand.

D. Man. Nay, that's true as you ſay——but therefore, methinks, I'd have him come: I love mightily to laugh in my ſleeve at an impudent rogue, when I'm ſure he can do me no harm: Odsfleſh! if he comes, the dog ſhan't know whether I believe him or not——I'll try if the old putt can bamboozle him or no.

Hyp. Egad, Sir, you're in the right on't; knock him down with his own weapon.

Trap. And when he is down, I have a trick to keep him ſo.

Flo. The devil's in't if we don't maul this raſcal among us.

D. Man. A ſon of a whore!——I am ſorry we let him go ſo ſoon, faith.

Flo. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, Sir, upon ſecond thoughts, I wiſh we

had——His excuſing his challenge ſo abruptly, makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point ſome other way.——Did not you obſerve your daughter's woman whiſper him?

D. Man. Humph!

Flo. They ſeem'd very buſy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't ſay about what—but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

D. Man. I am alarm'd!

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

D. Man. I think ſhe's pretty ſafe——but I'll go make her ſure.

Flo. 'Twill be no harm to look about ye, Sir. Where's her woman?

D. Man. I'll be upon her preſently.——She ſhall be ſearch'd for intelligence.——You'll excuſe me, Gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occaſion preſſes you.

D. Man. If I find all ſafe, I'll return immediately; and then, if you pleaſe, we'll run over ſome old ſtories of my good old friend Fernando.——Your ſervant.

[*Exit* D. Man.

Hyp. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.——Trappanti, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou haſt an admirable face; and when thou dy'ſt, I'll have thy whole ſtatue caſt all in the ſame metal.

Flo. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the law.

Trap. So 'tis indeed, Sir.——A man ſhould not praiſe himſelf; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to ſay, I become a lie as well as any man that wears it.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modeſt.——But, ſirrah, we have more work for ye: you muſt get in with the ſervants; attack the Lady's woman: there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*] Now, try if you can make a breach into the ſecrets of the family.

Trap. Ah, Sir, I warrant you.—I cou'd never yet meet

with a woman that was this ſort of piſtol-proof.—— I have known a handful of theſe do more than a barrel of gun-powder; the French charge all their cannon with 'em: the only weapon in the world, Sir. I remember my old maſter's father us'd to ſay, the beſt thing in the Greek grammar was—*Argurtois lonchaſy machou, kai panta crateſeis.* [*Exit* Trap.

Hyp. Well, dear Flora, let me kiſs thee. Thou haſt done thy part to a miracle.

Flo. 'Egad, I think ſo: didn't I bear up briſkly? Now, if Don Philip ſhould come while my blood's up, let him look to himſelf.

Hyp. We ſhall find him a little tough, I believe; for, poor gentleman, he is like to meet with a very odd reception from his father-in-law.

Flo. Nay, we've done his buſineſs there, I believe.

Hyp. How glibly the old gentleman ſwallow'd Trappanti's lie!

Flo. And how rarely the rogue told it!

Hyp. And how ſoon it work'd with him! 'For, if you pleaſe, (ſays he), we'll let him ſee that we have wit enough to do our buſineſs, and clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.'

Flo. Ah! we have it all the way.—Well, what muſt we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the Lady——I'll be a little briſk upon her, and then——

Flo. *Victoria!* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter VILETTA *haſtily*; DON MANUEL *and* TRAPPANTI *behind, obſerving her.*

VILETTA.

SO! with much ado I have given the old Don the ſlip; he has dangled with me thro' every room in the houſe, high and low, up ſtairs and down, as cloſe to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well——now we will ſee what Monſieur Octavio ſays. [*Takes a letter from her boſom.*

Trap. Hiſt! there ſhe is, and alone; when the devil has any thing to do with a woman, Sir, that's his time to take her: ſtand cloſe.

D. Man. Ah! he's at work already.——There's a letter.

Trap. Leave her to me, Sir; I'll read it.

Vil. Hah, two piſtoles!——Well, I'll ſay that for him, the man knows his buſineſs: his letters always come poſt paid.

[*While ſhe is reading,* Trappanti *ſteals behind, and looks over her ſhoulder.*]

"Dear Viletta, convey the inclos'd immediately to "your miſtreſs; and as you prize my life, uſe all poſ-"ſible means to keep the old gentleman from the clo-"ſet, till you are ſure ſhe is ſafe out of the window.

"Your real friend, OCTAVIO."

Trap. Octavio! [*Reading.*

Vil. Ah! [*Shrieking.*

Trap. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble ſervant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why——I never read a letter in my life without looking it over.

Vil. I don't know any buſineſs you had to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing——Your not knowing that has put you into this paſſion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet Honeycomb, don't be ſo waſpiſh; for if I keep your counſel, d'ye ſee, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whoſe bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! the fool ſays true; I had better wheedle him. [*Aſide.*

Trap. My dear Queen, don't be frighted——I come as a friend; now be ſerious.

Vil. Well! what wou'd you have?

Trap. Don't you love money above any thing in the world——except one?

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good.——And pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for, when Octavio has married your miſtreſs, and has no occaſion to write to her? Look you, child, tho' you are of counſel for him, uſe him like a true lawyer; make difficulties where there are none, that he may ſee you where he needs not. Diſpatch is out of practice, delay makes long bills; ſtick to it; once get him his cauſe, there's no more advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Trap. Why, that for the ſame reaſon, I have no mind to put an end to my own fees, by marrying my maſter: while they are lovers, they will always have occaſion for a confident, and a pimp; but when they marry——*ſerviteur*—good night vails, our harveſt is over. What d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why——I like what you ſay very well; but I

don't know, my friend, to me—that ſame face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery. ——What is't you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money! Don't you let your miſtreſs marry Octavio. I'll do my beſt to hinder my maſter: let you and I lay our heads together to keep them aſunder, and ſo make a penny of 'em all three.

Vil. Look you, Seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confeſs to you, I had made a rough draught of this project myſelf: but, ſay I ſhou'd agree with you to go on upon't, what ſecurity can you give me for performance of articles?

Trap. More than bond or judgment——my perſon in cuſtody.

Vil. Ah! that won't do.

Trap. No, my love! why, there's many a ſweet bit in't——Taſte it.

[*Offering to kiſs her, ſhe puts him away.*

Vil. No!

Trap. Faith, you muſt give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handſome myſelf, I love to play with thoſe that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honeſt fellow of my ſize and complection, in a careleſs poſture, playing the fool thus with his money——

[*Toſſes a purſe, ſhe catches it, and he kiſſes her.*

Vil. Pſhah! Well, if I muſt, come then.——To ſee how a woman may be deceiv'd at firſt ſight of a man!

Trap. Nay then, take a ſecond thought of me, child.

[*Again.*

D. Man. Hah!—This is laying their heads together, indeed. [*Behind.*

Vil. Well, now get you gone: I have a letter to give to my miſtreſs; ſlip into the garden——I'll come t'ye preſently.

Trap. Is't from Octavio?

Vil. Pſhah! be gone, I ſay. [*Snatches the letter.*

Trap. Hiſt!

[Trappanti *beckons* Don Manuel, *who goes ſoftly behind.*

Vil. Madam, Madam! Ah!

D. Man. Now, ſtrumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. [*Draws.*

Vil. Ah, lud! O lud! there, there! [*Squeaking.*

D. Man. Now we ſhall ſee what my gentleman wou'd be at.

[*Reads.*]

"My dear angel,"——Hah! ſoft and impudent.——"Depend upon me at the garden-door by ſeven this "evening. Pity my impatience, and believe you can "never come too ſoon to the arms of your

"OCTAVIO."

D. Man. Ah! now wou'd this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman than the gentlewoman wou'd of him, if he were to debauch her——Hold——let's ſee, what does he ſay here?——um! um! [*Reads to himſelf.*

Vil. What a ſow was I to believe this old fool durſt do me any harm! but a fright's the devil.——Wou'd I had my letters again!——tho' 'tis no great matter; for as my friend Trappanti ſays, delaying Octavio's buſineſs is doing my own.

D. Man. reading.]——Um, um! *Sure ſhe is ſafe out of the window.* O! there the mine is to be ſprung then.——The gentleman makes a warm ſiege on't in troth; and one wou'd think was in a fair way of carrying the place, while he has ſuch an admirable ſpy in the middle of the town.——Now were I to act like a true Spaniard, I ought to rip up this jade for more intelligence: but I'll be wiſe, a bribe and a lie will do my buſineſs a great deal better. Now, Gentlewoman, what d'ye think in your conſcience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conſcience you'll not do to

me—make a friend of me.——You ſee, Sir, I dare be an enemy.

D. Man. Nay, thou doſt not want courage, I'll ſay that for thee; but is it poſſible any thing can make thee honeſt?

Vil. What do you ſuppoſe would make me otherwiſe?

D. Man. Money.

Vil. You have nick'd it.

D. Man. And wou'd the ſame ſum make thee ſurely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't ſay neither: one muſt be heavier than t'other, or elſe the ſcale can't turn.

D. Man. Say it be ſo: wou'd that turn thee into my intereſt?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, Sir: judge yourſelf——Here ſtands Octavio with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my miſtreſs——There ſtand you with a hem, and four pieces!——where wou'd the letter go-d'ye think?

D. Man. There needs no more——I'm convinc'd, and will truſt thee.——There's to encourage thee beforehand; and when thou bring'ſt me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the ſum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do't.——And will take care he ſhall write preſently. [*Aſide.*

D. Man. Now, as you expect I ſhou'd believe you, be gone, and take no notice of what I have diſcover'd.

Vil. I am dumb, Sir—— [*Exit* Vil.

D. Man. So! this was done like a wiſe general: and now I have taken the counterſcarp, there may be ſome hopes of making the town capitulate.——Roſara! [*Unlocks the cloſet.*

Enter ROSARA.

Roſ. Did you call me, Sir?

D. Man. Ay, child: come, be chearful; what I have to ſay to you, I'm ſure ought to make you ſo.

Roſ. He has certainly made ſome diſcovery; Vilette

did not cry out for nothing.——What ſhall I do?—diſſemble. [*Aſide.*

D. Man. In one word, ſet your heart at reſt, for you ſhall marry Don Philip this very evening.

Roſ. That's but ſhort warning for the gentleman, as well as myſelf; for I don't know that we ever ſaw one another: how are you ſure he will like me?

D. Man. O, as for that matter, he ſhall ſee you preſently; and I have made it his intereſt to like you.—— But if you are ſtill poſitively reſolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words——Pull off your cloaths, and go to him.

Roſ. My cloaths, Sir!

D. Man. Ay; for the gentleman ſhan't have a—rag with you.

Roſ. I am not in haſte to be ſtarv'd, Sir.

D. Man. Then let me ſee you put on your beſt airs, and receive Don Philip as you ſhou'd do.

Roſ. When do you expect him, Sir?

D. Man. Expect him, Sir! he has been here this hour, Sir.—I only ſtaid to get you out of the ſullens—He's none of your hum-drums, all life and mettle! Odzooks, he has the courage of a cock; a duel's but a dance to him. He has been at ſa, ſa!——ſa for you already.

Roſ. Well, Sir, I ſhan't be afraid of his courage, ſince I ſee you are reſolv'd he ſhall be the man——He ſhall find me a woman, Sir, let him win me and wear me as ſoon as you pleaſe.

D. Man. Ah! now thou art mine own girl; hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toſs thee t'other buſhel of dubloons into thy portion—Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myſelf.——She's in a rare cue, faith: ah, if he does but knick her now!

[*Exit* Don Man.

Roſ. Now I have but one card to play——if that don't hit, my hopes are cruſh'd indeed; if this young ſpark ben't a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet.——Dear Fortune, give him but com-

mon ſenſe, I'll make it impoſſible for him to like me. ——Here they come——[*Walks careleſsly, and ſings.*] *I'll rove and I'll range*——

Enter DON MANUEL *and* HYPPOLITA.

Hyp. *I'll love and I'll change*—— [Sings with her.

D. Man. Ah, he has her! he has her!

Hyp. Madam, I kiſs your Ladyſhip's hands; I find by your gaiety you are no ſtranger to my buſineſs; perhaps you expected I ſhou'd have come in with a grave bow, and a long ſpeech; but my affair's in a little more haſte; therefore, if you pleaſe, Madam, we'll cut the work ſhort; be thoroughly intimate at the firſt ſight, and ſee one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

D. Man. Ah!

Roſ. Troth, Sir, I think you are very much in the right: the ſooner I ſee you, the ſooner I ſhall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Pſhah! as for that matter, you'll find me a very faſhionable huſband: I ſhan't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

Roſ. But I love to be in the faſhion too, Sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you ſo? why then, take me as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Roſ. I only ſtay for my mind, Sir; as ſoon as ever that comes to me, upon my word, I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, Madam, a quarter of an hour ſhall break no ſquares.——Sir, if you'll find an occaſion to leave us alone, I ſee we ſhall come to a right underſtanding preſently.

D. Man. I'll do't, Sir. Well, child, ſpeak in thy conſcience, is not he a pretty fellow?

Roſ. The gentleman's very well, Sir; but methinks he's a little too young for a huſband.

D. Man. Young! a fiddle; you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye: Sir, I muſt beg your pardon for a moment; but, if you pleaſe, in the mean time, I'll leave you my daughter, and ſo pray make your beſt of her. [*Exit* Don Man.

Hyp. I thank ye, Sir.

[Hyp. *ſtands ſometime mute, looks careleſsly at* Roſ. *and ſhe ſmiles as in contempt of him.*

Why now, methinks, Madam, you had as good put on a real ſmile; for I am doom'd to be the happy man, you ſee.

Roſ. So my father ſays, Sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Roſ. A bold man—— But he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Roſ. He muſt.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Roſ. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How ſo, pray?

Roſ. Becauſe he has promis'd you, you ſhall marry me; and he has always promis'd me I ſhould marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—— that is, he would oblige you to love the man you ſhould marry.

Roſ. The man that I marry will be ſure of my love; but for the man that marries me——Mercy on him!

Hyp. No matter for that; I'll marry you.

Roſ. Come, I don't believe you are ſo ill-natur'd.

Hyp. Why, doſt thou not like me, child?

Roſ. Um——No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Roſ. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Roſ. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Roſ. No.

Hyp. That's hard——The reſt.

Roſ. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll ſtand it——try me.

Ros. Why then, in ſhort, I like another: another man, Sir, has got into my head, and has made ſuch work there, you'll never be able to ſet me to rights as long as you live.——What d'ye think of me now, Sir? won't this ſerve for a reaſon why you ſhou'd not marry me?

Hyp. Um——the reaſon is a pretty ſmart ſort of a reaſon truly, but it won't do.——To be ſhort with ye, Madam, I have reaſon to believe I ſhall be diſinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what have you reaſon to believe you ſhall be, if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the Spaniſh faſhion, I ſuppoſe, jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the Engliſh faſhion, and ſomething elſe to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that, Madam, let the world think me in the Engliſh city-faſhion, content to a degree. Now here in Spain, Child, we have ſuch things as back rooms, barr'd windows, hard fare, poiſon, daggers, bolts, chains, and ſo forth.

Ros. Ay, Sir, and there are ſuch things as bribes, plots, ſhams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidents, and ſo forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very compleat regiment indeed! what a world of ſervice might theſe do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, Madam, your dreſs and humour have the prettieſt looſe French air, ſomething ſo quality, that let me die, Madam, I believe in a month I ſhould be apt to poiſon ye.

Ros. So! it takes. [*Aſide.*] And let me die, Sir, I believe I ſhould be apt to deſerve it of ye.

Hyp. I ſhall certainly do't.

Ros. It muſt be in my breakfaſt then——for I ſhould certainly run away before the wedding-dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted, but I'll ſtartle her. [*Aſide.*] Then I muſt tell you, Madam, a Spaniſh huſband may be provok'd as well as a wife.

Roſ. My life on't, his revenge is not half ſo ſweet; and if ſhe's provok'd, 'tis a thouſand to one but ſhe licks her lips before ſhe's nail'd in her coffin.

Hyp. You are very gay, Madam.

Roſ. I ſee nothing to fright me, Sir; for I cannot believe you'll marry me now——I have told you my humour; if you like it, you have a good ſtomach.

Hyp. Why, truly you may probably ly a little heavy upon't, but I can better digeſt you than poverty; as for your inclination, I'll keep your body honeſt however; that ſhall be lock'd up, and if you don't love me, then ——I'll ſtab ye. [*Careleſsly.*

Roſ. With what? your words? it muſt be thoſe you ſay after the prieſt then——you'll be able to do very little elſe that will reach my heart, I aſſure ye.

Hyp. Well, well, Madam, you need not give yourſelf half this trouble, I am heartily convinc'd you will make the damned'ſt wife that ever poor dog of a huſband wiſh'd at the devil. But really, Madam, you are very unfortunate; for notwithſtanding all the mighty pains you have taken, you have met with a poſitive coxcomb, that's ſtill juſt fool and ſtout enough to marry you.

Roſ. 'Twill be a proof of your courage indeed.

Hyp. Madam, you rally very well, 'tis confeſt: But now, if you pleaſe, we'll be a little ſerious.

Roſ. I think I am——What does he mean? [*Aſide.*

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the qualities you ſay you have, than I know you are guilty of 'em: your pretty arts in ſtriving to avoid, have charm'd me. Had you been preciſely coy, or over modeſt, your virtue then might have been ſuſpected. Your ſhewing me what a man of ſenſe ſhould hate, convinces me you know too what he ought to love; and ſhe that's once ſo well acquainted with the charms of virtue, never can forſake it. I both admire and love you now; you've made what only was my intereſt my happineſs. At my firſt view I woo'd ye only to ſecure a ſordid fortune, which now I, overjoy'd, could part with; nay, with life, with any thing, to purchaſe your unrivall'd heart,

Roſ. Now I am plung'd indeed. [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, I own you have diſcover'd me; and ſince you have oblig'd me to be ſerious, I now, from my ſincerity, proteſt my heart's already given, from whence no power nor intereſt ſhall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my intereſt, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Roſ. If, as you ſay, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in conſtancy: you ought to ſcorn me ſhould I flatter you with hope, ſince now you are aſſur'd I muſt be falſe before I can be yours. If what I've ſaid ſeems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or ſcorn, but faith unmov'd, and juſtice to the man I love.

Hyp. Death! I have fool'd away my hopes: ſhe muſt conſent, and ſoon, or yet I'm loſt—— [*Aſide.*

Roſ. He ſeems a little thoughtful; if he has honour, there may yet be hopes.

Hyp. It muſt——it can be only ſo; that way I make her ſure, and ſerve my brother too. [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, to let you ſee I'm a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a ſeeming proof that Octavio is the undiſputed maſter of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Roſ. Sir, you confound me with this goodneſs. A proof! is't poſſible! will that content ye! Command me to what proof you pleaſe; or if you'll truſt to my ſincerity, let theſe tears of joy convince you. Here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace I ſwear——

Hyp. Hold——Swear never to take a huſband but Octavio.

Roſ. I ſwear, and Heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Riſe, Madam, and now receive a ſecret, which I need not charge you to be careful of, ſince as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our ſeparate wiſhes.

Roſ. What mean you, Sir? Sure you are ſome angel ſent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, Madam, I have been often told ſo: but like moſt angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world, who I have a great mind ſhould know that I am——but a woman.

Roſ. A woman! Are not you Don Philip?

Hyp. His ſhadow, Madam, no more: I juſt run before him——nay, and after him too.

Roſ. I am confounded——A woman!

Hyp. As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever man run mad for.

Roſ. Nay, then you are an angel.

Hyp. Perhaps you'll think me a little a-kin to one at leaſt: Octavio, Madam, your lover is my brother; my name Hyppolita; my ſtory you ſhall know at leiſure.

Roſ. Hyppolita! Nay, then from what you've ſaid, and what I have heard Octavio ſay of ye, I gueſs your ſtory: but this was ſo extravagant a thought!

Hyp. That's true, Madam; it—it—it was a little round about indeed; I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip: but theſe men are ſuch tetchy things, they can never ſtay one's time, always in haſte; juſt as they pleaſe, now we are to look kind, then grave; now ſoft, then ſincere.——Fiddleſtick! when, may be, a woman has a new ſuit of knots on her head——So if we happen not to be in their humour, forſooth, then we are coquet, and proud, and vain; and then they are to turn fools, and tell us ſo; then one pouts, and t'other huffs, and ſo at laſt, you ſee, there is ſuch a plague, that——I don't know——one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

Roſ. A very generous confeſſion!

Hyp. Well, Madam, now you know me thoroughly, I hope you'll think me as fit for a huſband as another woman.

Roſ. Then I muſt marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and ſpeedily too; for I expect Don Philip

every moment; and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the banns.

Roſ. If he comes, what ſhall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him.——Here comes your father,—he's ſecure. Come, put on a dumb conſenting air, and leave the reſt to me.

Roſ. Well! this getting the better of my wiſe papa won't be the leaſt part of my ſatisfaction.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. So, Son! how does the battle go now? Ha' ye canonaded ſtoutly? Does ſhe cry, Quarter?

Hyp. My dear father, let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return.——You have given me an empire, Sir, I would not change to be Grand Seignior.

D. Man. Ah, rogue! he has done it; he has done it! he has her! ha! is't not ſo, my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria, Sir, the town's my own. Look here! and here, Sir! Thus have I been plundering this half hour; and thus, and thus, and thus, 'till my lips ache again. [*Kiſſes her.*

D. Man. Ah! give me the great chair——I can't bear my joy.——You rampant rogue, could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer! [*Embracing* Roſara.

D. Man. Ah! my cares are over.

Hyp. Oh! I told you, Sir,—hearts and towns are never too ſtrong for a ſurpriſe.

D. Man. Prithee be quiet, I hate the ſight of ye.——Roſara! Come hither, you wicked thing; come hither, I ſay.

Roſ. I am glad to ſee you ſo well pleas'd, Sir.

D. Man. Oh! I can't live—I can't live! it pours upon me like a torrent, I am as full as a bumper;—it runs over at my eyes, I ſhall choke.——Anſwer me two queſtions, and kill me outright.

Roſ. Any thing that will make you more pleas'd, Sir.

D. Man. Are you positively resolv'd to marry this gentleman?

Ros. Sir, I'm convinc'd 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

D. Man. I'm the miserablest dog alive——And I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning, if I should ask you.

Ros. Sooner, Sir, if you think it necessary.

D. Man. Oh! this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once.——Ye curs'd toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [*To Hyp.*

Ros. Come, Sir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

D. Man. You lie, Hussy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then. [*Aside.*

D. Man. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too——I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so Grand-papa me!——Well! what want you, Gloomyface?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

D. Man. From Seville! Ha! Prithee let him go thither again.——Tell him I am a little busy about being overjoy'd.

Hyp. My life on't, Sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

D. Man. Very likely.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, Sir!——News, news!

D. Man. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well, what dost thou say, lad?——But hold, Sirrah? Has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir?

D. Man. Do you know, Puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry, Sir! for what?

D. Man. Joy! joy, you whelp; my cares are over; Madam's to marry your maſter, ſirrah, and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a ſea full of good luck.——Why don't you cry, Dog?

Trap. Uh! Well, Sir, I do——But now if you pleaſe let me tell you my buſineſs.

D. Man. Well, what's the matter, Sirrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter, Sir, only——Slylooks is come, that's all.

D. Man. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler! Ha, ha!

Trap. He, Sir, he!

D. Man. I'm glad of it, faith——Now I ſhall have a little diverſion to moderate my joy.——I'll wait on the gentleman myſelf.——Don't you be out of the way, Son, I'll be with ye preſently.——O my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad, goodby. [*Exit.*

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll ſtart when a ſtring ſnaps in the middle of his tune!

Roſ. At leaſt we ſhall make him change it, I believe.

Hyp. That we ſhall, and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter FLORA *haſtily.*

Flo. Don Philip! where are ye? I muſt needs ſpeak with ye. Begging your Ladyſhip's pardon, Madam. [*whiſpers* Hyp.] Stand to your arms, the enemy's at the gate, faith. But I've juſt thought of a ſure card to win the lady into our party.

Roſ. Who can this youth be ſhe is ſo familiar with? He muſt certainly know her buſineſs here, and ſhe is reduc'd to truſt him. What odd things we women are! never know our own minds. How very humble now has her pride made her!

Hyp. to Flo.] I like your advice ſo well, that, to tell ye the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

Flo. Is't poſſible?

Hyp. Come, I'll introduce ye.

Flo. Then the buſineſs is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes. [*To Roſ.*

Roſ. Is this gentleman your friend, Sir?

Hyp. This friend, Madam, is my gentlewoman, at your ſervice.

Roſ. Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

Flo. That us'd to be my poſt, Madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a ſword by my ſide, I ſhall be proud to be your Ladyſhip's humble ſervant.

Roſ. Troth I think it's a pity you ſhould either of you ever part with your ſwords; I never ſaw a prettier couple of *adroit cavaliers* in my life.

Flo. Egad, I don't know how it is, Madam, but methinks theſe breeches give me ſuch a mettel'd air I can't help fancying but that I left my ſex at home in my petticoats.

Hyp. Why, faith, for ought I know, hadſt thou been born to breeches inſtead of a *fille de chambre*, Fortune might have made thee a *beau-garçon* at the head of a regiment.——But huſh! there's Don Philip and the old gentleman; we muſt not be ſeen yet; if you pleaſe to retire, Madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with 'em.

Roſ. With all my heart.——Come, Ladies——Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Don MANUEL *and Don* PHILIP.

Don MANUEL.

WELL, Sir! and ſo you were robb'd of your portmanteau, you ſay, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reaſon you are come without 'em.

D. Phil. I thought, Sir, you might reaſonably take it ill, ſhould I have lain a week or two in town without paying you my duty. I was not robb'd of the regard I owe my father's friend; that, Sir, I have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill manners not to have paid it at my firſt arrival.

D. Man. Ah! how ſmooth the ſpark is! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, I am pretty conſiderably glad to ſee you; but I hope you'll excuſe me, if, in a matter of this conſequence, I ſeem a little cautious.

D. Phil. Sir, I ſhan't propoſe any immediate progreſs in my affair, 'till you receive freſh advice from my father; in the mean time, I ſhall think myſelf oblig'd by the bare freedom of your houſe, and ſuch entertainment as you'd, at leaſt, afford a common ſtranger.

D. Man. Impudent rogue! The freedom of my houſe! Yes, that he may be always at hand to ſecure the main chance for my friend Octavio.——But now I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him. [*Aſide.*] Look ye, Sir, while I ſee nothing to contradict what you ſay you are, d'ye ſee, you ſhall find me a gentleman.

D. Phil. So my father told me, Sir.

D. Man. But then, on the other hand, d'ye ſee? a man's honeſty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you ſhou'd prove a damn'd rogue now, d'ye ſee?

D. Phil. Sir, I can't, in reaſon, take any thing ill, that proceeds only from your caution.

D. Man. Civil raſcal. [*Aſide.*] No, no, as you ſay, I hope you won't take it ill neither: for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, Sir) may be all a lie?

D. Phil. Another man, indeed, might ſay the ſame to you: but I ſhall take it kindly, Sir, if you ſuppoſe me a villain no oftener than you have occaſion to ſuſpect me.

D. Man. Sir, you ſpeak like a man of honour, 'tis confeſs'd, but (begging your pardon again, Sir) ſo may a raſcal too, ſometimes.

D. Phil. But a man of honour, Sir, can never ſpeak like a raſcal.

D. Man. Why then, with your Honour's leave, Sir, is there no body here in Madrid that knows you?

D. Phil. Sir, I never ſaw Madrid, 'till within theſe two hours: though there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at Seville, I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here; if it will give you any preſent ſatisfaction, I believe I could eaſily produce him to vouch for me.

D. Man. At the inn, ſay ye, did you meet this gentleman: what's his name, pray?

D. Phil. Octavio Cruzado.

D. Man. Ha! my bully confeſſor: this agrees word for word with honeſt Trappanti's intelligence!——— [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, and pray, what does he give you for this job?

D. Phil. Job, Sir!

D. Man. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good-fellowſhip? or are you to have a ſort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

D. Phil. Sir, if you believe me to be the ſon of Don Fernando, I muſt tell ye, your manner of receiving me, is what you ought not to ſuppoſe can pleaſe him, or I can thank you for: if you think me an impoſtor, I'll

caſe you of the trouble of ſuſpecting me, and leave your houſe 'till I can bring better proofs who I am.

D. Man. Do ſo, Friend; and, in the mean time, d'ye ſee? pray give my humble ſervice to the politician, and tell him, that to your certain knowledge, the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old putt, d'ye ſee? knows how to bamboozle as well as himſelf.

D. Phil. Politician! and bamboozle! Pray, Sir, let me underſtand you, that I may know how to anſwer you.

D. Man. Come, come, don't be diſcourag'd, Friend, ſometimes, you know, the ſtrongeſt wits muſt fail; you have an admirable head, 'tis confeſs'd, with as able a face to it as ever ſtuck upon two ſhoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? For it happens at this time, d'ye ſee? that it won't do.

D. Phil. Won't do, Sir!

D. Man. Nay, if you won't underſtand me now, here comes an honeſt fellow now, that will ſpeak you point-blank to the matter.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, Friend: doſt thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bleſs me, Sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old maſter I liv'd with at Seville.

D. Phil. I remember thee, thy name's Trappanti, thou wert my ſervant when I firſt went to travel.

Trap. Ay, Sir, and above twenty months after you came home too.

D. Phil. You ſee, Sir, this fellow knows me.

D. Man. O! I never queſtion'd it in the leaſt, Sir: Pr'ythee, what's this worthy gentleman's name, Friend?

Trap. Sir, your Honour has heard me talk of him a thouſand times; his name, Sir, his name's Guzman: his father, Sir, old Don Guzman, is the moſt eminent lawyer in Seville; was the very perſon that drew up the ſettlement and articles of my maſter's marriage with your Honour's daughter: this gentlemen knows all the

particulars, as well as if he had drawn 'em up himself. But, Sir, I hope there's no miſtake in it, that may defer the marriage.

D. Phil. Confuſion!

D. Man. Now, Sir, what ſort of anſwer d'ye think fit to make me?

D. Phil. Now, Sir, that I'm oblig'd in honour not to leave your houſe, till I, at leaſt, have ſeen the villain that calls himſelf Don Philip, that has robb'd me of my portmanteau, and wou'd you, Sir, of your honour, and your daughter.—As for this raſcal——

Trap. Sir, I demand protection.

[*Runs behind Don* Manuel.

D. Man. Hold, Sir, ſince you are ſo briſk, and in my own houſe too, call your maſter, Friend: you'll find we have ſwords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, Sir, I may chance to ſend you one will take down your courage.

[*Exit* Trap.

D. Phil. I aſk your pardon, Sir: I muſt confeſs, the villainy I ſaw deſign'd againſt my father's friend had tranſported me beyond good manners: but, be aſſur'd, Sir, uſe me henceforward as you pleaſe, I will detect it, though I loſe my life. Nothing ſhall affront me now, till I have prov'd myſelf your friend indeed, and Don Fernando's ſon.

D. Man. Nay, look ye, Sir, I will be very civil too——I won't ſay a word—You ſhall e'en ſquabble it out by yourſelves: not but at the ſame time thou art to me the merrieſt fellow that ever I ſaw in my life.

Enter HYPPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Who's this that dares uſurp my name, and calls himſelf Don Philip de las Torres?

D. Phil. Ha! this is a young competitor indeed.

[*Aſide.*

Flo. Is this the gentleman, Sir?

D. Man. Yes, yes, that's he: ha, ha!

D. Phil. Yes, Sir, I'm the man, who but this morning loſt that name upon the road: I'm inform'd an

impudent young rascal has pick'd it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robb'd me of, and has brought it hither before me: d'ye know any such, Sir?

Flo. The fellow really does it very well, Sir.

D. Man. Oh! to a miracle! [*Aside.*

Hyp. Pr'ythee, Friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of a goal? Cou'd not the coxcomb that put thee upon this, inform thee too, that this gentleman was a magistrate?

D. Man. Well said, my little champion.

D. Phil. Now, in my opinion, Child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition: for, suppose thy wit and impudence shou'd so far succeed, as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee: in the mean time, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself, that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence; for I'm bound in honour, as well as law, to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flo. Very civil, egad!

Hyp. But mayn't I presume, my dear Friend, this wheedle was offer'd as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

D. Man. Indeed, my Friend, 'tis a very shallow one: Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe, that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he wou'd not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay, Sir, he must be a dull rogue indeed, that wou'd not run away from a halter! Ha, ha, ha! [*All laugh.*

D. Phil. Sir, I ask your pardon: I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly——I perceive this gentle-

man has done his buſineſs with you effectually: however, Sir, the duty I owe my father, obliges me not to leave your cauſe, though I'll leave your houſe immediately; when you ſee me next, you'll know Don Philip from a raſcal.

D. Man. Ah! 'twill be the ſame thing, if I know a raſcal from Don Philip. But if you pleaſe, Sir, never give yourſelf any farther trouble in this buſineſs; for what you have done, d'ye ſee? is ſo far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with this gentleman's leave, I'm reſolv'd to finiſh it this very hour; ſo that when you ſee your friend the politician, you muſt tell him you had curſed luck, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Phil. Very well, Sir, I may have better when I ſee you next.

Hyp. Look ye, Sir, ſince your undertaking (tho' you deſign'd it otherwiſe) has promoted my happineſs, thus far I paſs it by, tho' I queſtion if a man, that ſtoops to do ſuch baſe injuries, dares defend 'em with his ſword: however, now at leaſt you're warn'd; but be aſſur'd, your next attempt——

D. Man. Will ſtartle you, my ſpark; I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are hand-cuff'd; though you won't take my word againſt him, Sir, perhaps another magiſtrate may my oath, which, becauſe I ſee his marriage is in haſte, I am oblig'd to make immediately: if he can outface the law too, I ſhall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me.

[*Exit Don* Philip.

D. Man. Ah, poor fellow, he's reſolv'd to carry it off with a good face however: Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Ay, Sir, that's all he has for't indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed.

[*Aſide to* Trap.

Trap. I warrant ye, Sir. [*Exit* Trap.

D. Man. Ha! my little champion, let me kiſs thee, thou haſt carried the day like a hero! man nor woman, nothing can ſtand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies, Sir.

D. Man. Well said, my lad! Ah, my heart's going to dance again: pr'ythee let's in, before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you please to prepare the way, I'll march after you in form, and lay my laurels at her feet, like a conqueror.

D. Man. Say'st thou so, my little soldier? why then I'll send for the priest, and thou shalt be marry'd in triumph. [*Exit* D. Man.

Hyp. Now, Flora!

Flo. Ay, now Madam, who says we are not politicians? I'd fain see any turn of state manag'd with half this dexterity. But, pray what is Trappanti detach'd for?

Hyp. Only to interrupt the motions of the enemy, girl, 'till we are safe in our trenches: for thou'd Don Philip chance to rally upon us with an Alguazile and a warrant, before I am fast tied to the lady, we may be routed for all this.

Flo. Trappanti knows his business, I hope.

Hyp. You'll see presently——but huth, here comes my brother: poor gentleman, he's upon thorns too; I've made Rosara write him a most provoking letter.

Flo. Nay, you have an admirable genius for mischief. But what has poor Octavio done to you, that he must be plagu'd too?

Hyp. Well, dear Flora, don't chide; indeed this shall be the last day of my reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old Don's humour, and laugh at him.

Flo. Ay, there with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OCTAVIO *with a letter, and* VILETTA.

Octa. Rosara false! Distraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in such a passion.

Octa. Confess it too! so chang'd within an hour!

Vil. Ah, dear Sir, if you had but seen how the young gentleman laid about him, you'd ha' wonder'd how she held out so long.

Oct. Death! 'tis impoſſible!

Vil. Common, Sir, common: I have known a prouder lady as nimble as ſhe—What will you lay, that, before the moon changes, ſhe is not falſe to your rival?

Oct. Don't torture me, Viletta.

Vil. Come, Sir, take heart; my life on't, you'll be the happy man at laſt.

Oct. Thou'rt mad: does ſhe not tell me, here in her letter, ſhe has herſelf conſented to marry another? Nay, does not ſhe inſult me too with a—Yet loves me better than the perſon ſhe's to marry.

Vil. Inſult! Is that the beſt you can make on't? Ah, you men have ſuch heads!

Oct. What doſt thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you, my miſtreſs is grown wiſe at laſt; my advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your buſineſs is done.

Oct. What was thy advice?

Vil. Why, to give the poſt of huſband to your rival, and put you in for deputy. You know the buſineſs of the place, Sir, if you mind it; by the help of a few good ſtars, and a little moonſhine, there's many a fair perquiſite may fall in your way.

Oct. Thou raveſt, Viletta; 'tis impoſſible ſhe can fall ſo low.

Vil. Ah, Sir! you can't think how love will humble a body.

Oct. I'll believe nothing ill of her, 'till her own mouth confeſſes it; ſhe can never own this letter. She can't but know I ſhou'd ſtab her with reproaches: therefore, dear Viletta, eaſe me of my torments; go this minute, and tell her I'm upon the rack 'till I ſpeak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the world; the old gentleman's with her, he'll knock my brains out.

Oct. I'll protect thee with my life.

Vil. Sir, I wou'd not venture to do it for——for——for——Yes, I wou'd for a piſtole.

Oct. Confound her——There, there 'tis: dear

Viletta, be my friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

Vil. Now, Sir, you deſerve a friend. [*Exit* Vil.

Octa. Sure this letter muſt be but artifice, a humour to try how far my love can bear.——And yet methinks ſhe can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too preſſing to allow her any time to fool away; and if ſhe were really falſe, ſhe cou'd not take a pride in confeſſing it. Death! I know not what to think, the ſex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound 'em.

Re-enter VILETTA.

Now, dear Viletta.

Vil. Sir, ſhe begs your pardon, they have juſt ſent for the prieſt, but they will be glad to ſee you about an hour hence, as ſoon as the wedding's over.

Octa. Viletta!

Vil. Sir, ſhe ſays in ſhort, ſhe can't poſſibly ſpeak with you now, for ſhe is juſt going to be married.

Octa. Death! Daggers! Blood! Confuſion! and ten thouſand furies!

Vil. Heyday, what's all this for?

Octa. My brains are turn'd, Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, ſo one wou'd think, if one cou'd but believe you had any at all; if you have three grains, I'm ſure you can't but know her compliance with this match muſt give her a little liberty; and can you ſuppoſe ſhe'd deſire to ſee you an hour hence, if ſhe did not deſign to make uſe of it?

Octa. Uſe of it! death! when the wedding's over?

Vil. Dear Sir, but the bedding won't be over, and I preſume that's the ceremony you have a mind to be maſter of.

Octa. Don't flatter me, Viletta.

Vil. Faith, Sir, I'll be very plain, you are to me the dulleſt perſon I ever ſaw in my life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

Octa. No, don't ſay ſo, Viletta.

Vil. Then pray, Sir, do as ſhe bids you; don't ſtay here to ſpoil your own ſport: you'll have the old Gentleman come thundering down upon ye by and by, and then we ſhall have ye at your ten thouſand furies again——'ſt! here's company, good-by t'ye.

[*Exit* Viletta.

Enter Don PHILIP, *his ſword drawn, and* TRAPPANTI.

Octa. How now! what's the meaning of this?

D. Phil. Come, Sir, there's no retreating now; this you muſt juſtify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more: but pray, Sir, give me leave to recover my courage——I proteſt, the keen looks of that inſtrument have quite frighted it away. Pray put it up, Sir.

D. Phil. Nay, to let thee ſee I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honeſt: diſcharge thy conſcience like a man, and I'll engage to make theſe five, ten pieces.

Enter a SERVANT.

Trap. Sir, your buſineſs will be done effectually.

D. Phil. Here, friend! will ye tell your maſter I deſire to ſpeak with him.

Octa. Don Philip!

D. Phil. Octavio! This is fortunate indeed,——the only place in the world I wou'd have wiſh'd to have found you in.

Octa. What's the matter?

D. Phil. You'll ſee preſently—but prithee how ſtands your affair with your miſtreſs?

Octa. The devil take me if I can tell ye——I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago ſhe was for ſcaling walls to come at me, and this minute——whip, ſhe's going to marry the ſtranger I told you of; nay, confeſſes too, it is with her own conſent; and yet begs by all means to ſee me as ſoon as her wedding's over.——Isn't it very pretty?

Re-enter a SERVANT.

D. Phil. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my maſter will wait on you preſently.

Octa. But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jeſting.——Well, now how ſtands your affair? have you ſeen your miſtreſs yet?

D. Phil. No; I can't get admittance to her.

Octa. How ſo?

D. Phil. When I come to pay my duty here to the old Gentleman——

Octa. Here!

D. Phil. Ay, I found an impudent young raſcal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robb'd me of my portmanteau, and by virtue of ſome papers there, knew all my concerns to a tittle; he has told a plauſible tale to her father, fac'd him down that I'm an impoſtor, and, if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

Octa. Death! and hell! [*Aſide.*] What ſort of a fellow was this raſcal?

D. Phil. A little pert coxcomb! by his impudence and dreſs, I gueſs him to be ſome French page.

Octa. A white wig, red coat——

D. Phil. Right; the very picture of the little Engliſhman we knew at Paris.

Octa. Confuſion! my friend, at laſt, my rival too——Yet, hold! my rival is my friend, he owns he has not ſeen her yet—— [*Aſide.*

D. Phil. You ſeem concern'd.

Octa. Undone for ever, unleſs dear Philip's ſtill my friend!

D. Phil. What's the matter?

Octa. Be generous, and tell me: have I ever yet deſerv'd your friendſhip?

D. Phil. I hope my actions have confeſs'd it.

Octa. Forgive my fears; and ſince 'tis impoſſible you can feel the pain of loving her you are engag'd to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever ſeen her, let me

conjure ye, by all the ties of honour, friendſhip and pity, never to attempt her more.

D. Phil. You amaze me!

Octa. 'Tis the ſame dear creature I ſo paſſionately doat on.

D. Phil. Is't poſſible? Nay, then be eaſy in thy thoughts, Octavio: and now I dare confeſs the folly of my own; I'm not ſorry thou'rt my rival here. In ſpight of all my weak philoſophy, I muſt own the ſecret wiſhes of my ſoul are ſtill Hyppolita's.——I know not why, but yet methinks the unaccountable repulſes I have met with here, look like an omen of ſome new, tho' far diſtant hope of her.——I can't help thinking that my fortune ſtill reſolves, ſpight of her cruelty, to make me one day happy.

Octa. Quit but Roſara, I'll engage ſhe ſhall be yours.

D. Phil. Not only that, but will aſſiſt you with my life to gain her. I ſhall eaſily excuſe myſelf to my father, for not marrying the miſtreſs of my deareſt friend.

Octa. Dear Philip, let me embrace ye!——But how ſhall we manage the raſcal of an impoſtor? Suppoſe you run immediately, and ſwear the robbery againſt him?

D. Phil. I was juſt going about it, but my accidental meeting with this fellow has luckily prevented me; who, you muſt know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance againſt me; but between threats, bribes, and promiſes, has confeſs'd the whole roguery, and is now ready to ſwear it againſt him: ſo, becauſe I underſtand the ſpark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the beſt and ſooneſt way to detect him.

Octa. That's right! the leaſt delay might have loſt all; beſides, I am here to ſtrengthen his evidence, for I can ſwear that you are the true Don Philip.

D. Phil. Right!

Trap. Sir, with humble ſubmiſſion, that will be quite wrong.

Octa. Why ſo?

Trap. Becauſe, Sir, the old gentleman is ſubſtantially convinc'd that 'tis you who have put Don Philip upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reaſon, Sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and haſten the match with your rival.

D. Phil. Ha! there's reaſon in that.—All your endeavours will but confirm his jealouſy of me.

Octa. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial, Sir.

D. Phil. By no means; rather wait a little in the ſtreet: be within call, and leave the management to me.

Octa. Be careful, dear Philip.

D. Phil. I always uſed to be more fortunate in ſerving my friend than myſelf.

Octa. But, hark ye! here lives an alguazile at the next houſe; ſuppoſe I ſhould ſend him to you, to ſecure the ſpark in the mean time?

D. Phil. Do ſo: we muſt not loſe a moment.

Octa. I won't ſtir from the door.

D. Phil. You'll ſoon hear of me; away. [*Exit* Octa.

Trap. So, now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it ſhould come to a battle.——— Baſta! here comes our party.

D. Phil. Stand aſide, till I call for you.

[Trappanti *retires.*

Enter Don Manuel.

D. Man. Well, Sir, what ſervice have you to command me now, pray?

D. Phil. Now, Sir, I hope my credit will ſtand a little fairer with you: all I beg is but your patient hearing.

D. Man. Well, Sir, you ſhall have it——but then I muſt beg one favour of you too, which is, to make the buſineſs as ſhort as you can; for, to tell ye the

truth, I am not very willing to have any farther trouble about it.

D. Phil. Sir, if I don't now convince you of your error, believe and uſe me like a villain: in the mean time, Sir, I hope you'll think of a proper puniſhment for the merry gentleman that hath impos'd upon you.

D. Man. With all my heart; I'll leave him to thy mercy; here he comes, bring him to a trial as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Enter FLORA *and* HYPPOLITA.

Flo. So! Trappanti has ſucceeded, he's come without the officers. [*To* Hyp.

Hyp. Hearing, Sir, you were below, I didn't care to diſturb the family, by putting the officers to the trouble of a needleſs ſearch; let me ſee your warrant, I'm ready to obey it.

D. Man. Ay, where's your officer?

Flo. I thought to have ſeen him march in ſtate, with an alguazile before him.

D. Phil. I was afraid, Sir, upon ſecond thoughts, your buſineſs would not ſtay for a warrant, though 'tis poſſible I may provide you; for I think this gentleman's a magiſtrate: in the mean time——O! here, I have prevailed with an alguazile to wait upon ye.

Enter ALGUAZILE.

Alg. Did you ſend for me, Sir?

D. Phil. Ay, ſecure that gentleman.

D. Man. Hold, hold, Sir! all things in order: this gentleman is yet my gueſt; let me be firſt acquainted with his crime, and then I ſhall better know how he deſerves to be treated; and, that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you pleaſe, Sir, let me firſt talk with you in private. [*They whiſper.*

Hyp. Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at leaſt miſtaken or betray'd me! Ruin'd, paſt redemption!

Flo. Our affairs, methinks, begin to look with a very indifferent face.——Ha! the old Don ſeems ſurpriſed! I don't like that——What ſhall we do?

Hyp. I am at my wit's end. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Then we muſt either confeſs, or to goal, that's poſitive.

Hyp. I'll rather ſtarve there than be diſcover'd: ſhould he at laſt marry with Roſara, the very ſhame of this attempt would kill me.

Flo. Death, what d'ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a ſuſpicion: bear up, for ſhame!

Hyp. Impoſſible! I am daſh'd, confounded: if thou haſt any courage left, ſhew it quickly; go, ſpeak before my fears betray me. [*Aſide.*

D. Man. If you can make this appear by any witneſs, Sir, I confeſs 'twill ſurpriſe me indeed.

Flo. Ay, Sir; if you have any witneſſes, we deſire you'd produce 'em.

D. Phil. Sir, I have a witneſs at your ſervice, and a ſubſtantial one. Hey, Trappanti!

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Now, Sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks——Then there's life again. [*Aſide.*] Is this your witneſs, Sir?

D. Phil. Yes, Sir, this poor fellow at laſt, it ſeems, happens to be honeſt enough to confeſs himſelf a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

D. Phil. Ha, ha! you are very merry, Sir.

D. Man. Nay, there's a jeſt between ye, that's certain.——But come, friend, what ſay you to the buſineſs? Have ye any proof to offer upon oath, that this gentleman is the true Don Philip, and conſequently this other an impoſtor?

D. Phil. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay, Sir; but ſhall I come to no harm if I do ſpeak?

D. Man. Let it be the truth, and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are your ſure I ſhall be ſafe, Sir?

D. Man. I'll give thee my word of honour: ſpeak boldly to the queſtion.

Trap. Well, Sir, ſince I muſt ſpeak, then; in the firſt place, I deſire your Honour would be pleaſed to command the officer to ſecure that gentleman.

D. Man. How, friend!

D. Phil. Secure me, raſcal!

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected, I ſhall never be able to ſpeak.

D. Man. I warrant thee.——What is it you ſay, friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was juſt now croſſing the ſtreet, this gentleman, with a ſneer in his face, takes me by the hands, claps five piſtoles in my palm, (here they are) ſhuts my fiſt cloſe upon 'em; "My dear friend," ſays he, "you muſt do me a piece of ſervice:" upon which, Sir, I bows me him to the ground, and deſir'd him to open his caſe.

D. Phil. What means the raſcal?

D. Man. Sir, I am as much amaz'd as you! but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, Sir, upon this he runs me over a long ſtory of a ſham and a flam he had juſt contriv'd, he ſaid, to defer my maſter's marriage only for two days.

D. Phil. Confuſion!

Flo. Nay, pray, Sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the cloſe of the matter, Sir, I found at laſt by his eloquence, that the whole buſineſs depended upon my bearing a little falſe-witneſs againſt my maſter.

Hyp. O ho!

Trap. Upon this, Sir, I began to demur: Sir, ſays I, this buſineſs will never hold water; don't let me undertake it, I muſt beg your pardon; gave him the ne-

gative ſhrug, and was for ſneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

D. Man. Very well!

D. Phil. Villain!

Flo. and *Hyp.* Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, Sir, he catches me faſt hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts: Now, dog! ſays he, you ſhall do it, or within two hours ſtink upon the dunghill you came from.

D. Phil. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man!

D. Man. Nay, nay, nay! one at a time, you ſhall be heard preſently: go on, friend.

Trap. Having me at this advantage, Sir, I began to think my wit would do me more ſervice than my courage; ſo prudently pretended, out of fear, to comply with his threats, and ſwallow the perjury: but now, Sir, being under protection, and at liberty of conſcience, I have honeſtly enough, you ſee, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

D. Man. Ay! this is evidence indeed!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Phil. Dog! villain! Did not you confeſs to me, that this gentleman pick'd you up not three hours ago, at the ſame inn where I alighted? That he had ow'd his ſtealing my portmanteau at Toledo? That if he ſucceeded to marry the lady, you were to have a conſiderable ſum for your pains, and theſe two were to ſhare the reſt of her fortune between 'em?

Trap. O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed, theſe are the very words; he threaten'd to ſtab me if I wou'dn't ſwear againſt my maſter.——I told him at firſt, Sir, I was not fit for his buſineſs, I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, Sir, I ſaw this gentleman's ſword at his breaſt out of my window.

Trap. Look ye there, Sir!

D. Phil. Damnation!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Man. Really, my friend, thou'rt almoſt turn'd fool in this buſineſs: if thou hadſt prevail'd upon this wretch to perjure himſelf, cou'dſt thou think I ſhould not have detected him? But, poor man! you were a little hard put to't indeed; any ſhift was better than none, it ſeems: you knew 'twould not be long to the wedding. You may go, friend. [*Exit* Alg.

Flo. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Phil. Sir, by my eternal hopes of peace and happineſs, you're impos'd on: if you proceed thus raſhly, your daughter is inevitably ruin'd. If what I've ſaid ben't true in fact, as hell or he is falſe, may Heaven brand me with the ſevereſt marks of perjury! Defer the marriage but an hour.

D. Man. Ay, and in half that time, I ſuppoſe, you are in hopes to defer it for altogether.

D. Phil. Perdition ſeize me, if I have any hope or thought but that of ſerving you!

D. Man. Nay, now thou art a downright diſtracted man.——Doſt thou expect I ſhould take thy bare word, when here were two honeſt fellows that have juſt prov'd thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the Prieſt is come.

D. Man. Is he ſo? Then, Sir, if you pleaſe, ſince you ſee you can do me no farther ſervice, I believe it may be time for you to go.——Come, Son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble for altogether. [*Exit Don* Man.

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. Phil. Confuſion! I've undone my friend. [*Walks about.*

Flo. aſide.] Trappanti! Rogue, this was a maſterpiece.

Trap. aſide.] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haſte. [*Exeunt* Flo. *and* Trap.

Hyp. Sir.

D. Phil. Ha! alone! if we're not prevented now——Well, Sir?

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have design'd me are to be put up without satisfaction; therefore I shall expect to see you early to-morrow near the Prado, with your sword in your hand. In the mean time, Sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the Lady's humble servant than yours. [*Going.*

D. Phil. Hold, Sir!——you and I can't part upon such easy terms.

Hyp. Sir!

D. Phil. You're not so near the Lady, Sir, perhaps, as you imagine. [D. Phil. *locks the door.*

Hyp. What do ye mean?

D. Phil. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Phil. Come, Sir,——draw.

Hyp. My ruin now has caught me; my plots are yet unripe for execution; I must not, dare not let him know me, till I'm sure at least he cannot be another's——. This was the very spite of Fortune. [*Aside.*

D. Phil. Come, Sir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love; besides, this is no proper place.

D. Phil. O! we'll make shift with it.

Hyp. To-morrow, Sir, I shall find a better.

D. Phil. No, now, Sir, if you please——Draw, Villain, or expect such usage as I'm sure Don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, Sir, may bear any thing to make sure of his mistress——You know it is not fear that——

D. Phil. No evasions, Sir; either this moment confess your villainy, your name and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay then——Within there!

D. Phil. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his sword to her breast.*

Hyp. Sir! [*Trembling.*

D. Phil. Villain! be quick, confess, or——

Hyp. Hold, Sir!——I own I dare not fight with you.

D. Phil. No, I see thou art too poor a villain—therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

Hyp. Give me but a moment's respite, Sir.

D. Phil. Dog! do ye trifle?

Hyp. Nay then, Sir——Mercy, mercy! [*Throws herself at his feet.*] And since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

D. Phil. Thy love! What art thou? Speak.

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me, sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successless passion.

D. Phil. Art thou indeed a lover then?—Tell me thy condition.

Hyp. Sir, I confess my fortune's much inferior to my pretences to this lady, though indeed I'm born a gentleman, and, bating this attempt against you, which even the last extremities of a ruin'd love have forc'd me to, ne'er yet was guilty of a deed or thought that could debase my birth: but if you knew the torments I have borne from her disdainful pride; the anxious days, the long-watch'd winter-nights I have endur'd, to gain of her perhaps at last a cold relentless look, indeed you'd pity me. My heart was so entirely subdued, the more she slighted me the more I lov'd, and, as my pains increas'd, grew farther from cure. Her beauty struck me with that submissive awe, that when I dar'd to speak, my words and looks were softer than an infant's blushes; yet all these pangs of my persisting passion still were vain; nor showers of tears, nor storms of sighs, could melt or move the frozen hardness of her dead compassion.

D. Phil. How very near my condition! [*Aside.*

Hyp. But yet, so subtile is the flame of love, spight of her cruelty, I nourished still a secret living hope; till hearing, Sir, at last she was design'd your bride, despair compell'd me to this bold attempt of personating you: her father knew not me, or my unhappy love; I knew too you ne'er had seen her face, and therefore hop'd, when I should offer to repair with twice the

worth the value, Sir, I robb'd you of, begging thus low for your forgiveneſs; I ſay, I hop'd at leaſt your generous heart, if ever it was touch'd like mine, would pity my diſtreſs, and pardon the neceſſitated wrong.

D. Phil. Is't poſſible? Haſt thou then lov'd to this unfortunate degree?

Hyp. Unfortunate indeed, if you are ſtill my rival, Sir: but were you not, I'm ſure you'd pity me.

D. Phil. Nay, then I muſt forgive thee. [*Raiſing her.*] For I have known too well the miſery, not to pity—anything in love.

Hyp. Have you, Sir, been unhappy there?

D. Phil. Oh! thou haſt prob'd a wound that time or art can never heal.

Hyp. O joyful ſound!—[*Aſide.*] Cheriſh that generous thought, and hope from my ſucceſs, your miſtreſs, or your fate may make you bleſt like me.

D. Phil. Yet hold——nor flatter thy fond hopes too far: for though I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound in honour to aſſiſt thy love no farther than the juſtice of thy cauſe permits.

Hyp. What mean you, Sir?

D. Phil. You muſt defer your marriage with this lady.

Hyp. Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love.

D. Phil. I have a neareſt friend, that is belov'd, and loves her with an equal flame to yours: to him my friendſhip will oblige me to be juſt, and yet, in pity of thy fortune, thus far I'll be a friend to thee; give up thy title to the lady's breath, and if her choice pronounces thee the man, I here aſſure thee on my honour, to reſign my claim, and, not more partial to my friend than thee, promote thy happineſs.

Hyp. Alas, Sir! this is no relief, but certain ruin: I am too well aſſur'd ſhe loves your friend.

D. Phil. Then you confeſs his claim the fairer: her loving him is a proof that he deſerves her; if ſo, you are bound in honour to reſign her.

Hyp. Alas, Sir! women have fantaſtic taſtes, that

love they know not what, and hate they know not why; else, Sir, why are you unfortunate?

D. Phil. I am unfortunate, but would rather die so than owe my happiness to any help but an enduring love.

Hyp. But, Sir, I have endur'd, you see, in vain.——

D. Phil. If thou'dst not have me think thy story false, thy soft pretence of love a cheat to melt me into pity, and evade my justice, yield; submit thy passion to its merit, and own I have propos'd thee like a friend.

Hyp. Sir, on my knees——

D. Phil. Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, Sir.

D. Phil. Nay, then discover quick! Tell me thy name and family.

Hyp. Hold, Sir——

D. Phil. Speak, or thou diest. [*A noise at the door.*

Hyp. Sir, I will——Ha! they are entering—O! for a moment's courage! Come on, Sir.

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti, with Servants, rush in, and part 'em.*

D. Man. Knock him down!

Flo. Part 'em!

Hyp. Away, rascal! [*To* Trap. *who holds her.*

Trap. Hold, Sir, dear Sir, hold! you have given him enough.

Hyp. Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy hold.

D. Man. Nay, dear Son, hold; we'll find a better way to punish him.

Hyp. Pray, Sir, give me way—a villain, to assault me in the very moment of my happiness! [*Struggling.*

D. Phil. By Heaven, Sir, he this moment has confess'd his villainy, and begg'd my pardon upon his knees.

Hyp. D'ye hear him, Sir? I beg you let me go, this is beyond bearing.

D. Phil. Thou lieſt, villain; 'tis thy fear that holds thee.

Hyp. Ah! Let me go, I ſay.

Trap. Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him.

D. Man. Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the mean time ſecure him in the cellar.

D. Phil. Hear me but one word, Sir.

D. Man. Stop his mouth——out with him. [*They hurry him off.*] ——Come, dear Son, be pacify'd.

Hyp. A villain! [*Walking in a heat.*

Flo. Why ſhou'd you be concern'd, now he's ſecure? Such a raſcal would but contaminate the ſword of a man of honour.

D. Man. Ay, Son, leave him to me, and the law.

Hyp. I am ſorry, Sir, ſuch a fellow ſhould have it in his power to diſturb me——But——

Enter ROSARA.

D. Man. Look! Here's my daughter in a fright to ſee for you.

Hyp. Then I'm compos'd again—— [*Runs to* Roſ.

Roſ. I heard fighting here! I hope you are not wounded, Sir?

Hyp. I have no wound but what the prieſt can heal.

D. Man. Ah! well ſaid, my little champion!

Hyp. Oh, Madam! I have ſuch a terrible eſcape to tell you!

Roſ. Truly, I began to be afraid I ſhould loſe my little huſband.

Hyp. Huſband, quotha. Get me but once ſafe out of theſe breeches, if ever I wear 'em again——

D. Man. Come, come, Children; the prieſt ſtays for us.

Hyp. Sir, we wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter TRAPPANTI *alone.*

TRAPPANTI.

WHAT, in the name of roguery, can this new maſter of mine be? He's either a fool, or bewitch'd, that's poſitive——First, he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady; and, as ſoon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand, to help him to get rid of her.——Nay, not only that, but gives me a ſtrict charge to obſerve his directions in being evidence againſt him, as an impoſtor, to refund all the lies I have told in his ſervice, to ſweep him clear out of my conſcience, and now to ſwear the robbery againſt him! What the bottom of this can be, I muſt confeſs, does a little puzzle my wit.——There's but one way in the world I can ſolve it——He muſt certainly have ſome ſecret reaſon to hang himſelf, that he's aſham'd to own, and ſo was reſolv'd firſt to be marry'd, that his friends might not wonder at the occaſion. But here he comes with his nooſe in his hand.

Enter HYPPOLITA *and* ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don Pedro, he has buſineſs with you.

Trap. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Trap.

Roſ. Who's Don Pedro, pray?

Hyp. Flora, Madam; he knows her yet by no other name.

Roſ. Well! if Don Philip does not think you deſerve him, I am afraid he won't find another woman that will have him in haſte——But this laſt eſcape of yours was ſuch a maſterpiece!

Hyp. Nay, I confeſs, between fear and ſhame, I would have given my life for a ducat.

Roſ. Tho' I wonder, when you perceiv'd him ſo ſenſibly touch'd with his old paſſion, how you had patience to conceal yourſelf any longer.

Hyp. Indeed I could not eaſily ha' reſiſted it, but that I knew, if I had been diſcover'd before my marriage with you, your father be ſure wou'd have inſiſted then upon his contract with him, which I did not know how far Don Philip might be carry'd in point of honour to keep: I knew too, his refuſing it would but the more incenſe the old gentleman againſt my brother's happineſs with you; and I found myſelf oblig'd in gratitude, not to build my own upon the ruin of yours.

Roſ. This is an obligation I never cou'd deſerve.

Hyp. Your aſſiſtance, Madam, in my affair, has overpaid it.

Roſ. What's become of Don Philip? I hope you have not kept him priſoner all this while?

Hyp. Oh! he'll be releas'd preſently, Flora has her orders——Where's your father, Madam?

Roſ. I ſaw him go towards his cloſet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune——he ſeem'd in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We muſt be ſure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more ſtunn'd when he falls.

Roſ. With all my heart; methinks I am poſſeſs'd with the very ſpirit of diſobedience——Now cou'd I, in the humour I am in, conſent to any miſchief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman, for daring to be better than his word to Octavio.

Hyp. And if we don't plague him——But here he comes.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Ah, my little conqueror! let me embrace thee—That ever I ſhould live to ſee this day! this moſt triumphant day, this day of all days in my life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my life too, Sir. [*Embracing him.*

D. Man. Ay, my cares are over——Now, I've nothing to do but to think of the other world; for I've done all my buſineſs in this: got as many children as I cou'd, and now I'm grown old, have ſet a young couple to work, that will do it better.

Hyp. I warrant ye, Sir, you'll ſoon ſee whether your daughter has marry'd a man or no.

D. Man. Ah! well ſaid; and, that you may never be out of humour with your buſineſs, look you here, Children, I have brought you ſome baubles that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thouſand piſtoles are the leaſt value of 'em; and the reſt of your fortune ſhall be paid in the beſt Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, Sir, this is ſpeaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

D. Man. Much good may do thy heart and ſoul with 'em——and Heaven bleſs you together——I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, Children, but thank my ſtars,——'tis over now——— Now I may ſleep with my doors open, and never have my ſlumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Roſ. Don't interrupt him, and ſee how far his humour will carry him. [*To* Hyp.

D. Man. But there is no joy laſting in this world, we muſt all die when we have done our beſt, ſooner or later, old or young, prince or peaſant, high or low, kings, lords, and——common whores muſt die! Nothing certain; we are forc'd to buy one comfort with the loſs of another. Now, I've marry'd my child, I've loſt my companion——I've parted with my girl ——Her heart's gone another way now ——She'll forget her old father!——I ſhall never have her wake me more, like a chearful lark, with her pretty ſongs in a morning——I ſhall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book, and read me to ſleep in an afternoon. Ah! theſe comforts are all gone now. [*Weeps.*

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one paſſion is to another! Now he is tir'd with joy, till he is downright melancholy.

Roſ. What's the matter, Sir?

D. Man. Ah! my Child! Now it comes to the teſt, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Roſ. O, Sir, we ſhall be better friends than ever.

D. Man. Uh, uh! ſhall we? Wilt thou come and ſee the old man now and then? Well! Heaven bleſs thee, give me a kiſs——I muſt kiſs thee at parting; be a good girl, uſe thy huſband well, make an obedient wife, and I ſhall die contented.

Hyp. Die, Sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live——Hang theſe melancholy thoughts, they are the worſt company in the world at a wedding.—Conſider, Sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day, at leaſt; ſtir your ſervants, call in your neighbours, let me ſee your whole family mad for joy, Sir.

D. Man. Hah! ſhall we! ſhall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry, Sir! Ah! as beggars at a feaſt: what! ſhall a dull Spaniſh cuſtom tell me, when I am the happieſt man in the kingdom, I ſhan't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me ſee the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feaſts and muſic, Sir.

D. Man. Ah! thou ſhalt have thy humour——Thou ſhalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! Rogues! dogs! ſlaves! Where are my raſcals? Ah! my joy flows again——I can't bear it.

Enter ſeveral SERVANTS.

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

D. Man. Call, Sir! Ay, Sir: what's the reaſon you are not all out of your wits, Sir? Don't you know that your young miſtreſs is marry'd, ſcoundrels?

1 *Serv.* Yes, Sir, and we are all ready to be mad, as ſoon as your Honour will pleaſe to give any diſtracted orders.

Hyp. You ſee, Sir, they only want a little encouragement.

D. Man. Ah! there ſhall be nothing wanting this day! if I were ſure to beg for it all my life after—— Here, Sirrah, cook! look into the Roman Hiſtory, ſee what Mark Anthony had for ſupper, when Cleopatra firſt treated him *chez entire*: rogue, let me have a repaſt that will be ſix times as expenſive and provoking ——Go.

2 *Serv.* It ſhall be done, Sir.

D. Man. And, d'ye hear? One of ye ſtep to Monſieur Vendevin, the King's butler, for the ſame wine that his Majeſty reſerves for his own drinking; tell him he ſhall have his price for't.

1 *Serv.* How much will you pleaſe to have, Sir?

D. Man. Too much, Sir! I'll have every thing upon the out-ſide of enough to-day. Go you, Sirrah, run to the Theatre, and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and ſingers, and dancers; and you, Sir, to my nephew Don Luis, give my ſervice, and bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, Sir! this is as it ſhould be! now it begins to look like a wedding.

D. Man. Ah! we'll make all the hair in the world ſtand an end at our joy.

Hyp. Here comes Flora——Now, Madam, obſerve your cue.

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Your ſervant, Gentlemen——I need not wiſh you joy——You have it I ſee——Don Philip, I muſt needs ſpeak with you.

Hyp. 'Pſhaw! pr'ythee don't plague me with buſineſs at ſuch a time as this.

Flo. My buſineſs won't be deferr'd, Sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flo. I ſuppoſe you gueſs it, Sir; and I muſt tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flo. Your ear, Sir. [*They whiſper.*

D. Man. What's the matter now 'tro?

Ros. The gentleman ſeems very free, methinks.

D. Man. Troth, I don't like it.

Ros. Don't diſturb 'em, Sir——We ſhall know all preſently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don Philip?

Flo. I drew the ſervants out of the way, while he made his eſcape; I ſaw him very buſy in the ſtreet with Octavio and another gentleman; Trappanti dog'd 'em, and brings me word they juſt now went into the Corrigidore's in the next ſtreet——Therefore, what we do, we muſt do quickly: come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with 'em preſently. [*Aſide.*

Hyp. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offer'd you very fair; if you don't think ſo, I have marry'd the lady, and take your courſe.

Flo. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, Sir.

D. Man. Hey!

Hyp. Then I muſt tell you, Sir ſince, you are pleas'd to call it your right, you ſhall not have it.

Flo. Not, Sir?

Hyp. No, Sir——Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—Gad, I ſhall uſe you very ſcurvily.

Flo. Uſe me!——You little ſon of a whore, draw.

Hyp. Oh! Sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and D.* Man. *interpoſes.*

Ros. Ah! help! murder! [*Runs out.*

D. Man. Within there! help! murder! why, Gentlemen, are ye mad? Pray put up.

Hyp. A raſcal!

Enter Servants, who part 'em.

D. Man. Friends, and quarrel! for ſhame.

Flo. Friends! I ſcorn his friendſhip; and ſince he does not know how to uſe a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of juſtice, and uſe him like a villain.

Hyp. Let me go.

D. Man. Better words, Sir. [*To* Flora.

Flo. Why, Sir, d'ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

D. Man. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Flo. That he has cheated me as well as you——But I'll have my revenge immediately. [*Exit* Flora.

[Hyp. *walks about, and* D. Man. *ſtares.*

D. Man. Hey! what's all this? What is it?——My heart miſgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here, you! [*To a ſervant.*] bid my ſervant run, and hire me a coach and four horſes immediately.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit ſerv.*

D. Man. A coach!

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Sir, Sir!——bleſs me! what's the matter, Sir! Are not you well?

D. Man. Yes, yes.——I am——that is——ha!

Vil. I have brought you a letter, Sir.

D. Man. What buſineſs can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter, Sir, from Octavio.

D. Man. To me?

Vil. No, Sir, to my miſtreſs——he charg'd me to deliver it immediately; for he ſaid it concern'd her life and fortune.

D. Man. How! let's ſee it—There's what I promis'd thee—be gone. What can this be now?

[*Reads.*]

"The perſon whom your father ignorantly deſigns "you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impoſtor; "the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will "immediately appear, with the Corrigidore, and freſh "evidence againſt him. I thought this advice, tho' "from one you hate, would be well received if it came "time enough to prevent your ruin. OCTAVIO."

O, my heart! This letter was not deſign'd to fall into my hands——I am frighted——I dare not think on't.

Re-enter the SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careleſs raſcal! to be out of the way when my

life's at ſtake——Pr'ythee do thou go and ſee if thou canſt get me any poſt-horſes.

D. Man. Poſt-horſes!

Enter ROSARA.

Roſ. O dear Sir, what was the matter!

D. Man.——Hey!

Roſ. What made 'em quarrel, Sir?

D. Man. Child!

Roſ. What was it about, Sir? You look concern'd.

D. Man. Concern'd!

Roſ. I hope you are not hurt, Sir, [*To* Hyp. *who minds her not.*]——What's the matter with him, Sir? he won't ſpeak to me. [*To* D. Man.]

D. Man.—A—ſpeak!—a—go to him again——try what fair words will do, and ſee if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Roſ. Dear Sir, what's the matter? [*To* Hyp.

D. Man. Ay, Sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vex'd at my ſervant's being out of the way, and the inſolence of this other raſcal.

D. Man. But what occaſion have you for poſt-horſes, Sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little croſs, Sir.

D. Man. Pray, what is't?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, Sir.

D. Man. Another time, Sir,—pray, ſatisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, Sir, when you ſee a man's out of humour.

D. Man. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I muſt tell ye, I don't like your behaviour, and I'm reſolv'd to be ſatisfy'd.

Hyp. Sir, what is't you'd have? [*Peeviſhly.*

D. Man. Look ye, Sir—in ſhort—I—have receiv'd a letter.

Hyp. Well, Sir.

D. Man. I wiſh it may be well, Sir.

Hyp. Bleſs me, Sir! what's the matter with you?

D. Man. Matter, Sir!—in troth I'm almoſt afraid and aſham'd to tell ye;—but, if you muſt needs know——there's the matter, Sir. [*Gives the letter.*]

Enter Don LUIS.

D. Lu. Uncle, I am your humble ſervant.

D. Man. I am glad to ſee you, nephew.

D. Lu. I receiv'd your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the moſt ſurpriſing news!

D. Man. Pray, what is it?

D. Lu. Why, firſt your ſervant told me, my young couſin was to be married to-day to Don Philip de las Torres; and juſt as I was entering your doors, who ſhould I meet but Don Philip, with the Corrigidore, and ſeveral witneſſes, to prove, it ſeems, that the perſon whom you were juſt going to marry my couſin to, has uſurp'd his name, betray'd you, robb'd him, and is in ſhort a rank impoſtor.

Hyp. So! now it's come home to him.

D. Man. Dear nephew, don't torture me: are ye ſure you know Don Philip when you ſee him?

D. Lu. Know him, Sir! Were not we ſchool-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

D. Man. But are you ſure you mayn't have forgot him neither?

D. Lu. You might as well aſk me if I had not forgot you, Sir.

D. Man. But one queſtion more, and I am dumb for ever.——Is that he?

D. Lu. That, Sir! No, nor in the leaſt like him.—But pray, why this concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage?

D. Man. Oh, oh! O, O, my poor child!

Roſ. Oh! [*Seems to faint.*

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. What's the matter, Sir?

D. Man. Ah! look to my child.

D. Lu. Is this the villain then that has impos'd on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this Lady's huſband; and while I'm ſure that name can't be taken from me, I ſhall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

D. Man. Oh!

D. Lu. Nay, then—Within there!——Such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter CORRIGIDORE *and Officers, with Don* PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

O Gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor couſin's married to the impoſtor.

D. Phil. How!

Oct. Confuſion!

D. Man. Oh, oh!

D. Phil. That's the perſon, Sir, and I demand your juſtice.

Oct. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Man. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well, Gentlemen, let me rightly underſtand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately.——Firſt, Sir, you ſay, theſe gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

D. Lu. That, Sir, I preſume, my oath will prove.

Oct. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too, Sir.

D. Man. Where ſhall I hide this ſhameful head?

Flo. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him: he confeſs'd to me at Toledo, he ſtole this gentleman's portmanteau there, to carry on his deſign upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my aſſiſtance; which he refuſing to pay as ſoon as the marriage was over, I thought myſelf oblig'd in honour to diſcover him.

Hyp. Well, Gentlemen, you may inſult me if you pleaſe; but I preſume you'll hardly be able to prove

that I'm not married to the Lady, or haven't the beſt part of her fortune in my pocket; ſo do your worſt: I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

D. Man. Ingenuity, abandon'd villain!——But, Sir, before you ſend him to goal, I deſire he may return the jewels I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That can't be, Sir;—ſince he has married the lady, her fortune's lawfully his: all we can do, is to proſecute him for robbing this gentleman.

D. Man. O that ever I was born!

Hyp. Return the jewels, Sir! If you don't pay me the reſt of her fortune to-morrow morning, you may chance to go to goal before me.

D. Man. O that I were buried! Will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it, Sir: you can't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come, Sir, if you pleaſe; I muſt deſire to take your affidavit in writing. [*Goes to the table with* Flora.

D. Phil. Now, Sir! you ſee what your own raſhneſs has brought ye to: how ſhall I be ſtar'd at when I give an account of this to my father, or your friends in Seville! You'll be the public jeſt; your underſtanding, or your folly, will be the mirth of every table.

D. Man. Pray, forbear, Sir.

Hyp. Keep it up, Madam. [*Aſide to* Roſ.

Roſ. Oh, Sir, how wretched have you made me! Is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands! this my reward for filial duty!

D. Man. Ah, my poor child!

Roſ. But I deſerve it all, for ever liſtening to your barbarous propoſal, when my conſcience might have told me, my vows and perſon in juſtice and honour were the wrong'd Octavio's.

D. Man. Oh, oh!

Octa. Can ſhe repent her falſehood then at laſt? Is't poſſible? Then I'm wounded too! O my poor undone Roſara! [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful, cruel, perjur'd man!

how can'ſt thou bear to ſee the light after this heap of ruin thou haſt rais'd, by tearing thus aſunder the moſt ſolemn vows of plighted love?

D. Man. Oh, don't inſult me! I deſerve the worſt you can ſay.——I'm a miſerable wretch, and I repent me.

Oct. Repent! Canſt thou believe whole years of ſorrow will atone thy crime? No; groan on, ſigh and weep away thy life to come, and when the ſtings and horrors of thy conſcience have laid thy tortur'd body in the grave—then, then—as thou doſt me—when 'tis too late, I'll pity thee.

Vil. So! here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his ſenſes, moſt of the company diſtracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hang'd.—The merrieſt wedding that ever I ſaw in my life.

Cor. Well, Sir, have you any thing to ſay before I make your warrant? [*To* Hyp.

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye, Sir.—Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foreſee the diſquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady's huſband: therefore, as I own myſelf the author of all this ſeeming ruin and confuſion, ſo I am willing (deſiring firſt the Officers may withdraw) to offer ſomething to the general quiet.

Oct. What can this mean?

D. Phil. Pſhaw! ſome new contrivance——Let's be gone.

D. Lu. Stay a moment, it can be no harm to hear him.——Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without—— [*Exeunt Officers.*

Vil. What's to be done now, trow?

Trap. Some ſmart thing, I warrant ye: the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith.

Flo. Nay, Gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but perſuade him to be honeſt, 'tis ſtill in his power to make you all amends: and, in my opinion, 'tis high time he ſhould propoſe it.

D. Man. Ay, 'tis time he were hang'd indeed: for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I muſt tell you, Sir, I owe you no reparation: the injuries which you complain of, your forbid avarice, and breach of promiſe here have juſtly brought upon you. Had you, as you were oblig'd in conſcience, and in nature, firſt given your daughter with your heart, ſhe had now been honourably happy, and, if any, I the only miſerable perſon here.

D. Lu. He talks reaſon.

D. Phil. I don't think him in the wrong there indeed.

Hyp. Therefore, Sir, if you are injur'd, you may thank yourſelf for it.

D. Man. Nay, dear Sir—I do confeſs my blindneſs, and cou'd heartily wiſh your eyes or mine had drop'd out of our heads before ever we ſaw one another.

Hyp. Well, Sir, (however little you have deſerv'd it) yet for your daughter's ſake, if you'll oblige yourſelf, by ſigning this paper, to keep your firſt promiſe, and give her, with her full fortune, to this gentleman, I'm ſtill content, on that condition, to diſannul my own pretences, and reſign her.

Oct. Ha! what ſays he?

D. Lu. This is ſtrange!

D. Man. Sir, I don't know how to anſwer you: for I can never believe you'll have good-nature enough to hang yourſelf out of the way to make room for him.

Hyp. Then, Sir, to let you ſee I have not only an honeſt meaning, but an immediate power too, to make good my word, I firſt renounce all title to her fortune: theſe jewels, which I receiv'd from you, I give him free poſſeſſion of; and now, Sir, the reſt of her fortune you owe him with her perſon.

Oct. I am all amazement!

D. Lu. What can this end in?

D. Phil. I am ſurpris'd indeed!

D. Man. This is unaccountable, I muſt confeſs!—— But ſtill, Sir, if you diſannul your pretences, how you'll

perſuade that gentleman, to whom I am oblig'd in contract, to part with his——

D. Phil. That, Sir, ſhall be no let: I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title, to entertain a thought that can diſturb it.

Hyp. Then my fears are over. [*Aſide.*] Now, Sir, it only ſtops at you.

D. Man. Well, Sir, I ſee the paper is only conditional; and ſince the general welfare is concern'd, I won't refuſe to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you ſhould not make your words good, Sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man ſhould poiſon you.

D. Phil. And, Sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promiſe; your flattery and diſſembled penitence has deceiv'd me once already, which makes me, I confeſs, a little ſlow in my belief; therefore take heed, expect no ſecond mercy; for be aſſur'd of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am prov'd one, ſpare me not——I aſk but this—Uſe me as you find me.

D. Phil. That you may depend on.

D. Man. There, Sir.

[*Gives* Hyppolita *the writing ſigned.*

Raſ. Now I tremble for her. [*Aſide.*

Hyp. And now, Don Philip, I confeſs, you are the only injur'd perſon here.

D. Phil. I know not that—Do my friend right, and I ſhall eaſily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon, with his thanks, I am ſure I ſhall deſerve: but how ſhall I forgive myſelf? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the ſhameful ſlights, the inſults, and the long diſquiets you have known from love?

D. Phil. Let me underſtand you.

Hyp. Examine well your heart, and if the fierce reſentments of its wrongs has not extinguiſh'd quite the uſual ſoft compaſſion there, revive at leaſt one ſpark in pity of my woman's weakneſs.

D. Man. How! a woman!

D. Phil. Whither would'ſt thou carry me?

Hyp. Not but I know you generous as the heart of Love; yet let me doubt if even this low ſubmiſſion can deſerve your pardon.——Don't look on me; I cannot bear that you ſhould know me yet——The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus, juſtly may ſubject me to your contempt and ſcorn, unleſs the ſame forgiving goodneſs that us'd to overlook the failings of Hyppolita, prove ſtill my friend, and ſoften all with the excuſe of Love.

Ocia. My ſiſter! O Roſara! Philip!

[*All ſeem amaz'd.*

D. Phil. Oh! ſtop this vaſt effuſion of my tranſported thoughts, ere my offending wiſhes break their priſon through my eyes, and ſurfeit on forbidden hopes again: or if my fears are falſe, if your relenting heart is touch'd at laſt in pity of my enduring love, be kind at once, ſpeak on, and awake me to the joy while I have ſenſe to hear you.

Hyp. Nay, then I am ſubdu'd indeed! Is't poſſible? ſpight of my follies, ſtill your generous heart can love. 'Tis ſo! your eyes confeſs it, and my fears are dead—why then ſhould I bluſh to let at once the honeſt fulneſs of my heart guſh forth——O Philip—Hyppolita is——yours for ever.

[*They advance ſlowly, and at laſt ruſh into one another's arms.*

D. Phil. O eccſtaſy! diſtracting joy—Do I then live to call you mine?——Is there an end at laſt of my repeated pangs, my ſighs, my torments, and my rejected vows? Is it poſſible? Is it ſhe?—O let me view thee thus with aching eyes, and feed my eager ſenſe upon the tranſport of thy love confeſs'd! What! kind——and yet Hyppolita! And yet 'tis ſhe; I know her by the buſy pulſes at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and ſhe alone can give.

[*Eagerly embracing her.*

Hyp. Now, Philip, you may inſult our ſex's pride, for I confeſs you have ſubdu'd it all in me; I plead no

merit, but my knowing yours: I own the weakneſs of my boaſted power, and now am only proud of my humility.

D. Phil. O, never, never ſhall thy empire ceaſe! 'Tis not in thy power to give thy power away: this laſt ſurpriſe of generous love has bound me to thy heart a poor indebted wretch for ever.

Hyp. No more; the reſt the prieſt ſhou'd ſay.—But now our joy grows rude.—Here are our friends, that muſt be happy too.

D. Phil. Luis! Octavio! my brother now! O, forgive the hurry of a tranſported heart.

D. Man. A woman! and Octavio's ſiſter!

Octa. That heart that does not feel, as 'twere it's own, a joy like this, ne'er yet confeſs'd the power of friendſhip or love. [*Embracing him.*

D. Man. Have I then been pleas'd, and plagu'd, and frighted out of my wits, by a woman all this while? Odſbud, ſhe is a notable contriver! Stand clear, ho! for if I have not a fair bruſh at her lips; nay, if ſhe does not give me the hearty ſmack too, ods-winds and thunder, ſhe is not the good-humour'd girl I take her for!

Hyp. Come, Sir, I won't baulk your good-humour. [*He kiſſes her.*] And now I have a favour to beg of you; you remember your promiſe: only your bleſſing here, Sir. [*Octa. and* Roſ. *kneel.*

D. Man. Ah! I can deny thee nothing; and ſince I find thou art not fit for my girl's buſineſs thyſelf, odzooks, it ſhall never be done out of the family—And ſo, children, Heaven bleſs ye together.—Come, I'll give thee her hand myſelf, you know the way to her heart; and as ſoon as the Prieſt has ſaid grace, he ſhall toſs you the reſt of her body into the bargain.——And now my cares are over again.

Octa. We'll ſtudy to deſerve your love, Sir.——O Roſara!

Roſ. Now, Octavio, d'ye believe I lov'd you better than the perſon I was to marry?

Octa. Kind creature! You were in her ſecret then?

Roſ. I was, and ſhe in mine.

Octa. Siſter, what words can thank you!

Hyp. Any that tell me of Octavio's happineſs.

D. Phil. My friend ſucceſsful too! Then my joys are double.——But how this generous attempt was ſtarted firſt, how it has been purſu'd, and carried with this kind ſurprize at laſt, gives me wonder equal to my joy!

Hyp. Here's one that at more leiſure ſhall inform you all: ſhe was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty ſhare in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

D. Phil. How! She!

Flo. Truſty Flora, Sir, at your ſervice; I have had many a battle with my Lady upon your account; but I always told her we ſhould do her buſineſs at laſt.

D. Man. Another metamorphoſis! Brave girls, faith! Odzooks, we ſhall have 'em make campaigns ſhortly.

D. Phil. Take this as earneſt of my thanks; in Seville I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice too, confederate I can't ſay; for honeſt Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himſelf.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, Madam.——But the world cannot ſay I have been a rogue to your Ladyſhip——And if you had not parted with your money——

Hyp. Thou hadſt not parted with thy honeſty.

Trap. Right, Madam; but how ſhou'd a poor naked fellow reſiſt, when he had ſo many piſtoles held againſt him? [*Shews money.*

D. Man. Ay, ay, well ſaid, lad.

Vil. La, a tempting bait indeed! Let him offer to marry me again, if he dares. [*Aſide.*

D. Phil. Well, Trappanti, thou haſt been ſerviceable, however, and I'll think of thee.

Octa. Nay, I am his debtor too.

Trap. Ah, there's a very eaſy way, Gentlemen, to

reward me; and ſince you partly owe your happineſs to my roguery, I ſhould be very proud to owe mine only to your generoſity.

Oct. As how, pray?

Trap. Why, Sir, I find by my conſtitution, that it is as natural to be in love as an-hungry, and that I han't a jot leſs ſtomach than the beſt of my betters; and tho' I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the ſame diſh, yet, methinks, it's better than no dinner at all. And, for my part, I had rather have no ſtomach to my meat, than no meat to my ſtomach. Upon which conſiderations, Gentlemen and Ladies, I deſire you'll uſe your intereſt with Madona here——to let me dine at her ordinary.

D. Man. A pleaſant rogue, faith! Odzooks, the jade ſhall have him. Come, huſſy, he's an ingenious perſon.

Vil. Sir, I don't underſtand his ſtuff; when he ſpeaks plain, I know what to ſay to him.

Trap. Why then, in plain terms, let me a leaſe of your tenement——Marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you ſay ſomething; I was afraid, by what you ſaid in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child, I have no mind to be turn'd out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand; and now meet me as ſoon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you poſſeſſion of the reſt of the premiſes.

D. Man. Odzooks, and well thought of, I'll ſend for one preſently.——Here, you Sirrah, run to Father Benedict again, tell him his work don't hold here, his laſt marriage is dropt to pieces, but now we have got better tackle, he muſt come and ſtitch two or three freſh couple together as faſt as he can.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the muſic's come.

D. Man. Ah! they cou'd never take us in a better

time.——Let 'em enter——Ladies and——Sons and Daughters, for I think you're all akin to me now, will you be pleas'd to sit?

[*After the Entertainment.*]

D. Man. Come, Gentlemen, now our collation waits us.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the prieſt's come.

D. Man. That's well, we'll diſpatch him preſently.

D. Phil. Now, my Hyppolita!

Let our example teach mankind to love;
From thine the fair their favours may improve:
To the quick pains you give, our joys we owe,
Till thoſe we feel, theſe we can never know;
But warm'd with honeſt hope from my ſucceſs,
Ev'n in the height of all it's miſeries,
O never let a virtuous mind deſpair,
For conſtant hearts are Love's peculiar care.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

'MONGST all the rules the Ancients had in vogue,
We find no mention of an Epilogue.
Which plainly ſhews they're innovations, brought
Since rules, deſign, and nature, were forgot.
The cuſtom, therefore, our next play ſhall break,
But now a joyful motive bids us ſpeak:
For, while our arms return with conqueſt home,
While children prattle Vigo, *and the Boom;*
Is't fit the mouth of all mankind, the ſtage, be dumb?
While the proud Spaniards *read old annals o'er,*
And on the leaves in lazy ſafety pore,
Eſſex *and* Raleigh *thunder on their ſhore.*
Again their Donſhips ſtart, and mend their ſpeed,
With the ſame fear of their fore-fathers dead.
While Amadis de Gaul *laments in vain,*
And wiſhes his young Quixote *out of* Spain.
While foreign forts are but beheld and ſeiz'd,
While Engliſh *hearts tumultuouſly are pleas'd;*
Shall we, whoſe ſole ſubſiſtence purely flows
From minds in joy, or undiſturb'd repoſe;
Shall we behold each face with pleaſure glow,
Unthankful to the arms that made 'em ſo?
Shall we not ſay———
Old Engliſh *honour now revives again,*
Mem'rably fatal to the pride of Spain,
But bold———
While Anne *repeats the vengeance of* Eliza's *reign.*
For, to the glorious conduct ſure that drew
A Senate's *grateful vote, our adoration's due.*

From that alone all other thanks are poor,
The old triumphing Romans *aſk'd no more,*
And Rome *indeed gave all within its power.*
But your ſuperior ſtars, that know too well
You Engliſh *heroes, ſhould old* Rome's *excel;*
To crown your arms beyond the bribes of ſpoil,
Rais'd Engliſh *beauty to reward your toil:*
Though ſeiz'd of all the rifled world had loſt,
So fair a circle Rome *could never boaſt.* [To the Boxes.
Proceed, auſpicious chiefs, inflame the war,
Purſue your conqueſt, and poſſeſs the fair:
That ages may record of them and you,
They only cou'd inſpire what you alone cou'd do.

THE END.

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